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MUSINGS

AND

PROSINGS:

BY

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOULOGNE.

Printed by F. Birlé, 36, rue des Pipots.

1833.

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TO

HELENA BECHER BAYLY,

THIS VOLUME

IS

INSCRIBED,

BY

HER AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND,

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Rue Rivoli.
Paris, June 1st 1833.

CONTENTS

TWELVE SONGS WRITTEN AT BOULOGNE.

	Page.
Spirit of song.	1
From the Ends of the Earth will I call upon thee	3
The heart is not yet broken	4
To Helena, on her Birth day	5
Cupid and Psyche	7
They have seen better days	8
He knew she never blamed him.	9
No, no, leave me not to my sorrow.	10
The Fashion of this world passeth away	11
I'll name the place	12
Thou shalt laugh all the Heathen to scorn	13
Oh! youth is the treasure	14
PERFECTION, a Drama	15
The Rectory, a fragment	55
Sighmon Dumps.	90
My Great Grandmother's Harpsichord.	102
Kings, Queens, and Knaves	109

FASHIONABLE EGLOGUES.

N°. 1. The Family Mansion.	158
N°. 2. Junior United Service Club	162
N°. 3. The Governor's study	68
N°. 4. Mrs. Long's Boudoir	172
N°. 5. Hogsnorton House	176

LUNATIC LAYS.

N°. 1. I must and will an Actress wed	181
N°. 2. I want to go upon the stage	184
N°. 3. I *must* have music in my soul	187
N°. 4. Adieu my mustachios! farewell to my tip	190
N°. 5. The Last Man!	192
N°. 6. The Last Woman!	194

N°. 7. Biography 197
N°. 8. The first white hat. 200
N°. 9. My sinecure place 203
N°. 10. Juno's soirée. 205
Faults on both sides 206
Autobiography of a Landaulet 208
The Exhibited Dwarf 217
The Fatherless 218
The Neglected child. 221
The Forsaken to the False one 223
Twenty years! 224
Wit and Folly. 226
I have not known thee long 226
Sir Hugh is gone to Palestine 227
The Lover's Quarrel 228
Lea's Bridal day 229
He rode by at morn 230
I loved him, but I left him 230
May thy lot in life be happy 231
The Forsaken to her Father 232
The song of the dying Bard 234
The Pilgrim 235
Shall we ever be happy again? 236
A Legend of Killarney 237
The Arabian Steed 248
Retrenchment. 257
New Faces. 275
My Pension 277
The Drawing room.. 280
The unwilling Bride 281
The Archery meeting 283
Apollo and Daphne 284
The Proof of the Pudding, a Burletta 285
Epilogue to D°. 325
Lines written after visiting Mr. Banim 326
Show me the Ruined Man 327
'Twas this—'twas this 328

Twelve Songs

WRITTEN AT

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

I welcome thee back again, Spirit of song!
I've bent beneath sorrow's cold pressure too long;
I've suffer'd in silence—how vainly I sought
For words to unburthen the anguish of thought.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back—as the Dove to the ark—
The world was a desert, the future all dark;
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,
Thou are come with the green leaf of comfort at last;
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I fear'd thee, sweet Spirit! I thought thou wouldst come
With *Memory's* records of boyhood and home;
The home where I laugh'd away youth, and was told
It would still be my dwelling place when I grew old:
But Visions of *Hope* to thy coming belong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Thou wilt not, sweet Spirit, thou wilt not, I know,
Mislead to the fruitless indulgence of woe,
That shrinks from the smile that would offer relief
And seems to be proud of preeminent grief:
Thou'lt sooth the depression already too strong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

There's a chord that I never must venture to wake—
The sorrow a *loved one* hath borne for *my* sake;
But *her* Love which no change in my fortunes could chill,
Her smile of affection that follows me still,
Oh these are the themes I may proudly prolong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of Earth;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young,
The Lamp is rekindled! the Harp is restrung!
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Boulogne, October 23d 1831.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH WILL I CALL UPON THEE.

From the Ends of the Earth will I call upon Thee!
From the mountain, the valley, the Forest, the sea;
Where the foot of the wanderer never yet trod,
The heart of the Christian may commune with God!
Where Ignorance bends the idolatrous knee,—
—From the Ends of the Earth will I call upon Thee!

I will call upon Thee in Prosperity's day
Lest the Pride of this world lead my spirit astray;
I will call upon Thee in distress, that my tears
May atone for the faults and the follies of years;
That purer and brighter the Future may be,
From the Ends of the Earth I will call upon Thee!

I will call upon Thee as I did when I knelt
In the home on the hills where in boyhood I dwelt,
I will call upon thee if now fated to roam,
And the land of the stranger will offer a home,
Affection's sweet solace I gratefully see,—
From the Ends of the Earth will I call upon Thee!

Boulogne, November 13th 1831.

THE HEART IS NOT YET BROKEN!

The heart is not yet broken!
The harp not yet unstrung!
"*Despair!*" hath not been spoken,
Though trembling on my tongue!
Though Fate hath now bereft me
Of blessings—past recall;
I mourn not, she hath left me
Thy love, more dear than all!

My heart too well remembers
My boyhood's home of mirth,
Methinks I see the embers
Still blazing on the hearth!
My song of youth—I hear it
Still echo thro' the hall!
'Tis gone—but I can bear it!
Thy love atones for all!

A stranger owns the meadow,
The scene of sportive plays,
The trees, beneath whose shadow
I pass'd bright summer days:
O'er fond hopes crush'd so early
Some secret tears *must* fall—
But loving thee so dearly,
Thy love atones for all.

Boulogne, December 18th 1831.

TO HELENA,

ON HER BIRTH DAY DECr. 17th 1831.

—

Oh! hadst thou never shar'd my fate
More dark that Fate would prove;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing Love:
But thou has't suffer'd for my sake,
While this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound!

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been,
If we had never met!
And has that thought been shar'd by thee?
—Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labour'd words could speak.

To circle thee with smiling Friends
Would once have been my pride;
Oh! let my fond love make amends
For wrongs I cannot hide:
I deem all those who wrong'd thee, lost—
For ever lost to me;
I'd trample on *all* ties, to boast
Fidelity to Thee.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth:
How unlike some who have profess'd
So much in Friendship's *name*,
Yet calmly pause, to think how best
They may evade her claim!

Tis easy, as the worldlings know
To act the mentor's part,
To cavil at the words that flow
From agony of heart:
To veil, as *actions* they discuss,
The *feelings* that incense,
And *censure*, where the generous
Would struggle in *defence!*

But oh! from *them* to *thee* I turn
They'd make me loath mankind;
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind:
The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel *they* cannot take;—
We'll pray for happy years to come,
For one another's sake.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Nightly to Psyche's fairy bower
The God of Love in darkness came,
But left her e'er the sunrise hour
Betray'd his features and his name:
Said Cupid " Oh! remember this,
" Thy lover's form thou ne'er must see, "
—Then fondly whisper'd with a kiss,
" Beware of Curiosity! "—

But mortal woman never yet
From such a sentence warning took,
And more and more each time they met
She long'd upon his face to look:
And once on tip toe while he slept
To fetch her lamp she lightly trod,
Then back again the trembler crept
And hung enamour'd o'er the God.

A spark fell on his breast! he stirr'd—
Ah! what could little Psyche say!
Young Love without one parting word
Waved his light wings, and flew away!
The moral, Ladies, pray remark:
—Whate'er the mystery may be,
If Love would keep you in the dark,
Beware of Curiosity.

Boulogne, January 16th 1832.

"THEY HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS."

" They have seen better days " you say.
Oh tell me when and where;
Give me the clue to steal away
The memory of their care:
There is deep feeling in the tone
Of that most touching phrase;
And sympathy has tears for one
Who has seen better days.

But they in their small dwelling place
Give no complainings vent,
Their features wear no sullen trace
Of gloomy discontent!
Most cheerful when alone, they seek
For no external rays;
And though of *past* days oft they speak,
Scarce call them *better* days.

Have they endur'd neglect or wrong?
And known diminish'd wealth?
Light evils, if to them belong
Love, competence, and health:
They who hang hopeless o'er the couch
Where beauty's bloom decays
May feel despairing thoughts approach
And weep for better days.

Boulogne, March 20th 1832.

HE KNEW SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM.

He knew she never blam'd him;
He knew she seldom nam'd him,
He saw her mild forgiving look
A look that half reclaim'd him:
But from his victim flying
He basely left her dying,
Without a Friend to kneel beside
The couch where she was lying.

And does he now regret her?
Yes—striving to forget her,
His truant thoughts fly back again
To scenes where first he met her:
In dreams,—as in a mirror—
He trembling sees with terror
A pure heart led to grief and shame,
The penalty of error.

None know the thoughts that grieve him;
The fairest maids receive him,
And listen to his flattering voice.—
Alas! will they believe him?
Yes!—Though his guilt be greater,
—Though shame and death await her
Who feels a Lover's treachery,
Oh! who will shun the Traitor!

Boulogne, April 6th 1832.

NO, NO, LEAVE ME NOT TO MY SORROW.

No, no, leave me not to my sorrow
With silence the nurse of despair,
Oh! come to me still, let me borrow
From thee an oblivion of care:
Oh! come with thy light hearted laughter
For there's such a charm in its tone,
Like Music 'twill haunt me long after
Thy form from my dwelling is gone.

Oh! come with thy memory's treasures
Thy stories and snatches of song,
Oh! tell of thy innocent pleasures,
I never can listen too long:
Oh! come—though desponding thou'lt find me
I'll smile e'er I see thee go forth,
I want thy gay voice to remind me
There's happiness still upon earth.

Alas! there's a time when dejection
Would breathe the wild words of despair,
Were it not for the veil which affection
Throws over the records of care:
Then come with thy light hearted laughter,
For there's such a charm in its tone,
Like music 'twill haunt me long after
Thy form from my dwelling is gone.

THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD PASSETH AWAY.

The Fashion of this world passeth away,
The things that are fairest are first to decay;
The bell of the Lily, the leaf of the Rose;
The moss on the bank where the Violet grows;
All these are too sweet and too fragile to stay,
For the Fashion of this world passeth away.

But mourn not the doom of inanimate things;
See thy favourite Bird with it's beautiful wings;
Thy Dog full of instinct that courts a caress,
And scarcely wants language his love to express;
The Steed thou art proud of—all—all must decay,
For the Fashion of this world passeth away.

And were we not born for a worthier end,
Than to love him—and lose him—oh! what were a Friend!
The fond heart looks forth from its pilgrimage here,
To a meeting more blest in a happier sphere;
For this we must watch, and for this we must pray,
Since the fashion of this world passeth away.

Boulogne, April 22nd 1831.

I'LL NAME THE PLACE.

I'll name the place, I'll name the hour,
  Then come—for 'tis a last farewell;
The place, shall be the myrtle bower,
  The time, when sounds the vesper bell.
We will not meet as oft we've met,
  Nor part, as oft we've parted there,
Endearing words may breathe regret,
  But silent tears express despair.

I know that some to sooth thy pain
  Would say that we again shall meet,
But no—my eyes that cannot feign,
  Would soon betray my tongue's deceit:
Thou shalt he hopeless—I am so,
  And rather would I know my doom,
Than smile, when Friends for ever go,
  And watch—tho' they will never come.

And some to give thy heart relief
  A parting interview would shun;
As if it could be less a grief
  To ask for me when I am gone!
Oh no—I've nam'd the place, the hour,
  Then come, for tis a last farewell;
The place—shall be the myrtle bower
  The time—when sounds the vesper bell.

Boulogne April 2nd 1832.

THOU SHALT LAUGH ALL THE HEATHEN TO SCORN.

Thou shalt laugh all the heathen to scorn,
  Thou shalt baffle the hopes of the proud,
Thou shalt tear from the worldly the mask he has worn
  To dazzle the eyes of the crowd:
Not a refuge exists in the world,
  Where guilt from thy vengeance can turn,
From his strong hold the wretch at thy bidding is hurl'd,
  Thou wilt laugh all the heathen to scorn.

If thou sendest thy Pestilence forth,
  It will fly on the wings of the wind;
It will pass to the uttermost parts of the Earth,
  And level whole hosts of Mankind!
If in terror he seek thee at length,
  Thou wilt not from the Penitent turn,
But woe to the Mortal who trusts his own strength,
  Thou wilt laugh all the heathen to scorn.

Boulogne May 1st 1832.

OH! YOUTH IS THE TREASURE.

Oh youth is the treasure, gay youth is the treasure
That gives the true lustre to silver and gold,
When young, the mere feeling of Life is a pleasure,
A feeling that turns to a sorrow, when old!
If youth in his path should encounter a dolour,
He'll pass it by briskly, and bid it adieu;
He'll gaze thro' a glass of a beautiful colour,
And all the wide world will look beautiful too!

Is *this* then the lesson Philosophy gives us!
Is youth to be coupled with Pleasure alone!
Ah no—let us think that when *one* season leaves us,
The other will boast some calm joys of it's own.
If wandering youth his foot now and then places
On stepping stones Prudence will lay in his track,
Of his journey, when over, there still will be traces
On which age will often look tranquilly back.

Boulogne, March 20th 1832.

PERFECTION,

OR

THE LADY OF MUNSTER,

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE,

On Thursday March 15th, 1839.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY,

THE DRAMA OF

PERFECTION

IS

BY PERMISSION

MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED.

"PERFECTION," though it has now been successfully performed at almost every theatre in the kingdom, had to contend with many difficulties before it found its way to the Public, who afterwards received it with so much favor.

The Drama was first offered to a Minor Theatre, where Mrs Waylett was performing; it was rejected, and subsequently Mrs Waylett became one of the most successful performers of the principal part! It was then intended for Miss Foote, the present Countess of Harrington, and was presented to Covent Garden Theatre when that Lady was performing there: it was again rejected; yet it is a singular fact that "Kate O'Brien" became afterwards one of that charming actress's most favorite characters in the Provinces.

Lastly, it was fortunately offered to Drury-Lane; was instantly accepted by the Committee, and acted without delay, and to the excellence of the acting much of its success must be attributed. Madame Vestris was indeed *Perfection*, and Mr Orger, Richard Jones, and Webster could not be surpass'd in their respective characters.

PERFECTION has more that once been performed by Amateurs, and Kate O'Brien has had aristocratic representatives. The following copy of a play bill will ex-

plain why the author has solicited permission to dedicate the Drama to the beautiful and accomplished Marchioness of Londonderry :

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT DRAKELOW.

January 1st 1831,

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE OF

A COMEDY BY LADY DACRE, INTITLED

"A MATCH, OR NO MATCH,"

PERFECTION,

OR

THE LADY OF MUNSTER,

Sir Laurence Paragon . . Mr. Lister.
Charles Paragon . . . . . Sir Roger Gresley.
Sam . . . . . Viscount Castlereagh.
Kate O'Brien. . . . . Marchioness of Londonderry.
Susan . . . . . Lady Sophia Gresley.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ :

Sir Laurence Paragon. . . . Mr. Browne.
Charles Paragon. . . . . Mr. Jones.
Sam . . . . . Mr. Webster.
Kate O'Brien . . . . . Madame Vestris.
Susan . . . . . Mrs. Orger.

PERFECTION.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1st.

An apartment in Kate O'Brien's House: enter Sir Laurence Paragon and Susan.

SUSAN.

This way, Sir Laurence, my mistress will be delighted to see you: Law, Sir! you're looking better than ever, I protest!

SIR LAURENCE.

No, Susan, no; that won't do: better perhaps than when you saw me last; for I was in a hobble then with a touch of the gout: but as for "better than *ever*," oh! Susan! you wouldn't say that if you could have seen me five and twenty years ago! I certainly was a very fine grown young man. *Ware* how I hate that word!

SUSAN.

You're not married yet, Sir Laurence! More's the wonder, as I say to my mistress, and more's the pity, as I say to myself; and it *is* a pity, Sir, that you're an old Batchelor,—I mean a single man.

SIR LAURENCE.

Oh! out with it—an old Batchelor! *there's* a nickname to break a man's heart with! Old Nick's own invention:

but I've borne it for many a long year, and it's too late now to think of getting rid of it: oh! if I had but married Laura Pennington!

SUSAN.

Oh, Sir! why didn't you?

SIR LAURENCE.

Why, Susan, the fact was she was *rather* too tall;—not *much*, just *a degree* above my standard: a sweet creature though, and there was no other fault to find with her, possibly I was wrong; but *then*, there was Araminta Skinner!

SUSAN.

And pray who forbid the banns in *that* instance?

SIR LAURENCE.

I did, Susan, I managed to break off before I committed myself; I think she was growing partial to me, most young women *did* in those days, but all of a sudden it struck me she was a *little* too short; *then* there was Maria, sweet Maria!

SUSAN.

Well, Sir, how was it you did not make her Lady Paragon?

SIR LAURENCE.

She was just a shade too brown; then Louisa was just an atom too fair; then Fanny was too fat, and Theodosia too thin, and somehow or other in every girl I met there was a something.....

SUSAN.

Not good enough for such a *fine grown young man!*

SIR LAURENCE.

Oh! Susan, don't banter me! Perhaps it is not too late to mend either; is it Susan? Hey! what say *you?* I always admired *you* vastly.

SUSAN.

Aye, now 'tis your turn to banter; but if you were in earnest, before our wedding day came you would find me too *this*, or too *that*, or too *t'other!*—

SIR LAURENCE.

No, 'pon my life, all that's gone bye.

SUSAN.

Indeed! then perhaps I should find the objection for myself—I'm too.....

SIR LAURENCE.

Too what!

SUSAN.

Too *young*—don't be angry, I'll send my mistress to you, Sir. Bring your nephew and your ward together if you can; I fear it's too late for you to think of matrimony. "*If you will not when you may*"—you know the proverb; young batchelors who are too hard to be pleased, must make the best of a life of single blessedness. (*Exit.*)

SIR LAURENCE.

Aye, that's very true, but confound it, there's no such thing as single blessedness; blessedness always carries double!—Well, after all, if I can bring about a match between my nephew and my ward, it will be a consolation to me. They have never met, and I begin to fear he is as particular as I used to be; but if Kate O'Brien does

not charm him, he must be difficult to please indeed (*Kate sings without*). Ah! that is her glorious voice.

Enter Kate O'Brien.

SIR LAURENCE.

My fair Ward, welcome.

KATE.

And welcome a thousand times, my own dear Guardian; why, you look!....

SIR LAURENCE.

—Oh! don't talk about *my* looks, its' a sore subject; fiction can no longer impose upon me, and Truth's the very devil! I look like a fusty old frump, and that's the fact; I wish it wasn't. But *you* look charmingly! why, we have not met these two years! what a catalogue of conquests you must have to give me, but no engagement I hope?

KATE.

Why, in affairs of *War* the engagement comes *before* the conquest, does it not?

SIR LAURENCE.

That may be, madcap; but in affairs of *Love*, those eye of your's vanquish, and *then* the engagement begins! But you are not engaged, I hope?

KATE.

Indeed, I am not, I am free as air, and am likely to continue so: but why are *you* so anxious about the matter I thought you wish'd me to marry!

SIR LAURENCE.

So I do, I want you to marry a man you have never seen.

KATE.

Thank you kindly, Sir, but I would much rather *look* before I take such a leap as *that*.

SIR LAURENCE.

So you shall *look*; and if after looking you will but take the leap, old as I am I shall jump for joy.

KATE.

Well, Sir, and pray where is the happy man who is to make me the happy woman?

SIR LAURENCE.

He is at my house; he is my nephew, and just like me—that is—just what I *was* at his age.

KATE.

Irresistible then, of course! and is he as particular as you are reported to have been?

SIR LAURENCE.

Why, to say truth, I'm afraid he is; but that does not signify, for the more fastidious he is, the more will he appreciate your perfections. Had I met with any body like *you* in *my* younger days!..... well, well; it can't be helped! But, to confess the truth, my nephew does say that when he marries he must and will marry Perfection.

KATE.

Does he indeed! Meaning no doubt that naught but perfection can pretend to *match* him! Well done, vanity!

SIR LAURENCE.

Don't blame the lad, I was just the same at his age.

KATE.

And you have reaped the advantages of your particularity: well, do you know I am as particular as your nephew; I never mean to marry 'till I meet with....

SIR LAURENCE.

—Perfection—hey?

KATE.

No indeed, perfection would bore me to death; my fancy in this: I will never marry till I have convinced myself that I am fondly, fervently, exclusively, devotedly beloved.

SIR LAURENCE.

Well, what then? My nephew has only to take one peep at you to be fondly, and fervently, and exclusively and devotedly your's.—

KATE.

No, Sir Lawrence, one peep will not do, I would rather he disliked me at the *first* peep, and loved me *afterwards*, than that he should be over head and ears in love at the *first* interview, and scarcely ancle deep when I became his wife.

SIR LAURENCE.

This is all nonsense; I will send him to you, and I have no fears about the result; in you he will find the wife he wants, that is Perfection. Good bye, Kate, I'll bring him to you this very day.— (*Exit*).

KATE.

Perfection, forsooth! well, I admire the man's vanity! I am to be trotted out like a steed for sale, to be coolly inspected, and if not deemed satisfactory, to be trotted in again! No, no, Kate O'Brien has too much spirit for that; they say I shall never marry, and if to all who pop questions, I continue answering with that chilling monosyllable *No!* perchance I never may! Well, perhaps at last my turn *may* come; and after all, I'll not believe

that there is no true love in the world; that the warmest and tenderest affections all end in coldness and forgetfulness—No!

SONG.

I'll not believe Love's wreath will pain
The hands that weave it;
That when no summer flow'rs remain,
Love's wreath becomes a galling chain—
—I'll not believe it!

I'll not believe man wins a heart
To pain and grieve it,
That when sad tears unbidden start
The once fond Lover will depart—
—I'll not believe it!

I'll not believe a hope he'll raise
But to deceive it;
That in the wane of wedded days,
He'll slight the smile Love *used* to praise—
—I'll not believe it!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE 2nd.

An apartment at Sir Laurence Paragon's. Charles Paragon reading; Sam moving things on the table.

CHARLES.

What are you fidgetting about? do be quiet.

SAM.

I'm putting to rights, Sir: What a kind hearted gentleman your uncle is, but quite thrown away, if I may

presume to say such a thing. If he had'nt been an old Batchelor, he'd have been the smuggest elderly person I ever saw! Let it be a warning to *you*, Sir, if I may be so bold; you've miss'd your opportunities before now, you know, and you may do that once too often.

CHARLES.

Upon my word! free and easy!

SAM.

Why, I didn't serve you at Oxford without knowing how to claim my privilege for old acquaintance; do get a wife.

CHARLES.

Hold your tongue, Sam. I never saw the woman yet that I could conscientiously throw myself away upon.

SAM.

If you please to give me leave, Sir, I mean to alter my condition as soon as I meet a genteel comely body.

CHARLES.

With all my heart, marry a plain cook if you like.

SAM.

No, a pretty Lady's maid. I c'ant help taking warning of your uncle, I'll marry forthwith.

CHARLES.

When you do, you'll please to take warning of *me*, and find another place: I'll have no incumbrances, no soothing solaces, no babes and sucklings on *my* establishment; so, when you begin paying your addresses, *I'll* pay you your wages; and when you mean to be any *woman's* humble servant, you'll please to remember you are no servant of *mine*.

SAM.

Well now, really, Sir, that is very hard: what an objection you have to the *Y*meneal *H*alter, yet I ca'nt help thinking that you'll marry one of these days notwithstanding.

CHARLES.

Then, Sam, when you see *my* wife, you'll see a *perfect* woman; and as that is a sight we are none of us likely to see, why, the probability is that you'll go to your grave without seeing *my wife*. But having given you my opinion of your own matrimonial plans, you will please to leave me to my fate; and moreover, as I see my uncle coming this way, you will also do me the very great favor of leaving the room.

SAM.

By all means, Sir. (*Aside*) I see my union, whenever *I do* make a selection, must be clandecent, for he'll never give me a special licence; but I'll be church'd in spite of him. (*Exit.*)

Enter Sir Laurence.

SIR LAURENCE.

I'm sure it's an East wind, for I've a pain in my *right* shoulder, just like that I had in my *left* in my last rhumatism but *one*. Bless me! Charles, what a habit you have of not wiping your shoes at the street door, the stair carpets are all in a mess.

CHARLES

I beg your pardon, uncle, I have not been accustomed to a batchelor's house.

SIR LAURENCE.

Aye, Charles, that's it, you never were privy to an old batchelor's peculiarities; look to yourself then, and take warning of me.—That even *I* should live to be a scare crow!

CHARLES.

They tell me, Sir, that you *were* very like what I now am.

SIR LAURENCE.

Umph! There is a resemblance, certainly; but you have

not *quite* got the dimple I had in my chin—oh, you need not look for it now, you'll see a wrinkle instead; but take warning, I say; have you thought of our last conversation?

CHARLES.

Sir Laurence—my dear uncle—almost anything I would willingly do to oblige you—but matrimony—no! there I must be obstinate.

SIR LAURENCE.

And why, pray—why?

CHARLES.

Oh, I adore the sex—yes, *collectively* they are my idols—but to one individual of womankind never will I bend the knee.

SIR LAURENCE.

That's all stuff, very proper rattle for a boy in his teens; but five and twenty ought to be above it. Situated as *you* are, Charles, it is your *duty* to marry.

CHARLES.

Duty! ah Sir, prove it can be my *pleasure* and I shall obey: but why is it my duty?.

SIR LAURENCE.

Answer me, are you not my poor dear dead younger brother's only son?.

CHARLES.

There's no denying it, uncle.

SIR LAURENCE.

Well, and I having no children of my own, are you not heir to my estate, and my Baronetcy?

CHARLES.

Such is at present the fact, Sir; but why force a pill down *my* throat which you never could be induced to swallow

yourself? why don't *you* marry, why don't *you* hand down both title and fortune in the direct line?

SIR LAURENCE.

Oh nonsense! no, I'm too old to marry.

CHARLES.

Not at all, you are very hale.

SIR LAURENCE.

Hale—yes—I hate the word—hale's a very *wintry* expression. I repeat, it is your duty to marry.

CHARLES.

So I have been told ever since I was nineteen, and I suppose that is the reason I never have chosen a wife; had I been the youngest son of a younger brother, with nothing but a curacy or a cornet's commission, I dare say I should have been warn'd *against* matrimony, and should have run away with an apothecary's fifth daughter, and have been the happy father of ten blooming little nudities! But, seriously after all, I have really no *very* decided objection to matrimony.

SIR LAURENCE.

Then why on earth don't you look about you?

CHARLES.

I do—positively, uncle, I *have* looked, *am* looking, and *shall* or *will* look—But when I marry, *my* choice will not be an every day woman; *my* wife *must* be Perfection.—

SIR LAURENCE.

Of course—at least *you* will think her so.

CHARLES.

The world must think her so, or I shall not be content. She must have a faultless form, a faultless face, a faultless mind: she must be Beautiful, Graceful, Talented, Retiring, Conversible, Agreeable, Liberal, Animated.....

SIR LAURENCE.

Hold! stop! mercy on me, there is no end to your list!

CHARLES.

All this my wife *must* be.

SIR CHARLES.

Why, really it will be no easy matter to find such a a one, I admit: must she sing?

CHARLES.

Like a Seraph.

SIR LAURENCE.

Must she draw?

CHARLES.

Like Angelica Kauffman.

SIR LAURENCE.

Must she dance?

CHARLES.

Like a Sylph.

SIR LAURENCE.

Well, you are really a most unconscionable person, every accomplishment and perfect in all! I *was* going to present you to a Fair Lady of my acquaintance, but I shall not do so now.

CHARLES.

Don't say so—any Friend of your's *as an acquaintance* —I can have no objection to; but my *wife* must be all I describe.

SIR LAURENCE.

All?

CHARLES.

All.

SIR LAURENCE.

Very well, say no more about it; I shall not introduce you to Kate.

CHARLES.

? Did you say Kate? Why not? What Kate?
Kate?

SIR LAURENCE.

never mind, *she* is not Perfection.

CHARLES.

e say not, but who is she?

SIR LAURENCE.

O'Brien, the orphan daughter of General O'Brien,
rish friend of mine.

CHARLES.

? Aye—I understand—she has a brogue?

SIR LAWRENCE.

on my honor—no brogue.

CHARLES.

l, what they call a slight Irish *accent* then? Yes,
pon my faith now, a mighty pretty way of talking
lligant young female!

SIR LAWRENCE.

ridicule is thrown away and misapplied; my little
Kate O'Brien has not an atom of her country's
though if she had, I'm sure she has too much good
o be ashamed of it. However, since you have
proper to quiz her, I will not introduce you to her.

CHARLES.

, I'll be even with you: I'll find out her address,
her a visit, introduce myself and declare that my
uncle sent me.

SIR LAWRENCE.

address is easily found, for she lives in the next
but I know you will not have the assurance to
on her.

CHARLES.

I give you due notice that I will, and that within this hour; so, uncle, when we meet again I shall have seen your wild Irish ward. Irish! Ah, now faith I'm sure she has a brogue: I shall hear her calling to her maid from the top of the stairs—Meary—Meary—water the *ta* and I'll be down immadiately—Ha, ha, ha!—(*Exit*).

SIR LAUBELOT.

That's the way with them all! tell them they *shall* and they *won't*, tell them they *sha'nt* and they *will!* It's just the same with me, I was desired to marry by father, mother, and maiden aunts, and here I am, [one shrivelled old pea in a pod, at sixty and odd years! If I could but bring those two together, 'twould be something to look to: I should have a chance of a family party on Christmas day and new year's day, and Michaelmas day, and all the other days, when family men have jollifications in the family way, and when nobody but old batchelors sit sulky by themselves! Gad, Charles sha'nt take the girl by surprise though; I'll send her a note, and put her on her guard. (*Exit*).

SCENE 3rd.

An apartment at Kate O'Brien's.

(*Enter Susan.*)

Well, Gentlefolks certainly are the strangest odd beings! there's no understanding them!—My mistress, now—was born with a silver spoon in her mouth! Spoon did I say? Law! it must have been a soup ladle! for she's got all the good things of the world about her, and yet she won't

marry, and settle, and make herself agreeable! but goes on refusing and refusing, till some day or other there'll be nobody to say "*No*" to: that's not *my* way; I've thought the matter over very seriously, and I'm resolved to marry the first opportunity.

(*Enter Sam*).

Who can this be, I wonder? Dear me! a very spruce young man, I wish I had put on my t'other cap.

SAM.

What a very fine young person! Pray, ma'am, are you Miss O'Brien's maid?

SUSAN.

I am, Sir, her *own* maid.

SAM.

Oh! you need not tell me *that;* I saw at once you were an *upper* servant; there's Lady's maid, ma'am, in all your motions.

SUZAN.

Oh! Sir, you're vastly genteel, pray, may I ask your business?

SAM.

I've no business at present; I mean to go into business when I marry, and when I look at you I wish that were to be this afternoon!

SUSAN.

You misunderstood me; what brought you here?

SAM.

I come from Sir Laurence Paragon.

SUSAN.

Are you in his service?

SAM.

I am his nephew's man—his *own* man.

SUSAN.

Oh! you needn't tell me *that*, I saw at once you were an *upper* servant, there's Gentleman's Gentleman in all your motions.

SAM.

At this present moment, I come from Sir Laurence, for Sir Laurence has really nobody on his establishment at all distinguished and responsible; so he likes to employ me; and I am very obliging. Here is a note for your Lady, there is no answer, and it is to be delivered *immediately;* it sounds very ungallant in me to say so, but *immediately* was Sir Laurence's word.

SUSAN.

Dear! dear!—Then I must run with it to my Mistress, she is in her Boudoir:—I hate this way of folding notes three-corner-wise.

SAM.

So do I, ma'am—it curtails our information sadly; I hope, ma'am, you visit Sir Laurence's housekeeper; she is vastly genteel.

SUSAN.

I do drop in there sometimes: good morning, Sir, tell Mrs. Fritter I shall pay her a visit. I wish you a very good morning.

(*Curtseys affectedly and exit*).

SAM.

That *is* a woman! my time is come, I feel;—I must be married—I really *am* in love.—so I'll go and make a few enquiries about her wages, and her perquisites.

(*Exit*).

SCENE 4th.

Kate O'Brien's Boudoir: Large folding doors in the centre, an elegant couch with a handsome shawl lying on it.

KATE.

Heigho! Why was I born to be an Heiress? Envied by my own sex—perpetually teazed by the men; and knowing but too well that I am sought only for my gold. Of one thing however I am resolved: I never will marry till I have good reason for knowing that I am loved for myself alone.

(*Enter Susan*).

SUSAN.

A note, ma'am: no answer, the young man said; and a very nice, genteel looking young man it was!

KATE.

You think of nothing, Susan, but nice young men; go about your business.

SUSAN.

(*Aside.*) Well, I'm sure there's no harm in that, he *was* a very nice young man, that I will maintain. (*Exit*).

KATE.

(*After reading the note.*) From my good guardian Sir Laurence, and to inform me that, as I am to expect a visit from his nephew, he hopes I will appear to the best advantage, displaying, I suppose all my *graces*, and none of my *airs*—(*reads*): "You have only to exert the fascinations you possess, to win *his* heart and to make *me* your affectionate uncle"—Thank you kindly, Sir, I fear your partiality blinds you! But what shall I do with the nephew? The woman *he* marries must be perfection forsooth! if he resembles Sir Laurence, I am sure to like him, and if so, I may be tempted to try and win him; but it shall be

without displaying *one* of the perfections which he has declared to be indispensable. He thinks to take me by surprise, but he shall not find me without a plot—Susan, are you there? (*Knock.*)

SUSAN.

Yes, ma'an—there is a young gentleman knocking at the door—(*aside*) a very nice looking one too, but I don't dare say so.

KATE.

Wheel that sofa this way—there (*throws herself on it*) now unfold my shawl. There—throw it over my feet—make haste—and now leave me.

SUSAN.

(*Aside.*) What can she be about! I think she's out of her lunacies! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERVANT.

Mr. Paragon is below, Madam.

KATE.

Show him in.

(*Servant shows in Charles Paragon and exit.*)

CHARLES.

Madam, my uncle Sir Laurence Paragon being prevented calling with me as he had intended, I am obliged to introduce myself. (*Aside.*) She is exceedingly pretty!

KATE.

You will excuse my not rising to receive you, Sir; Pray sit down. I am very happy to see you, the nephew of my father's old friend must always be welcome here.

CHARLES.

(*Aside.*) Well, there is no brogue however, her manner is enchanting! Madam, you are very kind, I am afraid I

call'd at an unseasonable hour, I have disturbed you? You are reposing?..... perhaps you were sleeping?..... possibly dreaming!..... (*aside*). Why the Deuce don't she get up?

KATE.

No, Sir, you could not have called more opportunely. I have been looking over this endless portfolio of drawings.

CHARLES.

Drawings! are you fond of the art?

KATE.

Excessively, I could look at them for ever.

CHARLES.

(*Aside.*) Accomplish'd creature! I always said that when I did fall in love, it would be at first sight—and I do believe my time is come at last.

KATE.

What a delightful art painting is! to be able to perpetuate the features of those who are dear to us.

CHARLES.

Charming!

KATE.

Or to treasure up remembrances of scenes in which we have been happy, but which we may never look upon again.

CHARLES.

Delightful!

KATE.

Or to copy the classical groups of antiquity, or form new combinations of graceful lovely figures!

CHARLES.

Oh, your enthusiasm quite enchants me.

KATE.

Ah! then *you* are enthusiastic also?

CHARLES.

Prodigiously! pray, my dear Madam, allow me to feast my eyes with some of your drawings : (*aside*) Angelic creature!

KATE.

Sir—I—I—what did you say?

CHARLES.

Permit me to see some of your performances.

KATE.

I regret to say that *I* never had the least idea of drawing, my houses, my trees, my cattle, and my faces, are all one confused jumble of scratches.

CHARLES.

Not draw?

KATE.

No—do you?

CHARLES.

I—oh no—but I quite misunderstood you; I thought—(*aside*) dear me, what a pity such a creature should lack such an accomplishment, such a resource!

KATE.

Is any thing the matter, Sir?

CHARLES.

Oh, nothing—(*Aside*) After all, tis but one accomplishment wanting, I've no doubt she has all the rest.

KATE.

Did you speak?.

CHARLES.

I was saying, I never heard so musical a voice!

KATE.

Oh! you flatter me: you mentioned music, do you not doat on it?

CHARLES.

Aye—there we *do* agree! the woman who sings!....

KATE.

Yes, Sir!

CHARLES.

The woman who plays!.....

KATE.

Yes, Sir!

CHARLES.

The woman who does both well, is a Divinity, *you* are enthusiastic in your love of music, I see you are?

KATE.

I am, Sir! Music is my passion. Music in the morning! Music in the evening! Music at the silent hour of night! Music on the water!

CHARLES.

(*Aside*) What a woman she is!

KATE.

Music at any hour!

CHARLES.

Yes, or on any instrument!

KATE.

Ah! yes, from the magnificent organ, to the gentle lute!

CHARLES.

Yes! delicious!

KATE,

Or a voice! better than all, a soul entrancing voice!

CHARLES.

(*Aside*) There *is* no resisting her! oh madam, sing!

KATE.

Alas! Sir, how shall I make the sad confession? much as I love music—I can only listen!

CHARLES.

What!

KATE.

I have not a singing note in my voice, and no one ever could teach me to play!

CHARLES.

(*Aside*) Was there ever such an impostor! Madam, you positively astonish me!

KATE

How so, Sir? can *you* sing?

CHARLES (*sings*).

Oh! no. We men are not expected to acquire these accomplishments. But a woman—that is—I—I.....

KATE.

I know, Sir—you were going to say that a woman without them, is little better than a Brute!

CHARLES.

Madam! how can you suppose!

KATE.

Aye, Sir, and I perfectly agree with you—But Sir, tis my misfortune—not my fault.

CHARLES.

(*Aside.*) What a pensive tone of voice! and what a countenance! there *can* be no humbug *there!* spite of her lamentable deficiencies, I am fascinated!

KATE.

My fate is an unhappy one: I am an orphan as you know, and of course labouring under such manifest defects, I never mean to marry.

CHARLES.

Never mean to marry!

KATE.

Never!

CHARLES.

Oh! Madam, in mercy to mankind, make not so rash, so inconsiderate a resolve!

KATE.

Sir, it *is* in mercy to mankind I make it; what would be a fond Husband's sufferings were he to see the wife of his bosom sinking under the degrading consciousness that she was unworthy of him!

CHARLES.

Unworthy!

KATE.

Would he not cast her from him? Yes—yes—he would do so! I must live on unloved!

CHARLES.

By Jove! she *is* irresistible! Madam, I adore you—listen to me—oh! listen and smile upon me—Hear me—I love you—Oh! love *me*—pray do! (*Kneels.*)

KATE.

Sir, this is so unlooked for! so unexpected! so.....

CHARLES.

Nay, do not frown upon me, allow me to hope.

KATE.

Rise, Sir,—you *may* hope—but the surprise—the agitation—pray, ring that bell.

CHARLES.

She's going to faint! (*Rings the bell.*)

KATE.

(*Aside.*) So then vanity will be humbled; you will only wed Perfection! We'll see that (*aloud.*) I must retire, my maid shall return and speak a few words to you, and *then* after having seen your uncle, you may visit me again.

(*Enter Susan.*)

KATE.

Come here, Susan. (*Whispers to h*

SUSAM.

Law! Madam, it's not possible!

KATE.

Obey me instantly, call the servant!

SUSAN.

Oh! well—I must—John, come here directly.

CHARLES.

(*Aside.*) What on earth does she lie there for!

(*Enter Servant.*)

KATE.

Now, Susan, open those doors—John, wheel the s into the other room. Adieu, Sir—my maid shall ret instantly.

(*She is wheel'd into the next room, and the folding doors are closed.*)

CHARLES.

Well, positively that is the laziest proceeding I witness'd! By the bye, 'twas all my fault, I suppose was too faint to move.—Oh! here comes the maid.

(*Enter Susan.*)

SUSAN.

(*Aside.*) Well, my mistress *is* mad, that is certa But I must do as I'm bid.

SIR CHARLES.

How is your mistress? She's a charming creat what a happy girl you are, what a sweet mistress you've g

SUSAN.

She *is* charming—poor thing!

CHARLES.

Poor thing! What do you mean by *poor thing?*

SUSAN.

Oh! it's very sad!

CHARLES.

What is sad?

SUSAN.

You saw my mistress whisper to me?

CHARLES.

Yes, to be sure, but there's nothing so sad in a whisper.

SUSAN.

Indeed but there *is* though! she desired me to reveal the affair to you; she had not courage to tell you herself; to be sure you must have known it sooner or later.

CHARLES.

What *can* you mean? You frighten me out of my wits!

SUSAN.

It's a sad affliction to her, a very great defect! She's much to be pitied.

CHARLES.

A defect, *another* defect! and I've committed myself! I've proposed..... What is it?

SUSAN.

Oh! Sir!

CHARLES.

Speak out, do.

SUSAN.

Many years ago.....

CHARLES.

Oh! that's as bad as "once upon a time"—pray go on. —make haste.

SUSAN.

My mistress was thrown from her horse,

CHARLES

Yes?—Well?—she was not killed—so what then?

SUSAN.

Fractured limb!

CHARLES.

Oh!—What limb?

SUSAN.

Leg—Broke it—all to bits!

CHARLES.

Well—speak.—

SUSAN.

Amputation!

CHARLES.

What!

SUSAN.

She has got a cork leg!

CHARLES.

A cork leg! horror! what have I done? engaged myself! I shall go mad!

SUSAN.

Good morning, Sir; I must go, if you please, to give my mistress the stick. (*Exit Susan.*)

CHARLES.

Do; by all means; *I* deserve the *stick* most! I that said I would marry perfection! I've bound myself to a fraction of a woman! Desperation! I shall go mad! (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1st.

Room in Sir Laurence Paragon's. Enter Susan and Sam.

SAM.

So you say my Master is actually going to marry her! Bless the man! theyll'be a three legg'd couple! A matrimonial tripod! Had he seen *you* when he proposed for your Lady?

SUSAN.

Oh! yes. Why?.

SAM.

Then I wonder at him! That's all.

SUSAN.

Oh, you flatterer!

SAM.

Let me see—*you*—stand pretty stoutish on *your* pins, don't you?.

SUSAN.

Nonsense, I'll hear no such remarks.

SAM.

Gad, I never saw neater timbers! *you* can stir your stumps with the best of them :—That ever *my* Master should marry a hoppikicky!

SUSAN.

You'll not use such nicknames, if you please.

SAM.

Don't be angry—but you know she *has* a timber toe.

Why, my Master always used to say his wife must be perfection, and now he takes a woman whose body turns upon a pivot Here he comes, and he seems in a desperate quandary, as if he was hunting for your mistress's t'other leg!

SUSAN.

I'll leave you, Mr. Sam. My presence will only make him worse. I suppose I shall see him by and bye at Miss O'Brien's! Oh! they'll be a sweet couple. (*Exit.*)

SAM.

Sweet couple! a couple of ducks : the hen standing on one leg, with the other tucked under her wing! Here he comes!

(*Enter Charles.*)

CHARLES.

I wonder if the wind is fair for America. Not that any other place would not do as well, only the farther off the way the better.

SAM.

Shall you dress for dinner, Sir? What shall I lay out?

CHARLES.

You'll have to lay *me* out soon, Sam! Oh! out of my way—I'll not change.—Oh Sam! I'm going to change my condition.—I'm going to be married.

SAM.

Married, Sir! Oh what a Lady you must have seen? I never thought you could find one perfect enough. At all events, when she saw *you*, Sir, I warrant she put her *best foot foremost.*

CHARLES.

Best foot! Oh Sam! But it does not signify—Where's my uncle?

SAM.

He is coming, Sir.

CHARLES.

Then you begone, Sam, you'll have to go in mourning for me very soon —go, Sam, go.

SAM.

(*Aside.*) Master's mad! I suppose it's all along of Love! Well, when *I* marry, my wife shall have her proper complement of limbs, however. (*Exit and enter Sir Laurence.*)

SIR LAURENCE.

(*Aside.*) Foolish girl! I hate all plots.—She has told me of her mad schemes, and I must not frustrate them.—Here is the inconsolable! I must affect ignorance. Well, Charles, you have seen her, I suppose; how is this? You seem agitated!

CHARLES.

Well I may be, Sir!

SIR LAURENCE.

Explain!

CHARLES.

I have at last done what you wished—yes—to make a long story short, I have offered Miss O'Brien my hand and heart.

SIR LAURENCE.

No! you delight me! Tol de riddle lol!

CHARLES.

Oh! don't dance about, uncle, you'll bring on your rheumatism. It is not a *dancing* business, I assure you.

SIR LAURENCE.

I never *was* so happy! Is she not perfect?

CHARLES.

Perfect! ah Sir, *that* is all as people may think, I fear *you* have not seen her lately.

SIR LAURENCE.

Not lately—no—but is she not indeed Perfection?.—Yes. —And so, you have already *thrown yourself at her feet?*

CHARLES.

Feet! I wish *that* were possible!

SIR LAURENCE.

I knew how it would be, and I will say this for you, Charles, she is a fortunate girl. There's many a one would be glad to step in *her* shoes!

CHARLES.

Shoes! alas! he knows not what he says! She knows the substantive *shoe*, only in the *singular* number! she never buys a *pair*! What are right and left to *her?*

SIR LAURENCE.

You look as if you were in a *hobble!*

CHARLES.

A hobble! Sir, you lacerate me!

SIR LAURENCE.

You have made but a *lame* love affair, I think! But now tell me, you always said the woman you married should possess every perfection, every accomplishment.—Of course she draws?

CHARLES.

Why—no—she does not exactly possess *that* accomplishment.

SIR LAURENCE.

Not draw! dear! dear! Oh, well that can't be helped. —Of course she sings.

CHARLES.

With humiliation I confess she cannot sing!

SIR LAURENCE.

Well, well! never mind. Don't be cast down—at all events, her *dancing* makes amends?

CHARLES.

Sir, she is unable to dance.

SIR LAURENCE.

Oh! but she shall dance with me; Gad! I'll invite all the country round. Aye, I'll give her a hop!

CHARLES.

Zounds! it *must* be a *hop*, if she has any thing to do with it. But every word you say wounds me deeply, Sir, the fact is, she—she—she is a miserable object.

SIR LAURENCE.

A what!

CHARLES.

Mutilated!

SIR LAURENCE.

Halt! young man—Halt!

CHARLES.

That is it, Sir—she *is halt!*

SIR LAURENCE.

Halt! what *can* you mean?

CHARLES.

She has a cork leg!

SIR LAURENCE.

A cork leg!

CHARLES.

You know the whole truth.

SIR LAURENCE.

My dear Charles! but you did not propose....

CHARLES.

Alas! I knew not of her misfortune till afterwards; but I have committed myself—as a man of honor, I cannot retract.

SIR LAURENCE.

Oh dear me! Charles — my dear Charles — my own nephew! you were not aware, you *must* not—*shall* not marry her—Go to her, say I sent you, pretend to be in despair —Say I forbid you to marry her—say you can't marry without my consent; explain, apologize, do any thing—lay it all upon me. You must be extricated, I'll go and consult my Lawyer—cheer up, lad, all will end well. (*aside*) That it will, no fear now, it will be a match. (*Exit.*)

CHARLES.

Poor Girl! poor Kate.—Why, how's this! I am not in love, still I hope. What am I about to do? renounce her !—see her no more? And why? because she is unfortunate! No, no—leave her to limp thro' the world alone? I'm no such cold hearted coward.—I'll fly to her, offer her this arm to lean upon thro' life. Poor Kate—poor dear girl—poor dear melancholy, mutilated Kate. (*Exit.*)

SCENE 2nd.

Kate O'Brien's Boudoir: a Guitar on the table, and drawings.

(*Enter Kate.*)

KATE.

Will he come? Alas no: I fear not, how can I expect it! Hark! is not that his step? Yes, yes—*'tis* he, and I am safe!

(*Springs on the sofa, throws her shawl around her, and places a stick by her side.*)

(*Enter Charles.*)

You come then once more.—You are welcome, you come to bid me farewell?

CHARLES.

No, you wrong me, I come to throw myself at your—to—to—to claim your hand.

KATE.

Ha! consider—you will repent too late.

CHARLES.

No, I will *not* repent: when I offered to be your protector and friend, I knew not how much you needed both; and now that I *do* know it, do you think I will desert you? —Never!

KATE.

Generous man? take my hand: when I forget your kindness, neglect and spurn me! I have already endeavoured to show my sense of your goodness; I have prepared a surprise for you: you seemed disappointed at my not being able to draw, and in your absence, I have tried to make a sketch—here it is.

CHARLES.

Wonderful! what a likeness! tis your own portrait!

KATE.

I am glad you think it like; take it, and remember 'twas my first gift.

CHARLES.

Thanks—thanks—A thousand thanks!

KATE.

You are fond of music too: like most young Ladies when they are asked to sing, I refused at *first*; but now, if you press me sufficiently, I *may* be induced to own I can sing *a little*.

CHARLES.

Transport! pray sing, I implore.

(*Kate takes her Guitar and sings.*)

Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar,
When he was hastening home from the war,
Singing "From Palestine hither I come."
Lady Love! Lady Love! welcome me home."

2.

She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him when others slept,
Singing" In search of thee would I could roam.
"Troubadour! Troubadour! come to thy home."

3.

Hark! 'tis the Troubadour breathing her name,
Under the battlement softly he came;
Singing " From Palestine hither I come,"
Lady Love! Lady Love! welcome me home!

CHARLES.

The very style I doat on! perfect! perfect! And now, what new surprise have you in store for me?.

KATE.

Only one! (*a pause.*)

(*She rises slowly on the sofa.*)

CHARLES.

Take care. You'll hurt yourself—lean on me--take the stick.

(*Gives her the crutch. Kate springs from the sofa and sings and dances round him.*)

CHARLES.

What am I to think?

KATE.

Think? Only that they have brought *Machinery* to very high perfection.

CHARLES.

Impossible! nay, your leg never *was* fractured?

KATE.

It never was!

CHARLES.

Huzza! my wife *is* Perfection after all! She *has* feet, and *thus* I *fall* at them (*kneels*).

(*Enter Sir Laurence.*)

SIR LAURENCE.

Keep him there, Kate, let him always be your slave.

CHARLES.

Oh uncle! she is perfection, and I am the happiest dog alive!

SIR LAURENCE.

I knew her scheme, and the result delights me. But remember your vanity has been humbled: you vowed you would marry *Perfection*! *You!* as if you *deserved* such a wife.—And now I have seen you implore a girl to have you, who you thought had *no* accomplishments, and only one leg to stand upon!

CHARLES.

I own it—yet, Kate, after all I suppose it must be admitted that I have not met with that monster a *perfect* woman, for you certainly have displayed one *little* failing?

KATE.

Well, what is it, pray?

CHARLES.

Fibbing—a cork leg! oh fye!

KATE.

Nay, I told no fib!

CHARLES.

How so?

KATE.

I have a Cork leg, absolutely! *two* Cork legs! for I was born in *Cork*, in the province of Munster, in my dear native Ireland!

CHARLES.

Cork! Well, Sir Laurence, we must admit she is a *Cork model* of a Perfect woman!

SIR LAURENCE.

Too good for you, lad, depend on it. Oh that I had married such a woman!

KATE.

Well, after all perhaps some may imitate me with advantage, for I concealed from my LOVER some of the accomplishments I possess, and consequently my HUSBAND, finding me so much better than he expected, may think me PERFECTION! And if those around me think favorably of the Lady of Munster, she cares not how often her lameness may return; for she will trust for support on their indulgent kindness.

THE

RECTORY,

A

FRAGMENT

OF A

POEM.

THE RECTORY.

Book 1st.

Canto 1st.

The Lady's Boudoir! who shall dare
To paint that scene of her seclusion,
Where chosen treasures, rich and rare,
Deliberately placed with care,
Are meant to imitate confusion.
The Rosewood tables to excess
With Porcelain and Chrystal strew'd,
(As if to hint that awkwardness
Must never venture to intrude).
The escrutoire, the pen of gold,
The scented wax, the tinted paper,
The silver Cupid doom'd to hold
The little pink transparent taper.
The sun flower clock—(whose dial well
May represent the golden flower,
Mechanically made to tell
In poetry the passing hour.)
Some volumes too, in bindings such
As fairest fingers love to touch,
The Annuals in silken sets,
Lightest of literary pets.
The flowers, that seem as if they were
Thrown idly, negligently, there;

But all so tastefully arranged,
That were one little blossom changed,
The fragrant group at once would lose
Its charm, the harmony of hues.
Say, can a mortal maid presume
To venture here with mop and broom?
No, surely while the menials sleep
Good Fairies nightly vigils keep;
They dust each fragile ornament,
Replenish ev'ry vase with scent,
Wind up the clock, fold scented paper
In forms of spells, to light the taper,
They lave each precious China dish,
And feed the gold and silver fish.
The Lady's Boudoir! Who shall trace
The tout ensemble of the place!

And there the Lady sits upon
  The easiest of easy chairs,
And murmurs in a pensive tone
  One of last season's opera airs:
She starts as if the melody
Had roused her from her reverie,
She rises, to the window goes,
  And pulls aside the muslin curtain,
And sighs, for very well she knows
  That day's imprisonment is certain:
She nothing sees but leafless trees,
And snow flakes borne upon the breeze,
No ride, no walk—the thought was vain,
The muslin curtain falls again.

She stirs the fire, yet who can doubt
  She is unconscious of the action?
She very nearly puts it out,
  In her intenseness of abstraction!
And now she sits again, and leans
  Upon her hand her beauteous brow,
And meditates on distant scenes,
  And friendly faces absent now.
At length the feelings that were pent
So long in silence find a vent;
With no one in her solitude
  To answer what she may advance,
She leaves her meditative mood,
  And thus her thoughts find utterance:
"I'll ask him—why should I defer
  One moment making the proposal?
And should he stingily demur,
Uncourteously refusing *Her*
  To whom in point of fact *he* owes all;
I am not worse off than before—
I'll ask—though asking *is* a bore:
And I an Heiress! *there's* the sting!
  I should have paus'd, had I conjectured
That I *could* ask for *any thing*,
  With such a dread of being lectured:
I'm sure *I* thought that Heiresses
  When married always were looked up to,
And treated as Divinities,
Whom it was man's first thought to please
  And kneeling—hold out pleasure's cup to:
Heigho! I'll ask him"—
  And she goes
To the study of Sir Hampton Rose.

I've breath'd his name! and so already
The reader knows this lonely Lady,
The Lady Hampton Rose—so well
Remember'd as a reigning Belle,
Who married twenty years ago,
A Baronet whose purse was low.
And time who frequently displaces
The tints that Females fain would fix,
Has left her full of bloom, and graces,
Fat, very fair, and thirty six.
But let us follow to the door
Where now reluctantly she lingers,
Half leaving it—and now once more
Touching the lock with trembling fingers,
She knocks and gently cries "My dear,
" Sir Hampton—answer—are you here?"

And may we pause to ask the cause
Why Time that *should* make fond ties stronger,
Thus oft a chilling barrier draws
'Twixt hearts that beat like one, when younger?
Alas! what seeming trifles lead
To such a mutual change of feeling,
So unimportant, that indeed
We scarcely miss the links they're stealing:
And yet those several links combined
Form the light fetters of affection,
Uniting lovers, heart and mind,
But which in married life we find,
Oft only live in reccollection!
The confidence unlimited—
The eyes that seem by intuition,

Before a single word is said,
To guess, and answer each petition :
Ah ! why do such things pass, and why
The heart's exclusive fond devotion ?
And leave the inattentive eye,
The cold, or querulous reply,
The longing after locomotion!

There have been Mortals, and there are,
Less changeable and happier far ;
Who share the summer days of life
As lovers still, tho' man and wife :
And when misfortune's frowning form
Comes near them with her wintry weather,
They cling, like children in a storm,
More closely lovingly together.
These boast a bliss (oh well I know
The truth of what I say)
Which Fortune never can bestow,
And never take away.
But I digress, and I confess
This habit carried to excess
Is very wrong, and we return
The Lady's cause of care to learn.

Tis evident we are too late
To hear her open the debate.
The Lady leans back in her chair
By her own eloquence exhausted,
Yet looks with a triumphant air
At him so fluently accosted ;
As if she meant to say:" now answer,
" Yes, and refuse me if you can, Sir. "

Sir Hampton Rose was one of those
  Provoking men of looks so mild,
That any body would suppose
  They might be manag'd by a child.
And when they say an angry word,
A voice all gentleness is heard;
And while the calm eyes acquiesce
And with the placid cheeks say "yes,"
The tongue is very apt to give
A most decided negative.
He had a tantalizing way
Of listening to all you say,
Or rather seeming so to do,
And looking calmly up at you
With such a smile, that your success is
  Apparently beyond a doubt;
Yet when you finish, he confesses
  He is not able to make out
What your long speeches are about!

E'en now he heard his Lady speak,
With that tranquility of cheek,
Which made his words the more provoking,
"Are you in earnest, Love, or joking?"

But Lady Rose's glance possest
No indication of a jest,
When thus Sir Hampton she addrest:

"You know I am in earnest, (pray
"Do'nt smile in that unmeaning way)
"My wishes very well you know.—
  "(Im sure my temper is a miracle!)

" I've told you where I wish to go—
" (Don't look so hideously satirical.) "
" For eighteen months we have been here,
" And really at this time of year,
" This mansion is so very *triste*,
" So very *sombre!* "

" Not the least,
" It is a very charming spot,
" And *you* were born here, were you not?
" Pray don't apologize, my love,
" *I* find no fault with Granby Grove,
" 'Twas *mine* the day I married *you*,
" *Your* maiden name was Granby too.
" Trifles seem therefore precious *here*,
" Don't call it sombre, don't, my dear. "

" *My dear* " indeed! that's too absurd! "

" *My Lady* then, is *that* the word?
" Or may I use your christian name?
" *Laura!* I'm surely not to blame
" For checking you when you disparage
" Your own estate, Love—mine by marriage.

" 'Tis your's, " her Ladyship replied,
" 'Tis your's, it cannot be denied;
" 'Tis your's, and yet I dearly love
" Each little twig of Granby Grove:
" Those twigs were mine, oaks, beeches, firs,
" All planted by my Ancestors.
" But when you thought it worth your while
" To take me and my twigs—(don't smile),

" I little thought that I should be
" Myself as rooted as a tree,
" With no amusement, nothing new:
" My daily walk the avenue,
" My most exciting avocation
" To watch the course of vegetation;
" Upon the little twigs to see
" The spring buds in their infancy,
" And watch them still, 'till each receives
" Its summer modicum of leaves;
" My Autumn pastime to discern
" How very yellow leaves can turn;
" My winter—misery!—to fix
" My eyes on trees transform'd to sticks! "

But a matrimonial duett
In an awkward key is sometimes set;
And tho' the two performers may
  Be quite in earnest with their *airs*,
Let a third person steal away
  And go and mind his own affairs.
They often touch discordant chords,
Make use of inharmonious words,
With voices rais'd *too high* to be
Compatible with melody:
We may remark the Female voice
  Is always highest reckon'd;
And in the Duos of *her* choice
  The man sings always second.
And thus it is when man and wife
Step on the boundaries of strife;

The moral or satiric pen
Should touch the paper lightly then;
And tho' it may be well to state
The aim, and end, of the debate,
(Just as at distance, we might get
A note or two of the Duett,
And know to what tune it is set,)
Yet if the argument — (or song)
Grows very loud, as well as long,
We, knowing what 'tis all about,
Should leave the parties, right or wrong,
To sing it—or to talk it out.

What arguments the Lady us'd,
How long the Gentleman refus'd,
The many tears the former shed,
The many words the latter said,
The *pros* enforced with so much skill,
The ready *cons* that met them still,
These to my muse are things occult,
She hastens on to the result.
A spring in Town was what she wanted;
A spring in town at length is granted!
Sir Hampton has a wicked way
Of saying "no" for the sake of saying it,
Though all the time perhaps he may
Mean to say "yes".—Yet half the day
He'll shake his head at what you say,
And spoil concession by delaying it.
When Lady Rose had work'd herself
Into an unbecoming rage,
He took a volume from a shelf,
Deliberately read a page,

And then look'd up with that calm smile
Which ne'er had left him all the while,
And said: "perhaps you'll like to know
"I always *meant* that we should go."

A man may sneer at female reasons
For longing after London seasons,
But happy Lady Rose, thy Lord
Turns thither of his own accord:
Thou might'st have argued all day long,
Until exhaustion made thee stop,
Urging that parents must be wrong
Who let their old connections drop;
Thou might'st have said thy son and heir
Was old enough to see society,
Or that thy daughter young and fair
Might be presented with propriety.
Or secretly thou might'st have had
Visions of *thine own* beauty clad
In *Robe de Bal* (of Carson bought);
At Almack's too—too flattering thought!
Or smiling forth with braided locks,
From a *best* circle opera box:—
This never would have done; amusement
Offers Sir Hampton no inducement,
Unless the amusement chance to be
One of his own selection;
And then indeed assuredly
He *could* see no objection.
And long he furtively hath eyed
The hobby that he means to ride,

(And pleasing is that Hobby's pace
To those who never tried her,
Though in the amble or the race
She's apt to throw her Rider!)
Ambition! (understand me, pray),
Ambition in a quiet way,
Not of that *very* lofty kind
Which sighs for reputation's "bubble,"
'Till to his keeping are consign'd
Responsibilities that grind
The powers of body and of mind
With "double, double toil and trouble."
Not so: Sir Hampton had, in short,
(Or thought he had) a friend at Court,
A cousin in the Cabinet,
And though 'twas long since they had met,
And though not very clearly knowing
What recompense he hoped to get,
He thought he should be right in going
At once, and to the Courtier shewing
His relative the Baronet.
He was aware that the Relations
Of men in Public situations,
Instead of pocketing vast sums
Can scarcely pick up paltry crumbs,
Since unenlighten'd eyes persist
In peering at the pension list.
And Ladies Jane no longer young,
From Peers right honourably sprung,
Must now give up, oh sad reverse!
Their income from the public purse;
A stinted pittance to receive,
Wrung from some noble Relative,

Who thinks the Public ought to grant
A pretty income to his aunt;
Not much—sufficient to enable
The dame to keep a social table,
Champagne, and customary courses,
A house in town, landau and horses.

And *sine cure* (which, when translated,
Without a cure once seem'd to mean)
Is now an evil so abated,
That those who for snug things have waited
With lengthen'd visages are seen:
And those who really used to hug
Things most inestimably snug,
And to their annual thousands had
Another—perhaps two, to add,
The gift of some most noble cousin,
Who thus hath delicately chosen
His own relations to assist,
And sop their daily bread with honey,
By putting them upon the list
Of those who drain the public money;
They know the cure is nearly finished
And talk, with incomes much diminished,
About "the good old times" and sigh
Relinquishing a luxury!

Oh! who would bear the degradation
Of being pension'd on the nation?
Who that already has enough
To buy an independant loaf,
Such stipend would consent to take,
To turn the loaf into a cake?

Or who that goes on foot to day,
Erect upon the King's highway,
So meanly, despicably feels,
A gilded carriage he'd prefer,
If he must be a Pensioner
E'er be can buy the toy on wheels!

Mistake me not, it would be hard
If those who struggle through the strife,
The ceaseless toil of public life,
Were grudg'd *their* well deserv'd reward.
Not so—The Pensioners I mean
Are useless beings I have seen,
Without one talent that can claim
For them publicity of name,
Yet who have thus been public debtors!
And yet a look of pride they wear,
A high aristocratic air!
As if their independent neighbours,
Who earn their incomes by their labours,
The apothecary and the lawyer,
Who *must* bow down to their employer,
Were not beyond compare *their* betters!

But I digress, and I confess
This habit carried to excess
Is very, *very* wrong, and so
I said at least an hour ago.
Sir Hampton has with Granby Grove
Five thousand pounds a year,
Means adequate for those who love
In a provincial scene to move,
But not enough, I fear,

For such as fain would shine in this
Luxurious metropolis.
But then, Sir Hampton Rose expected
That, being very well connected,
He might engage a residence,
From rents exorbitant refraining,
And live at moderate expense,
More entertain'd than entertaining.
In fact, he thought if *He* could meet
A small abode in Baker Street,
Or Gloucester Place, or any where
Contiguous to Portman Square,
Or in another distant quarter,
Now strew'd all over brick and mortar,
Cadogan Place, or Eaton Crescent,
Or Sloane street, more remote than pleasant,
Where'er in fact his home might be,
He thought that he should daily see
The cards of the nobility;
And an engagement book o'erflowing
With all the very best things going.

This was a secondary thought;
What higher things Sir Hampton sought,
He nam'd to none; and Lady Rose
Now to her Boudoir gaily goes,
And whilst her own maid Jane, displaying
Her skill, adjusts her evening gown,
She half distracts the girl by saying:
"Next Monday week we go to Town."

END OF CANTO 1st.

CANTO SECOND.

Sweet is the earliest breath of spring, the unexpected ray,
That peeping out throws warmth upon a February day;
We hail the lengthen'd hours of light, the softness of the breeze,
And almost wonder why we see no leaves upon the trees.
And here and there upon the earth the Crocuses are seen
The golden buds that nestle in their cradles of light green,
And Snowdrops delicate and pale, that droop, as if in fear
Of coming from their warm repose so early in the year.

And there's a path at Granby Grove, where the earliest spring day
Shines forth, as if March meant to steal the livery of May;
The first of birds, assembled there, rehearse their summer song,
And a rivulet flows murmuring melodiously along.

Oh! Rivulets, bright Rivulets, ye are the gentle friends
Of him upon whose lonely walk no human form attends;
And as he sits beside ye, with a soft and soothing tone,
Your voices seem to speak to him of joys for ever gone;
Ye call up other voices too, unheard for many years,
And ye give to him who mourns the dead—the luxury of tears.
How often have we heard it said that in December days,
The lonely being loves his hearth's companionable blaze!
But Rivulets, bright Rivulets, when social hearths are dim,
The mourner seeks your mossy banks, ye are the Friends for him.
Upon the path that I have nam'd, two youthful Lovers stood
And seem'd to watch the rivulet in meditative mood.

But I must pause to sketch them both: the Girl was seventeen;
A form and face so beautiful but seldom has been seen,
Her name was Mary, and there was a something when she smil'd,
About her lips, that told you she was Lady Rose's child,
A lurking laughter-loving look; but in her nobler face
A high expression dwelt, of which her mother had no trace,
A touch of sentiment and thought: you read as in a book,
Whatever mischief might betide that laughter-loving look,
That still, within her secret soul lay principles so pure,
That in temptation Mary Rose could ne'er be insecure.
Her lips were red, her eyes were blue, her skin extremely fair,
In ringlets o'er her snowy brow she wore her light brown hair.
In ringlets, art's most pleasing style, for ringlets oft run wild
Round nature's sweetest dwelling place, the features of a child.
Not *Coiffee'd* by a cruel hand—not strain'd into a load
Of hard and heavy looking bows, perhaps the latest mode,
Invented surely by some fiend, who fain would thus displace
(No very practicable task) the charm of woman's face.
Slight was her fairy figure, as her mother's might have been,
When first she knew Sir Hampton Rose, a bride at scarce sixteen.
And Mary by her Lover stands, and seems as if in dread
That she had hurt his feelings by some rash word she had said.
This Lover was her cousin—a distant one of course,
But cousin is a weighty word—few people know its force.
A first, perhaps a second cousin, Ladies need not dread—
But if you have one more remov'd—remember what I've said:
He'll talk of his relationship—but 'tis a ship he'll sink
The moment it occurs to him Love forms a better link—
Each day he'll walk, each day he'll talk, and every day you'll see
A hundred little things that prove how pleasant he can be;
When triflers try to win a smile, he'll step before a dozen,
And whisper, while you laugh and say: "He only is my cousin;

And at a pic-nic party, when prudent parents seek
To keep all gay adventurers and younger sons in check,
They always have this ready mode of ending the quandary:
"Oh let us send for cousin Edward, he'll take care of Mary."

And Mary's cousin Edward was a cousin of this kind:
Unlimited companionship their hearts had closely twin'd,
In all the sorrows of her youth—ten minutes would suffice
To take her to the Rectory for comfort and advice;
In all her little charities, the same judicious voice
Would name to her the pensioners most worthy of her choice:
Her chamber too at Granby Grove was chosen for its view,
Though other chambers had a more extensive one, tis true—
But as she sat there, she could see the tower of the church
With the gable of the Rectory, and its ivy mantled porch.
But Edward was no Rector: the reader must be told
That he was left an orphan boy, at only six years old.
His father was a younger son, his mother poor as fair,
To virtue and good looks in fact their only child was heir,
And heir, alas! to little else. But in our early years
A kind hand seldom tries in vain to wipe away our tears,
And poverty is then unfelt; we cannot have been taught
How many worldly smiles by worldly riches must be bought.
At Granby Edward found a home, and Mary and her brother
In striving to amuse him seem'd to rival one another.
Mary was then three years of age, and little Edward tried
To teach her how to run about, protecting her with pride,
And as they older grew, their task, their sports were still the same,
For Mary left her governess, and to the Boys she came,
To help her brother mend his kite, or look at Edward's boat,
Which down the little rivulet in gallant trim would float.

And when the lads to college went, Miss Mary used to think
That writing to her brother John was a wicked waste of ink;
He was a correspondent so abominably dull.
But Edward *always* answered her, and his letters were so full
Of kind remarks and pleasant news! no trifle was forgotten;
She read them over every night, and put them by in cotton.

Oh what a beauteous thing is Love! how happy and how pure
Thus springing up in two young hearts, from present ills secure,
Assuming Friendship's name, it quite forgets that Friends must sever,
As if young cousins thro' the world walk'd hand in hand for ever.
A fountain in a lonely vale resembles such a dream:
—Now nothing but the clear blue sky is mirror'd in the stream,
Beside the valley's loveliest path its infancy is led,
Its bank is lined with violets, with softest moss its bed.
But the stream must leave the lonely vale, the violets and the moss,
And struggle on into the world, where restless billows toss.
It's purity reflects no more the bright expanse above,
And the calmness of its course is lost!—oh! is't not so with Love!

By the Curate's side stood Mary Rose, unwilling to discuss
Some painful subject—suddenly he broke the silence thus:—
"Forgive me, Mary, oh! forgive the selfishness of heart
"That would detain you longer here, 'tis time that we should part;
"I might have known it could not last, I might have known that bliss
"So pure, so perfect, ne'er was meant for such a world as this:
"And, Mary, I will own to thee, that in some pensive mood
"The thought of being torn from thee unbidden would intrude;
"But I have hush'd the warning voice—I drove the thought away,
"I knew that we must part, but still put off the evil day;
"And in thy presence soon forgot that such a day must come—
"—But why do I distress thee thus?—my anguish should be dumb.

" It shall be so,—Yet—though I break my heart by the endeavo
" Henceforth I'll utter no complaint.—Farewell—farewell for ever

" For ever! Edward, tis unkind! For ever!" Mary said,
" Oh think when first *you* went from home, what bitter tears I shed;
" But I never breathed such cruel words: I plac'd implicit trust
" Upon a Friend's fidelity—shall Edward be less just!
" You said you would remember me, and did I not believe?
" I promised I would write to you, and did I then deceive?
" No, Edward, no—we met again as happy as before,
" And, dearest cousin, even now we've happy days in store.

" Say—Cousin—yes, *that* word they will not bid thee to forget—
" Say Cousin—but we never more shall meet as we have met.
" Aye, call me Cousin in the world, it surely will be hard
" If thou may'st not bestow on me a cousin's cold regard.
" But *I* renounce the chilling word'.—

" Oh, Edward, say not so—
" Thou'rt angry, Edward, let me hear kind words before I go,—

" Kind words'! I know not what I say—but novice as thou art
" In wordly ways, consider, is it thus that *Cousins* part?
" Were I thy Cousin only, at the altar I could stand
" And calmly breathe a blessing while a Husband press'd thy hand;
" But is it so? no, Mary, no—thou canst not be my wife,
" And the loneliness of blighted hope is Edward's lot for Life.
" Alas! I never loved thee with the common love of Earth,
" The love that vaunts its proud success in revelry and mirth,
" *My* Love was nurs'd in secret, like a blossom that has furl'd
" All its sweet leaves from the notice and the sunshine of the world

—Mary was weeping while he spoke; at length she rais'd her head
And looking in his face, almost inaudibly she said:—

" Edward, you never spoke of this—and have we not been wrong
" Yes, both of us—to close our eyes against the truth so long;
" And now that you address me thus, perhaps I should rely
" On some more tranquil prompter than my heart, for a reply;
" But no, if you have been to blame, at least that blame I share,
" And I cannot listen calmly to those accents of despair;
" If *you* are wretched, *I* am so; hereafter be more kind,
" And think that Mary shares the grief of him she leaves behind."
There was a pause—a blissful pause;—but the Poet drops his pen:
There are no words that can describe the lover's rapture then;
And the Painter would be fortunate who faithfully could trace
The beautiful expression of his fair though manly face,
As his arms supported Her who had been lov'd so many years,
Who with her head upon his heart, was smiling thro' her tears.

Who is there that cannot remember moments when he cast
From his bosom every feeling for the Future and the Past,
And in the Present wholly lost, beholding all most dear,
Forgot to hope—forgetting there was such a thing as Fear!

But Mary's sweet lips broke the spell: "Oh hasten", she exclaim'd,
" To my Parents, to my Parents, Love, this meeting must be named;
"—It has been named," said Edward, and his cheek grew pale an
"It has been named;—to both of them my passion has been told,
" By both that passion has been spurn'd, and this brief meeting o'er,
" My Mary will be torn from me: we part to meet no more!

But we must leave the Lovers now—too long we have intruded,
And prying eyes from parting scenes should always be excluded,

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO THIRD.

Were I a country villa to select,
Like Granby Grove in every respect,
Park like, and pretty ; one of those estates
With two approaches, and with two lodge gates ;
I never would be tempted, for the sake
Of glen and mountain, cataract and lake,
To chuse a dwelling in its summer dress.
Six hundred miles from London, (more or less)
Without one human habitation near,
And roads impassable one half the year.
The summer choice of such a tenement
Leads to " the winter of our discontent."
And oh! as little would I like to own
One situated near a country town,
So near that Mistress *this*, or Mistress *that*,
Could drop in of an afternoon to chat;
So *very* near, that e'en old maids could take
The walk to gossip over wine and cake,
And yet so far, 'twere cruel, when they come,
To send them back again with "*not at home.*"
Place me the town precisely five miles off,
For all *my* wants and wishes near enough ;
The mail will leave my letters at the gate ;
And tho' perhaps pedestrians must wait,

And yearly club together, and approach
In a landau — (the Angel's old glass coach),
Between these visits months must intervene,—
Not *angel* ones—tho' few and far between.
And o'er the luncheon tray we then shall hear
Provincial Politics just once a year ;
The sly remark that *certain people* deem
That *certain people* are not what they *seem*,
Adding that *certain other people* know
They are, or were, or will be *so and so ;*
The confidential whispers of the day,
Still whisper'd in a confidential way,
Till confidants the whispers wide diffuse
And all the smiling circle shares the news.

But Granby Grove is only two short miles
From Granby Town ; and those who do'nt mind stiles,
May walk across the fields, a shorter way,
Call late, and then judiciously delay,
And stay and dine ;—if they are ask'd to stay.
The Grove is therefore often throng'd with visitors,
The favour'd haunt of feminine inquisitors.

Think not from this the vile opinion mine
That the word Gossip *must* be feminine ;
For I have seen the male, and frankly state
The coat and waistcoat Gossip most I hate.
For " trifles light as air " may well engage
The Single Lady of a certain age,
Who lives alone, with eyes too dim to find,
With book or needle, pastime for the *mind*,
To *Her* it would be cruelty to grudge
The observatory where she loves to lodge,

In the High Street, just opposite the shop
Where customers continually stop;
With a bay window, where from her snug seat,
She has a prospect up and down the street,
Picks up the latest rumours, one by one,
Hears more than ever was or will be done,
And nightly takes her tea chest from the shelf,
And tells to others what she heard herself.

But look whithout abhorrence, if you can
Upon a Gossip in the shape of man;
Man, in whose avocations you expect
Some trace of energy or intellect,
The book, the pen; or else, with those who shun
These home pursuits, the courser and the gun.—

We turn to Lady Rose, who blithe and gay,
Holds her last levee at the Grove to day.
We find her seated by a portly dame,
In silk and swan's down; Plimpton is her name,
Wife of a Banker, proud to represent
One half of Granby Town in Parliament.
" What, off to morrow!" she exclaims, " my Lady,
" And here you sits! you never will be ready;
" I keeps you from your packing, I'm afraid—
" But law!—*you* leaves all *them* things to your maid!
" *I* does all that myself—safe bind safe find—
" I sorts the articles of every kind,
" The heavy things at bottom—light at top—
" I puts my hand upon 'em when we stop,
" Like a *phenolemon*, in fact you see,
" I always does it all for Mister P.

" *We goes* to Town next week, the House of Commons
" Has sent my poor dear man some sort of summons.
" If He sits up all night to hear them speak,
" If will *annihilate* him in a week,
" But I suppose if he do'nt go there now,
" The king will miss him, and there'll be a row:
" Great men, my Lady, lead*s* most shocking lives,
" And so I'm very sure do great men's wives!
" I sha'nt know *no* one up in Town, I fear,
" But as we lives *contagious* like down here,
" I hopes to meet you in a friendly way,
" I'll let you know our house, good day, good day.

Off waddles the great man's great wife; and now
Comes a young Clergyman with simp'ring bow,
(Not Mary's cousin and acknowledged Love,
The Curate of the village near the Grove)
The Curate of the Town, and prouder far,
A Preacher aiming to be popular.
And pulpit popularity is not
His only aim, far from it, he has got
A longing after notoriety,
Whatever the pursuit may chance to be.
None dress so well as the Reverend Mr. Flinn,
And then how black his hair! how white his skin!
The last new cut in coats, if you would own,
The Reverend Mr. Flinn's in new from town.
To see him riding is a perfect treat,
The Reverend Mr. Flinn has such a seat!
No Granby ball without his aid can answer,
The Reverend Mr. Flinn is such a dancer!
First on the list at concerts he is reckon'd,
The Reverend Mr. Flinn sings such a second!

Dames who, at Whist love partners who can win,
Look kindly on the Reverend Mr. Flinn.
At water parties he is always present,
The reverend Mr. Flinn can be so pleasant.
At Archeries, the arrow is put in
The Bull's eye by the Reverend Mr. Flinn!
Some mothers, and Daughters too, assert
The Reverend Mr. Flinn is apt to flirt;
Yet marriage surely were a greater sin
In one so poor as the Reverend Mr. Flinn!

A "*Ladyship*" is always sure to win
Attention from the Reverend Mr. Flinn.
And though more flatt'ring compliments are heard
When speaking to the Lady of a "*Lord*",
The bow and smile he never can forget
Due to the Lady of a "*Baronet.*"
And doubly interesting she appears,
When in the rural coterie he hears
That she will have that eligible thing:
A house in Town, in the ensuing spring.

At Mrs. Plimpton's exit, John came in,
And next announced "The Reverend Mr. Flinn."
"You'll be in Baker Street to morrow night!
"A charming change! Your Ladyship is right.:
"There's nothing after all like Town, my Lady,
"I'm dying for the Opera already!
"I must leave poor dear Granby in the lurch,
"And get some worthy man to serve my church;
"Town is *my* element, I never *can* be
"Appreciated in a place like Granby.

" I am not vain—far from it, but I seek
" Some chapel near the Squares, when once a week
" I may, unbored by burials and marriages,
" Preach to a well dress'd crow'd who come in carriages
" One's lost at Granby—positively lost;
" I'm sick of the eternal tea and toast.
" 'Two'nt do to say: "regret you cannot go;"
" They know you cannot be engag'd, they know
" Where every body breakfasts, dines and sups,
" And when at tea they fill their china cups,
" Look out for ev'ry creature they invite,
" Deem a refusal vastly impolite.
" The Town boasts but *one* party in *one* night!"

Now Lady Rose was very well aware
The Reverend Mr. Flinn's incessant care
Was by these very persons to be petted,
And when unasked, she knew how much he fretted!
Their daily flatterer, though it was his rule
Absent to turn them into ridicule!

" Dear me! you quite surprise me!" she exclaim'd—
" The Reverend Mr. Flinn is always nam'd
" At Granby with delight: I own I thought
" You were as glad to seek, as to be sought!"

" Oh no, my Lady, I am sadly teazed,
" And if at times I manage to *seem* pleased,
" It is an amiable weakness, thus
" To smile on those who inconvenience us."

" A moral maxim that," said Lady Rose;
" You practice what you preach, Sir, I suppose.

" But Mr. Flinn I really understood
" You meant to settle in the neighbourhood,

" Settle! " exclaim'd the Reverend Mr. Flinn,
" A charming *country* this to settle in!
" But *I'm* not one who in a contry Town
" Could, as the vulgar phrase is, " *settle down.*"—
" Of course your Ladyship alludes, I know,
" To the rumour of my marriage with miss Snow.—
" She's prettyish, and rich—but you must own
" She is deficient both in taste and *ton,*
" I must be less attentive—'tis a sin,
" To let her think she will be Mistress Flinn. "

" How fortunate! you may commence to day
" Your system of reserve without delay;
" See all the Snows, the Parents and your Love,
" A perfect snow storm, driving to the Grove! "

The Reverend Mr. Flinn seem'd rather flurried,
Rose to depart—and then his words were hurried
The Snows were usher'd in e'er he retreated,
He could not leave the room, he soon was seated
Next *the* Miss Snow whose hopes were to be chill'd,
And by a slighted passion prematurely kill'd!
Unfortunate young man! to thaw that snow,
How he hath labour'd nobody can know!
And how that snow hath frozen by delay
All his advances, nobody can say!
And now she seems much more inclined to chat
Than usual! He fidgets with his hat,
Ashamed that Lady Rose the chat should see—
Yet loth to lose the opportunity.

He fears to lose, yet is ashamed to win!
Oh! most embarrass'd Reverend Mr. Flinn!

Pity the man who, rising once a year
A little way above his proper sphere,
Strives—(vain endeavour!) to appear to be
Indigenous to such society.
Then, to appear *recherché*, he disclaims
All knowledge of the old familiar names;
The man whose hand in fellowship he takes,
Whose roof has shelter'd him, whose bread he breaks;
The woman he has woo'd with all the strength
Dissimulation boasts, who loves at length,
Who mourns his absence, and will smiling stand
To welcome his return with lip and hand;
These he disowns, or if he deems it right
To *say* he knows them before ears polite,
Insults them by acknowledgment so slight.

Such is the Reverend Mr. Flinn, and now;
Having forsworn his friends, he knows not how
To act reserve before my lady Rose,
Yet slily smile as usual on the Snows:
Disastrous destiny of trifling fools,
Who wish to *sit*, yet tamper with *two stools!*

The Snows prepare to go, and they begin
To wonder at the Reverend Mr. Flinn!
"I fear you're poorly, Sir, you've walk'd too far,
"We'll take you back to Granby, if you are;
So says Mamma—says Miss: "You know there'll be
"A vacant seat upon the box with me."

"Sick!" says old Snow "Come with us, stay and dine,
"And I will cure you, Flinn, with old port wine!"

The Gentlemanly man whom you prefer,
Will know you for a year, and call you "*Sir*;"
The vulgar being whom you never seek,
Will slap your back and "*Flinn*" you in a week!

The Reverend Mr. Flinn though quite unused
To saying "*no I thank you*," twice refused!
Then looking with the corner of his eye
At Lady Rose's face, he heav'd a sigh;
And glancing at the delicate miss Snow,
He could not have the heart to utter "*No.*"
Soon from the window Lady Rose espied
The Lovers on the dicky, side by side!

The carriage drove away, and e'er the bell
Rings for the meal that most men love so well,
Two dozen more across the lawn have flitted,
And (most unusual thing) have been admitted!

But now the last is gone, the levee done,
The Lady sits complacently alone,
And murmurs to herself in accents sweet,
"To morrow I shall dine in Baker Street!"

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO FOURTH.

The excellent Housekeeper, Mistress Magee,
Is wild as weak woman can possibly be,
She fumes and she frets, and examines, and mends,
And she orders about her, and superintends;
Arranging and managing early and late,
Now sorting the linen, now packing the plate,
Now scolding the Butler for doing it wrong,
Upbraiding the footman for lingering long,
And speaking her mind (though a *little* afraid
Of a saucy reply) to my Lady's own maid.
And all confidentially seem to agree,
That the journey has bother'd poor Mistress Magee.

"They're going to *Lunnon*," she says to herself,
As she takes a large pickle jar down from a shelf,
"To *Lunnon!*—I never knows any good come
"Of people's desarting their comforts at home;
"To *Lunnon! I* takes it exceeding unkind
"They should leave me alone in the country behind;
"Unless into matters my Lady looks deeper,
"When she sees the housekeeping—she'll miss the Housekeeper,
"*You* go with them, Jane—deary me! I forget
"That all the folks call you *now* Mistress Rosette;
"Humph—Mistress Rosette! how you used to complain,
"As a housemaid, at my never calling you "Jane;"
"But how could I help it? now don't take it ill,
"I can't forget Jenny, the drudge at the mill,"

Cries Mistress Rosette: "I despises your words,
"We all knows your temper would turn cream to curds.
"I'd answer—but anger destroys the complexion:
"Your age and your Firmities is your protection;
"You envies my going to *Lunnon*, I see—
"These trips are agreeable, Mistress Magee."

"Dont talk about trips," says the keeper of keys,
"Dont talk about trips, Ma'am, to *me* if you please;
"For *your* trips I suspect that you need not go far,
"You've had plenty of trips in your time, Mistress R.
"Says mistress Rosette, and she doubles her fist;
"I advises you, Mistress Magee, to desist;
"To answer such *obsequies* only degrades
"To a level with *you*, Madam—*us* Lady's maids."

"Lady's maids!" with a sneer says the elderly dame,
"The Gentlemen's maids were a much better name."

And dreading a most pugilistic response,
The housekeeper quitted the chamber at once.

Oh sad is the Housekeeper ordered to air
The old family seat with no family there!
To open the windows, to let in the light
Upon furniture only, and shut them at night;
To hear the wind whistling thro' the spring leaves,
No man in the mansion, and dreaming of thieves!
No talk with my Lady, no orders to take,
No dinners to manage, no pastry to make,
No house maid to scold for not using a broom,
No gossip and tea in the housekeeper's room,
No quality company coming to stay,
No little donation on going away,

No pleasant civilities : " Happy to see
" You are looking so charmingly, Mistress Magee.
" I hope I shall find you as blooming next year,
" Without you, I scarcely should know myself here."
Oh! nothing of this! she must fold up once more
The things that were very well folded before,
Or trying to think herself busy, bestow
New papers and brandy to jams on the go.

The morn of departure, poor Mistress Magee
Is ready at six with toast, coffee and tea ;
The carriage is pack'd, and Sir Hampton, his Lady
And Mary are seated within it already,
And Mistress Rosette, scorning weather and wind
Is seated with John in the rumble behind :
The wheels are in motion—and standing alone,
Poor Mistress Magee's occupation is gone!

And fast flies the travelling carriage, so fast,
That the Granby Grove boundaries quickly are past,
And now to the Rectory lawn they are close,
Poor Mary leans forward to gaze at the house ;
Her eyes on *one* casement are fix'd, but so dim
Is the grey light of morning, she cannot see *him*.
But onward they go, and a turn in the road
Soon veils from her view the poor curate's abode ;
With that—from her bosom all hope disappears,
She leans back in the carriage, and bursts into tears.
But one at the Rectory casement hath been,
Looking forth as they pass'd, tho' by Mary unseen ;
His night has been sleepless, ah! who hath not known
What it is in the darkness to stand all alone

By the window, and eagerly watch for the least
Ray of morning that colours the clouds in the east!
Yes, who has not gazed, when the daylight appear'd
For an early departure, expected, yet fear'd;
Now wondering what can have caused a delay
Now certain that something induced them to stay,
Looking out at each noise, with so eager an eye,
As if 'twould be pleasure to see them pass by!
Oh! who has not known what the weary one feels
Who at length in reality hears the swift wheels,
And traces, or rather believes he can trace
In the gloom of the carriage one upturning face,
As if seeking for him, where he oft has been sought;
And then e'er quite sure of the glimpse he has caught,
The wheels indistinctly are heard!—they are past.—
Can it be she is gone—could that look be the last!
He ought to have spoken; why did he not stand
To acknowledge that look with a wave of the hand?
She will think he was sleeping—how cold and remiss,
To be *able* to sleep on a morning like this!
What would he not give, to behold her go by
Once again—though the vision as swiftly would fly!
In the instant, she might have beheld on his cheek
The sorrow which plainer than language can speak.
She might have remember'd that agonised glance
In the radiant assembly, the banquet, the dance;
She might have remember'd that look, when the voice
Of a lover more noble proclaims her his choice,
And her lips might have murmur'd: "No, constant I'll be,
I will ne'er forget Him, He will ne'er forget me."

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

Sighmon Dumps.

ANTHONY DUMPS, the father of my hero (the subject matter of a story being always called the Hero, however little heroic he may personnally have been) married Dora Coffin, on St. Swithin's day in the first year of the last reign.

Anthony was then comfortably off, but through a combination of adverse circumstances he went rapidly down in the world, became a bankrupt, and being obliged to vacate his residence in St. Paul's Church Yard, he removed to No. 3, Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, where Mrs. Dumps was delivered of a son.

The depressed pair agreed to christen their babe Simon; but the name was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt "S—I—G—H—;"—whether the trembling hand of the afflicted parent orthographically erred, or whether a bungling clerk caused the error, I know not; but certain it is that the infant Dumps was registered SIGHMON.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy like other babes and sucklings, and when he grew to be a hobedy-hoy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much ado about nothing-ness in his eye, which were proclaimed by good natured people to be indications of deep thought and profundity; while others less "flattering sweet," declared they indicated nought but want of comprehension, and the dulness of stupidity.

As he grew older he grew graver; sad was his look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, was the scene of his infant sports. Since his failure, his father had earned his *livelyhood*, by letting himself out as a mute or a mourner to a furnisher of funerals.

"*Mute*" and "*voluntary woe*" were his stock in trade.

Often did Mrs Dumps ink the seams of his small-clothes, and darken his elbows with a blacking brush, ere he sallied forth to follow borrowed plumes; and when he returned from his public performance (oft *rehearsed*) Master Sighmon did innocently crumple his crapes, and sport with his weepers.

His melancholy outgoings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary incomings. The demise of others secured a living for him, and after a few unusually propitious sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains: the mourner exulted, and in praise of his profession the mute became eloquent.

Another event occurred: after burying so many people professionally, he at length buried Mrs. Dumps. *That*, of course, was by no means a matter of business. I have before remarked that she was descended from the Coffins, she was now gathered to her ancestors.

It was not surprising that Dumps had risen in his profession: he was a perfect master of melancholy ceremonies, and, as a mute proclaimer of the mutability of human affairs, none could equal him. Never did the summer sunshine of nankeen lie hid beneath the shadows of his "inky cloak;" never while his countenance betokened "the winter of discontent," was he known to simper—even in his sleeve!

Dumps had long been proud of gentility of appearance, a suit of black had been his working day costume, nothing therefore could be more easy than for Dumps to turn gentleman. He did so; took a villa at Gravesend, chose for his own sitting room a chamber that looked against a dead wall, and whilst he was lying in state upon the squabs of his sofa, he thought seriously of the education of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the dead languages.

Sighmon was superstitious; though his temper and disposition had neither been *spirited* nor *sprightly*, his dreams and his fears had been both; from the windows of Burying Ground Buildings he had daily witnessed grave proceedings; in the dusk of the evening he had often been startled by groans and moans, and sometimes he had thought that he beheld the new comers in the grounds beneath his chamber (by no means pleasure grounds), frisking in the congenial paleness of the moonlight.

He felt convinced that he had witnessed unearthly sports, sports *on* the turf, among beings who ought by rights to have been *under* it!

All this had made an impression on him, and Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him, he loved to linger near the Monument; and if ever he thought of a continental excursion, the Catacombs and Père la Chaise were his seducers.

His father died, his old employer furnished him with a funeral; the mute was silenced, and the mourner was mourned.

Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever, he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and

a sensitive shrinking when he felt that any body was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl; he would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms, unheeded and unseen, like a draft through a keyhole. This, however, was not to be his lot; like a man cursed with creaking shoes, stepping lightly and tiptoeing availed not; a creak always betrayed him when he was most anxious to creep into a corner.

At his father's death he found himself possessed of a competency and a villa; but he was unhappy, he was known in the neighbourhood, people called on him, and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and recalls bored him. He never, in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face; a pair of human eyes meeting his own was actually painful to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa, and determined to get to some place where being a total stranger he might pass unnoticed and unknown, attracting no attention, no remarks.

He went to Brighton, consulted an eminent physician and was recommended sea bathing and horse exercise. The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already "too much of water;" he however hired a nag, took a small lodging, and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better and felt sedately happy. This blest reclusion, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was not the predestined fate of Sighmon; odd circumstances always brought him into notice.

The horse he hired was one unaccustomed to the sea; it was a cockney quadruped, and started, and reared, when Sighmon rode upon the sands, endeavouring to

wheedle him into a relish for wetting his feet, and facing the big waves of Ocean. Sighmon was a swimmer, and used to ride on his high trotting horse to a little snug recess in the cliff near Rottingdean, where he was accustomed to tie him to a post, and then, having deliberately undressed himself, he would plunge into the water, and splash about, and dive, and swim for a quarter of an hour. One day, one luckless day, just as he had thrown off his last garment, it occurred to him that he might at once overcome his horse's antipathy to the waters by mounting him and urging him gradually into the advancing tide: he did so, and sat erect upon the saddle like an equestrian Adam. The horse plunged, the waters splashed around him, and upon him; but his clothes were safely piled upon a rock, and he heeded not the sprinkling. Suddenly one billow more turbulent than the rest burst upon the shingles, the horse started, became at length utterly unmanageable, and dashed off at full gallop towards Brighton with Sighmon on his back! Imagine the misery of his situation: the shy, the modest Sighmon hastening involuntarily towards the public promenade in a state of nudity! In vain he pulled at the bridle, swifter and swifter rushed on the infuriated steed; he flew along the crowded cliff, he passed the Steyne thronged with fashionables listening to the band of a Regiment of Hussars. The music stopp'd, the Ladies fainted, the children screamed, the gentlemen gazed in amazement! Still on—on—on went Sighmon until he arrived at the door of his lodgings, when the horse stopp'd so suddenly that the bare and buff coloured rider flew head over heels, and pitched in a sitting posture on the pavement. He was carried to his apartment more dead than alive, and during the evening

crowds assembled round the house, and servants in livery were sent to enquire after the poor lunatic gentleman. Life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man; *he*, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; *he*, who of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glowworm most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation! He gave up his lodgings and his steed, and went "in his angry mood to Tewksbury."

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather *embonpoint*, but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; *his* fat was weighty, he was inclined to *blubber*. He wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewksbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you, sir," replied the landlady, with a knowing wink, "a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change; I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking." She then curtseyed and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who *do* you think we've got in the blue parlour? you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him; dressed just as I saw him at the Haymarket Theatre, the only night I ever was at a London stage play. The grey coat, and the striped trowsers, and the hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella!"

"Who is he, ma'am?" said Frank.

"Why the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday, he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befel our ill fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed, they whispered to each other, and the words "inimitable," "clever creature," "irresistibly comic," evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face as she said aloud, "Oh, that mock heroic tragedy look is *so* like him!"

Sighmon sighed for the seclusion of number three, Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington Road.

One morning his landlady announced, with a broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

"My name, sir, is Opie," said the stranger; "I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewksbury of course?"

"Gratifying! what *can* you mean?"

"If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

"I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

"By all means, you *will* come out here of course?"

"Come out? to be sure, I shan't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why....what I've got on will do very well."

"Oh, that's so like you," said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter, "you really *are* inimitable!—What character do you select here?"

"Character!" said Dumps, "the Stranger."

"The Stranger! *you!*"

"Yes, *I.*"

"And you really mean to come out here as the Stranger?" said Opie.

"Why, yes to be sure,—I'm but just come."

"Then I shall put up your name in large letters immediately, we will open this evening; and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

Off ran Mr. Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a lunatic.

Shortly afterwards he saw a man very busy pasting bills against a wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters that he easily deciphered: "THE CELEBRATED MR. LISTON IN TRAGEDY. This evening THE STRANGER, the part of THE STRANGER BY MR. LISTON."

Dumps had never seen the inimitable Liston, indeed comedy was quite out of his way. But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he resolved to go.

He eat an early dinner, went betimes to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fiddlers paused and looked towards the curtain, but hearing no signal they fiddled another strain. The audience

became impatient; they hissed, they hooted, and they called for the manager. Another pause, another yell of disapprobation, and the manager, pale and trembling, appeared and walked hat in hand to the front of the stage. To Dumps's great surprise it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shout of "Hear him." At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance; I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston; but, in the anguish of the moment, one thought supports me, the consciousness of having done my duty. (*Applause.*) I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be found. (*Disapprobation.*) I have been informed that he dined early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre; what accident *can* have prevented his arrival I am utterly unable to...."

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box, surprise! doubt! anger! certainty! were the alternate expressions of his pale face and widely opened eyes; and at length pointing to Dumps he exclaimed—

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you, there he sits at the back of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him; the man who could not endure the

scrutiny of *one* pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused, he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against the infamous and unprincipled impostor who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did he escape from the town of Tewksbury, in a return mourning coach, with which he was accommodated by his tender hearted landlady.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding-house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but alas! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the stranger" at Tewksbury, recognised the sufferer at Malvern, and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the *lion* of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then *in confidence* informed the assembled party that the recluse was the celebrated author of the "PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity, every body became officiously attentive to him, he was waylaid in his walks, and *intentionally* intruded upon *by accident* in his private apartments; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition, a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript

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romance and to give his unbiassed opinion, and the master of the boarding-house waited upon him by desire of his guests, to request that he would honour the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner; a craniologist requested to be permitted to take a cast of his head, and as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bed-chamber thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted, he looked towards the Malvern Hills which rise abruptly immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows!

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind was always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that sea sickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own; he, therefore, bargained with some boatmen who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons who appeared to be watching him, he felt certain they were dogging him, and just as he was stepping into the boat they seized him, saying: "Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast; we know you are trying to escape to America, but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavour to explain or to expostulate; he spoke not, but was passively hurried to a carriage in which he was borne to the metropolis as fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment. Of course, after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released; but justice smiled too late, the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grew a little better: and when the doctor left him he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken—Sighmon died!

It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure: a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe *oxalic* acidity of the stomach! By his own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington Road.

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men!

Oh! that some true poet would glean from this narrative materials for his next offering to the Tragic muse! Dumps would indeed be a Hero! But I am aware that few Poets could do him justice, and also that even were justice done him, few persons possess nerves sufficiently strong to endure the representation of a Tragedy so deep.

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HARPSICHORD.

"Most musical — most melancholy."

I HAD drained the last drop of my bottle of claret, and sat musing in solitude before the fire. "Yes," thought I, "yes, my daughters are come to years of education, so I must get a musical instructor and a grand piano."

Girls must be accomplished, and four or five hours a day must be devoted to music. It is absolutely necessary that they should be taught the use of the keys—*not* the keys that their grandmother (excellent woman) handled: no—*they* were suspended in a bunch at her side.

For three generations our family has been decidedly unmusical; I speak it with shame and deep humiliation, but it is the truth, and I will be brave enough to own it—for three generations we have possessed (critically speaking) neither voices, ears, nor souls!

My grandmother, the lady with the bunch before mentioned, was the pink of notability. She knew how to preserve all the fruits of the earth, how to pickle all the vegetables of the garden: in a culinary point of view, she was decidedly a genius, but of music she knew nothing. To *her* one tune was just like any other, and she denominated every tune a *noise!* She knew nothing of the *gamut*, every thing

of the gammon; her bars were the bars of the kitchen grate, her accompaniments were garnishes, her catches were snacks, and her rounds were rounds of beef.

Had she lived in these days, she would have been a melancholy and degraded outcast of society; but, in the times of female drudgery and degradation, she was esteemed an excellent housewife, and a proper motherly woman.

Her daughter (my mother), the second person singularly tuneless in the three generations I have alluded to, was of an equestrian turn. She delighted to ride upon the backs of high trotting horses; the bars *her* talents surmounted were the bars of gates that possessed *five*; in a fox chase she would be the *running accompaniment* of the most daring squire in the country. She knew of no flourishes save those of her whip; and cared not for "dying, dying falls," except when some luckless companion was precipitated over a hedge on the crown of his head. She had neither time nor inclination for home pursuits; she almost lived on horseback; her music was the huntsman's horn; and she was actually in her habit and her hat when I, rather prematurely and unexpectedly, came into the world! Fortunately, neither she nor I was the worse for my extemporaneous *debut;* I was swaddled, and papped, and gruelled with success, and became in due time a very proper young gentleman.

I inherited the unhappy failing of my mother and my grandmother: music, that "softens rocks and bends the knotted oak," softened not and bent not me.

For three generations, therefore, have we been an inharmonious race. But there is *one* point in our favour—a great point—a redeeming one, in the shape of my great-grandmother. *She* was a woman of taste, and played upon the harpsichord.

"By the by," thought I, "why should I purchase a grand piano-forte, an article of no small cost, when my great-grandmother's harpsichord, with a double row of keys, stands up stairs in the lumber-room, and will no doubt answer every purpose?"

How well I remember my great-grandmother! She was an old lady, and I a small boy, at the period of my reminiscence; yet in my mind's eye, I behold her now. She was tall, she was straight, as the poplar tree; her waist was a prodigy for length and diminutiveness; and the brocaded silk of her gown stood out around her, as if afraid to encroach by pressing too closely upon her graceful limbs. On her head rose an unparalleled structure of pure white gauze or lace, and on her forehead her powdered hair was most profusely frizzed. Her gowns were the most independent garments imaginable; for, if the mistress chanced to step out of them, they still stood erect in the innate stability of their structure.

She had no idea of undress and full dress, as modern ladies have, changing from a seven shilling muslin of a morning, to a cheap beggarly silk or crape at night. The mistress could *then* never be mistaken for the maid, nor the maid for the mistress. She was always responsibly attired: her small feet, in their high-heeled shoes, regally reposed under her glossy petticoat, and her snowy elbows modestly peeped from the sheltering canopy of her pure lace ruffles.

When she wished to appear in full dress, she wore immense diamond earings, and upon her fingers she placed several brilliant hoop-rings. These splendid auxiliaries were put on in a moment; and let her be surprised by visitors at any hour, she came forth with glittering ears and

fingers, curtsied down to the very ground, and looked as if equipped to grace a court.

She was a relic of the oldest school; she emulated the grandeur of baronial state; and in her lodgings in a watering place, instead of vulgarly rising to ring the bell when she wanted a domestic, she sat patiently and proudly on her sofa, and in a feeble, still, small voice, cried, "Who waits?" till by some fortunate chance her maid heard, and attended to the call.

Her harpsichord was her delight; it was a *two-decker*. I know nothing of music, but I know it had two rows of keys; ond on these she played alternately, waving to and fro her stately head, and often looking round to me for applause.

She played the popular songs of the day. The *popular* songs—alas! what were they? They are gone, they are forgotten, like the smiles and the roses of the girls who sang them; like the hopes and the affections of the youths who listened to them. The triumphs of the singers of those days, and the popularity of the songs, where are they? 'Tis a lesson for a modern *chansonnier*.

I used to dine now and then with my great-grandmother, and by way of amusing me, she would sit down and play me a minuet, or some endless sonata; her high-heeled shoe pressed the pedals and she rambled over the double-decks of keys with infinite self-possession. She thought me, I believe, a very dull boy, for I never could contrive to seem pleased with her playing. But when she sent me home, she generally slipped a little golden coin into my hand, and I left her gaily and contentedly, for *my play*-time was at hand. But to return to my reverie.

"Why," thought I, "should I buy a piano, when I al-

ready possess an instrument which I have frequently heard my great-grandmother say was unrivalled?"

I went up stairs to a dark, dusty lumber-room, and there lay the two-decker, with a broken leg and an unsound sounding-board. I had it carefully conveyed below, and it creaked, and groaned, and threatened to fall to pieces at every step. A carpenter mended the wounded limb; and I then sent for the learned professor, who was in future to be my daughter's music-master, and with pride exhibited to him the instrument which had been declared by my great-grandmother (a musical paragon in her day) to be the sweetest and the best she ever heard. The professor smiled.

"It is as an antiquarian you value it, I presume?" said he.

"How so, sir?" said I.

"I mean, you are not seriously pronouncing a favourable judgment upon it as a musical instrument," he replied.

Thought I, he knows I am not musical, and he is sneering at me.

"Sir," said I, "have the goodness to put that invaluable instrument into perfect tune, and commence instructing my daughters."

The professor actually spun round upon my music-stool, and after staring at me incredulously for a moment, he burst into a fit of laughter. I only wished my great-grand-mother had been present.

"I beg your pardon, sir," at length said the professor, "but the instrument is not....I must be candid—it is only fit for....."

"Fit for what, sir?" said I.

"For firewood," replied the professor."

He was right: and to prove that he was so, he vigorously thumped the two rows of keys. The appeal was unan-

swerable. I stopped my ears, and then stopped his proceedings. The professor was immediately commissioned to choose for me a grand piano-forte, with all the new patents, the extra-octaves, the additionnal keys, the supernumerary pedals, and every other "invention of the enemy" to silence, tranquillity and repose.

The professor left me, and I then gazed upon the *once* dearly prized and carefully preserved instrument. What would my great-grandmother say, thought I, could she know that thou art to be chopped up into fuel to warm the frigid fingers of her great-great-grand-daughters. Her husband bought the instrument for her in the first year of their marriage; it was meant as a surprise, and was placed in her sitting room very early on the morning of her birthday, that she might unexpectedly find it there when she came down to breakfast. This happened long before I was born; but the old lady in her widowhood told me of it with tears in her eyes; and, without being told, I can imagine the delight of the young bride on receiving the gift.

How often has her husband leant over her when she touched those *now* discoloured keys! How often has she looked laughingly up in his face, playing some lively air, which she knew he loved, because they had danced together to its melody!

I am no musician, and I have no love for old harpsichords, nor for new grand pianos; but I cannot bear to see the tokens hallowed by the best and purest affections of *one* generation, tossed about with contempt and turned into ridicule by another. It is thus with my great-grandmother's portrait. There it hangs; a shepherdess's hat at the back of her head, a dove on her right forefinger, and a half-blown cabbage-rose in her left hand. Every body who

looks at it now, laughs at the *outre* dress, or the stiff attitude, or the antiquated expression. Those for whom we have our portraits painted, should they happen to outlive us, ought to make a point of burning us in effigy before they die, or of carrying our canvas representatives with them to the grave.

When my relative sat for that portrait, nobody knows what pains she took about her looks and the arrangement of her dress; and now it is undeniable that the picture is a quiz.—When the first faggot of her dilapidated harpsichord crackles on the hearth, it would be charitable to throw the portrait into the blaze.

Mutual affections and countless associations endear such memorials to our cotemporaries, and to those who immediately survive us; but when those friends have followed us on the dark path from which there is no return, our portraits become the mere records of bygone fashions, and the features that are clothed in them are a marvel and a mockery.

The best of all possible grand piano-fortes has been selected, and the professor has commenced his instructions. Morning, noon, and night, my daughters are practising; and when practise has at length rendered them perfect mistresses of the instrument, it is to be hoped they will marry men who have *souls*, and leave me (unmusical as I am) a quiet house.

A time will no doubt arrive, when the novelties of the day will, in their turn, become obsolete; and my daughter's great-grandchildren will perhaps make faggots of the grand piano, as *we* have most undutifully made light of my great-grandmother's harpsichord.

KINGS, QUEENS, AND KNAVES.

THE visits of illustrious personages to this country have of late been so frequent, that it is possible many of my readers may be in ignorance of the Royal Visit which, in the following pages, I shall feebly attempt to commemorate: I mean the visit of the Court Cards.

To the historian I leave the task of explaining whether political considerations, court intrigues, the influence of ministers, or a laudable desire of inspecting our improvements in agriculture, manufactures, and machinery, induced the four sovereigns to meet in our island. It is not for me to investigate whether they were actuated by a desire of promoting the welfare of their subjects, or of gratifying their own individual curiosity; whether they set forth of their own private will and pleasure, or for reasons of state. *I* state no reasons—THEY CAME:—and as with peculiar urbanity they exhibited themselves in public places, and accepted the invitations of the leading personages in high life; as they condescended to mingle with the multitude, and to become the lions of assemblies, I am enabled (partly from observation, and partly through the odd trick of one of their suite, who permitted me to cast my eye over their journals) to offer the reading public some interesting particulars respecting their *séjour* in the British dominions. I beg explicitly to state that my knowledge has been obtained through no unhandsome shuffle of my own.

The matter of fact narrative on which I am now engaged, may possibly have somewhat the effect of a novel: remember therefore the dignity of the volume; my characters

will hereafter become the property of the historian. I merely trace the footsteps of the monarchs in carpeted saloons; he must portray them in the palace and on the throne. On the day of their landing, the town of Dover was in a state of general excitement; bells were ringing, colours flying, artillery saluting; and the loyal inhabitants crowded forth to peep at the illustrious potentates. Often and often, even from our earliest years, have we heard of the fame of these kings and queens. Their pictures have been familiar to every eye; *dealers* transmitted them into every *hand;* their colourless extraordinary faces, their shapeless robes of every tint in the rainbow, and their sky-blue wigs, are as well known to every Englishman, as the head of his own revered monarch on a two and sixpenny piece. Whenever there is any thing to be seen, an Englishman must go and see it; and, in the eager warmth of excited spirits, he will run after any vehicle, no matter whether caravan or carriage; no matter whence it comes or whither it goes; no matter whether its contents be a kanguroo or a cannibal chief, a giraffe or a Princess Rusty-Fusty. He hears of an arrival from foreign parts, that is sufficient; a crowd is collected, and the "interesting stranger" is cheered with enthusiasm, and speeds from town to town, graced with all the honours of extemporaneous popularity.

Whilst the inhabitants of Dover shouted round their carriages, they condescendingly acknowledged the greetings they received, and proceeded on their journey towards the metropolis. The London season was at its zenith; the sunshine, the flowers, and the green leaves of a beautiful June, had driven all the fashionable world from their country seats, to spend their mornings amid the Macadamized dust of the streets, and their midnights in hot rooms.

The Earl and Countess of Shropshire, and the two Ladies Drake, weary of the vulgar fragrance of new-mown hay, sick of the sight of lilac and laburnum blossoms, and bored with the eternal rurality of hill and dale, wood and water, were just established in a noble town residence in Park Lane. The Earl of Shropshire was appointed Lord in waiting to the illustrious strangers, to be their constant attendant, and arrange "the order of their going" to public places. It was well that the earl felt flattered by this appointment; it was, in reality, any thing but complimentary. Those in power were well avare that when a man of intellect was wanted to fill any responsible situation, they must not look to the Earl of Shropshire: when cabinets were forming, or places giving away, he was always passed over; and was indeed so accustomed to be overlooked, that when he found himself chosen master of the ceremonies, and court showman pro tempore, he became even more erect than usual, and pointed his toe in honour of his official situation.

All my readers have doubtless in their possesion full length portraits of their respective majesties of Hearts and Diamonds. I am, therefore, spared all minute descriptive detail, as every one may easily imagine that they see them at the windows of a mansion in St. James's Square, in full costume, bowing and curtesying to the assembled cockneys.

The King of Hearts and the King of Diamonds have but too often been at variance with each other; and where the former was most powerful, the latter kept aloof; nay, was almost unknown: but at the period of which I am writing, a reconciliation, a temporary one perhaps, had been effected, and the two monarchs appeared together

on the most intimiate terms. How blessed was such a union! An unrestricted association with the Diamonds rendered it all sunshine with the Hearts; whilst the warmth of the Hearts added new lustre to the Diamonds, and made them doubly dear! It was a gratifying sight to behold the noble family of Shropshire attending the strangers in open carriages through the principal streets of London, and displaying the lions to the best advantage.

For a time the two pair of monarchs were delighted with all they saw, and truly there is much in the outside show of the metropolis calculated to gratify HEARTS, and to give even DIAMONDS an additional sparkle.

What beautiful women!" said the Queen of Hearts, as they passed through the Park; " so smiling and happy too! Who is that fair young girl in the green chariot?"

" It is Lady Arnott," replied the earl.

" What a lovely laughing face! Is she married?"

" She has been married many years."

" Has she? Oh, delightful! See with what animation she leans from the carriage window to address her husband, she even fondles his horse!"

Her husband! where?"

On the grey horse, riding by her side."

Your majesty is mistaken; Lady Arnott eloped from her husband with that person, and deserted her children."

" Deserted her husband and her children! yet she laughs and looks happy!"

The Queen of Hearts was puzzled.

" After all," said the countess in her usual depreciating drawl, " her smile is unnatural, and her colour carmine."

" But is the lady mad?" said the queen.

" Mad, madam! No."

"Why did she run away from her husband?"

"She was unhappy with him."

"Unhappy! and did she expect to be happier when branded with infamy, shunned by society, separated from her children? Was all this likely to *render* her happy? How strange!"

Such conduct was unknown in the empire of *Hearts*.

"Whose is that very splendid equipage?" said the King of Diamonds; for at this moment the carriages of the two sovereigns became accidentally *abreast*, and a general conversation became practicable.

"Mr. Simpson Sharke's," replied the lord in waiting.

"What superb horses! and the appointments altogether so magnificent! He is of course one of your most wealthy commoners?"

"Oh dear, no! he has no particular income, I believe; he lives by his wits, and has often been at his wits' end; he vanishes occasionally, and then it is found that he leaves no effects; except, indeed, the *effects* of his extravagance, the smash of a tradesman or two; but he generally comes out as good as new, as if nothing had happened."

"But surely that equipage is of value?"

"Yes; but were a creditor to attempt to seize it, he would find that it is *nominally* the coachman's."

"What strange practices!" said the queen; "yet trade seems in a flourishing condition, shopkeepers disinterestedly selling their articles 'considerably under prime cost.'"

"*That* is a flourish, I admit; but if fashionable people cannot, or will not pay for what they buy, *goods* (if not *credit*) must be *given*."

The attention of the Queen of Hearts was now attracted

by a carriage full of ladies, who wore white and silver favours; their servants also sported white ribbands.

"Is not that your symbol of a wedding?"

"Yes, that is Lady Wilton; she has this day married her beautiful daughter to a million."

"To how many?"

"A million, your majesty."

"Does your law allow plurality of husbands?"

"To a million of money, I mean."

The King of Diamonds looked pleased.

"But," said the King of Hearts, "you have not mentioned the young bridegroom; is he of age?"

"He is sixty-five, the lady seventeen; the old man was a confirmed old bachelor, going about from watering-place to watering-place with his nephew, to whom he meant to leave his money, but the Wiltons met him at Bath, and the mother and the daughter followed him and flattered him, till they made him believe that he was in love, and that his passion was returned. He made first an offer, and then a settlement, was accepted with delight; and the happy pair are now gone to Brighton for the honeymoon."

"More madness!" cried the queen; "what could be their object?"

"An establishment."

"Mere board and lodging for life!" said the queen; "and what becomes of the nephew?"

"He, poor youth, is going to be married to a wealthy widow of forty-five."

The like was never heard of in the empire of Hearts.

Day after day, upon the table of the Earl of Shropshire, appeared the visiting card of Mr. Silverton Candy.

He was a gentleman of most obsequious manners and

sotto voce conversation, whose life was spent in an unwearied struggle to elbow himself into the society of nobility.

His own family was highly respectable, and he was distantly connected with some families of rank. Of such right honourable connexions he perpetually made honourable mention, and he innocently amused himself by tracing his pedigree, and putting on paper the intermarriages of the Silvertons and the Candys, from the most remote and obscure antiquity down to the time present; and these interesting documents were always at the command of any acquaintance who was good natured enough to pretend to desire a perusal.

At watering-places Mr. Silverton Candy was a great man; ay, a greater man than the master of the ceremonies. When a noble family arrived, he instantly became acquainted with them, no one knew how: he always contrived to have met my lord's cousin or my lady's aunt last season in town; had always accidentally happened to have received a long letter that very morning from the dowager duchess of something or other, who mentioned that he would probably have the good fortune to meet her grace's friend's, his lordship and her ladyship. When once the introduction was gained, his indefatigable attentions and daily labours fully entitled him to the laurels of an apparent intimacy with the great people. He made his appearance at any given hour, he was competent to give every kind of local information; he would sit up for any length of time in a close carriage with her ladyship, or dawdle away the day seeing trumpery sights he had seen twenty times before, or yawning over shop counters, whilst she looked at ribbands and lace, and chose cambric for pocket handkerchiefs. He

was also equally at my lord's disposal, and was in fact ready at the beck and call of his noble new acquaintance from cock-crow to the hour of repose.

The lord and the lady probably say: What a useful good natured creature Mr. Candy is!"

Useful he certainly may be, but as to his good nature, what would have become of it had he met Mr. and Mrs. Snooks from the city, his mother's second cousins, instead of meeting with a titled stranger? Snooks and his wife would have found cousin Candy always particularly sorry he was particularly engaged.

Mr. Candy had always highly appreciated a word or a bow from the Earl of Shropshire; but now that an acquaintance with the said earl seemed a probable passport to an introduction to two pair of real live crowned heads, he was in a perfect fever of delight, and called and recalled until at length he found the earl not only at home, but actually at home to him.

"You must have a delightful time with your illustrious companions, my lord?"

"Every dignity brings with it its anxieties, its awful responsibilities."

"Most true, my lord," said Mr. Candy; "what amusement do they propose to honour with their presence to-night?"

"Almack's, I believe; we are hourly expecting the tickets."

"Almack's! dear me, the duchess always asks *me* why I never go to Almack's; but, as I tell her grace, I am so dilatory, so passive about such things."

"Oh, you are perfectly right; *I* merely go because my daughters like to see me there."

"True, my lord; as your lordship observes, it *is* right to be seen there now and then. I begin to wish I had availed myself of one of the tickets of one of my noble friends." Mr. Candy never was offered a ticket in his life!

"We shall see you there, I trust," replied the earl, who only periodically could obtain tickets for his own family, but who felt sure of admission for the party.

At this moment the countess and her daughters entered the room; Mr. Candy's fluctuating hopes now rose three degrees.

The young ladies were in dismay; *they* had seen no tickets, they concluded the earl had received them.

"Can *I* do any thing, or run any where?" said Mr. Candy.

"I will send my servant to Willis's," said the earl; "nay, I cannot think of troubling you."

But Mr. Candy never voluntarily yielded a commission to a hireling; he was always endeavouring to lay great people under small obligations; and before another word could be spoken, he was on his way to King Street.

Lighter than a lamplighter he speeded along Pall Mall, and very shortly returned, but without any tickets; the application was refused: and it was afterwards rumoured that the ladies patronesses had unanimously excluded the crowned heads, declaring that neither rank, nor riches, nor sceptres can purchase FASHION!

Query, What *will* purchase it?

Pretension, impudent self-possession, staring, striding, crowd-elbowing, loud-laughing Folly!

But there is a better thing in England than fashion; the high-born, high-bred, high-minded superiority of England's old nobility! Over *them* fashion has no influence; they

dare to laugh at her eccentricities. Fashion is but a vulgar dame after all: every country town miss talks of fashion; she descends to the very lowest, but she can never rise to the very highest.

What was to be done? The noble house of Shropshire was not sufficiently high-minded to disregard this mortifying rejection; "the attempt and not the deed" confounded them. But, fortunately, the illustrious strangers, like most foreigners who are hurried through an uncertain number of sights in a certain time, had no idea what was their destination on that particular evening; and were therefore quite satisfied when they were informed that a box was prepared for them at Covent Garden Theatre.

Precisely at seven o'clock the party entered their box, which was tastefully fitted up for their reception. They were received by the proprietors, and managers, and acting managers, with the customary etiquette, backing most adroitly up stairs, and holding wax candles in their hands (which circumstance was properly stated in the papers the next morning, for fear it should be supposed that tallow had been used on the occasion).

Far be it from ME, their most humble chronicler, to speak slightingly of their Majesties of Hearts and Diamonds; on the contrary, I would maintain a paper war with any one who dared to insinuate that these honours were not dealt most fairly: but, on *some* occasions, I cannot help thinking that these distinctions have been lavished rather injudiciously, and that royalty has been made too common. The enthusiasm of such a welcome is honourable to the monarch who receives it, and the subjects who bestow it; There is a *meaning* in such a welcome. But there is no meaning whatever in placing a tattooed chief, or a Hottentot

Venus of the blood royal, on the same eminence. There is too much of the Dollalolla in such an exhibition. When his majesty squats uneasily, as if he considered his chair an inconvenience, and the queen wipes her ebony nose with her illustrious white satin play bill.

"What is the play, my lord?" said the Queen of Diamonds.

"A favourite old English opera, the music of which has been long celebrated."

"Indeed! how fortunate we came to night! I particularly wished to hear this music: pray, procure me a printed copy of the play, that I may be able to understand the meaning of what I hear, by referring occasionally to the book. Hush! the heroine is preparing to sing."

Miss Martingale, who represented a simple English country lass, now sang, *in character*, a loud trumpeting song, about tartan plaid, and battle and victory; it was received with acclamations, and encored. The kings and queens were puzzled; it is true that Miss Martingale permitted them to comprehend only a word here or there of what she was singing; but those few words were sought in vain in the printed copy, and Lord Shropshire had to explain that the song incidental to the piece had been omitted, and a favourite Scotch ballad substituted in its place. In the following scene the lover was to be reconciled to his rustic mistress, to fall on one knee, kiss her hand, and sing a plaintive ditty; so at least said the book. But after duly performing the kiss, the lover coolly arose, turned away from the accomplished Miss Martingale, advanced to the front of the stage, and sang "the Minstrel Boy to the War is gone." This occurred almost in every scene, and the crowned heads at length concluded that the English people,

when they came to the theatre on purpose to hear the music of *one* favourite opera, were always best pleased when the performers sang them the music of another.

"Which is most attractive, think you—tragedy or comedy?" said He of Diamonds.

"Neither can boast *much* attraction,—*real* horses, *real* fire, *real* water are the true magnets. The people can see these interesting realities every day in the open air; yet put them in a play, and print them in red letters in the bill, and the house will be full!"

I have been strangely neglectful of the Kings of Clubs and Spades; they, alas! were less uxorious than the potentates concerning whom I have been writing. When a party of pleasure was proposed, they agreed to leave their respective queen-consorts in their regal bowers, and to go to England *en garçons*. The King of Clubs indeed was any thing but a lady's man. In *his* dominions men congregated together, enjoying all the luxuries of French cookery, and all the splendour of ormolu and scagliola, while the fair sex were left to the solitary enjoyment of home and its inferior accommodations. The Queen of Clubs was fortunately of a very domestic turn, she therefore was content to preside over her nursery, and superintend preparations of pap, while her lord was far away enjoying himself in Old England. Escorted by the Earl of Shropshire, and followed by Mr. Silverton Candy, his majesty began his inspection of the clubs of the metropolis.

They entered a magnificent palace in St. James's Street, where the King of Clubs could not but feel at home.

"This is indeed," he exclaimed, "a truly royal abode; I have seen several of the residences of your nobility, but

this, both in external and internal splendour far outshines them all."

"This is the most celebrated establishment in England," replied the earl; "and here, with all due deference to your sacred majesty, reigns a King of Clubs, second only to yourself. This is a hell, and there sits the prince of darkness, Crockery by name, and originally a *Muscleman*: he is now at his desk, casting up his diabolical items."

"And who are his subjects? Are these your young nobility, who lounge in his magnificent saloons?"

"Indeed," replied Mr. Silverton Candy, with a shrug, "his subscription list is not so select as *we* could wish it: here are *nobles*, 'tis true, but their nobility would not render them welcome to him, were they not backed by a rent-roll. The balls on his coronet would never preserve a *poor* peer from being blackballed. The rich are always welcome here: yonder is an affluent professional—there is the spendthrift son of a once industrious wholesale dealer in bombazeens, and stretched on that gilded ottoman is a rich city merchant."

"A merchant! ought he not to be minding his ledger?"

"Ledger! no, no; legerdemain, sleight of hand—seven's the main,—hang the ledger! Young merchants now leave their day-books, attend to their night-books, and register debts of honour. The modern maxim is—'all work and no *play* will make Jack a dull boy.'"

"What a superb establishment! is it supported by annual subscriptions?"

"Nominally so; but the outgoings would very soon exceed the incomings were there no other resources. Crockery's cook is an *artiste* of the very first fame, and receives an income far beyond that enjoyed by the junior

branches of most families. Oh, ye young cornets, and curates, and counsellors, when will your embryo talents realise such wealth!"

"Is the proprietor liberal?"

"Oh! vastly; gives the most perfect suppers, and the most exquisite wines."

"*Gives* them?"

"Yes, gives them; but after supper play commences, —'the *play*, the *play's* the thing' which renumerates the liberal host."

"Are any of his most noted *playmates* now present?"

"Let me see: yes, there is a member of parliament, who, only last night, won from a young man all that he possessed: you see him to day all smiles and good humour, yet he knows that the unfortunate youth must leave his country, and that his property must be sold. The debt of *honour* must be paid; and the right honourable winner is going down to his county, where he will be hailed by his constituents as a man of proper feeling and strict morality, because he will fine young clodpoles for playing chuckfarthing in a country churchyard; or send itinerant hucksters to jail, because in the depth of their booths, on the race-course, may be discovered some unauthorised game of chance! Well done, thou supporter of Crockery!"

"Who is yonder gentleman?"

"Oh, the person so exquisitely dressed, so exactly the proper thing, from the primrose kid of his glove to the glossy jet of his moustache? That is the husband of one of the loveliest women in town."

"Happy man!"

"Oh very—that is, very happy in his own way, no doubt. He has already dissipated most of his property,

so that his fair wife's prospects are at best precarious: he is proud of having it said that he is the husband of a pretty woman, but leaves her to her own pursuits. He is to be seen here night after night, and seldom arrives at home before six in the morning."

The King of Clubs was of course in his element, and bestowed all due commendation on an establishment so highly creditable to its supporters, and so well calculated to improve the morals and the manners of the age.

From Crockery's his majesty proceeded to half a dozen other establishments in the neighbourhood, where elderly gentlemen sit at large windows, hour after hour, discussing the demerits of pedestrians, and criticising coats and hats; or looking under bonnets, and praising "vastly fine women."

"This," said the earl, "is the Alma Mater Club, famous for port wine and portly personages. Here heads of houses, and doctors, and proctors enjoy, their *otium cum dignitate*; and because they live together for three parts of the year at their universities, and enjoy no female society, they have established this rendez-vous, that they may live together again during the short time they are in London, and see as little of the fair sex as ever."

"Dear me," said Mr. Candy, "the place has a very fusty smell—an odious odour of stale wigs! This is the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Club. Take an army list in one hand and a navy list in the other, and let us enter the mess-room; it does one's heart good to look round it, and see the heroes who have encountered perils and privations by land and by water, comfortably congregated together, enjoying the luxuries of Old England. This is the Castalian Club, specially established for literary men, and for the patrons of literature."

"Delightful!" said the King of Clubs, as he entered the saloon; "supported by talent and patronage! None of course are elected but persons of literary pursuits, either the readers or the writers of highly intellectual works."

"Oh dear me! no: it is, I believe, generally understood that the members of the Castalian Club *can* read and write; but *what* they read, and *what* they write does not much signify: they come here principally to read the newspapers, and write to country cousins. The latter, by the by, is an economical practice, as subscribers are allowed pens, ink, and paper, sand, wax, and wafers, paper-knives, seals, and blotting-books, without any extra charge. They have a tea party here once a week, during the sitting of parliament, the oddest looking thing in nature—a male tea party! I have often heard the tea kettles singing as I have driven by to an assembly. Once I dropped in,—such a buzz of voices was never heard before—(that is, never at a *he* tea party!) There was a slight sprinkling of literati, and a slighter of rank: there was a full dressed poet or two, who had dropped in purposely to talk about "the first circles," and to mention *casually* that they were going to Almack's; and that really and truly they never could by any possibility contrive to dine at the club, as the rank and fashion of London were boring them to death with invitations, and actually clambering over one another's backs to be the first to inveigle them into their houses."

"You are getting severe," said the King of Clubs.

"Not at all, such are too truly the littlenesses of great minds. Then there were professors of all sorts of *ologies*, in their morning costume, and shabby looking men talking over clever papers in the Quarterly; and elegantly dressed

striplings escaped from college, and just admitted members of the Castalian, lounging in one chair, with their legs in another, reading the last new fashionable novel written by the Countess of Carberry's lady's-maid."

The party now proceeded to the Omnium Gatherum Club.

"This," said the earl, "has one great recommendation for me it: is a medley. The members of all the other clubs are eligible for this also, and it strikes me, that a man may chance to be most amused and instructed at a place where the assembly is *not* entirely made up of persons whose profession and pursuits are exactly similar to his own. Were I an apothecary—"

"An apothecary!" cried Mr. Candy; "correct yourself, pray, the term is obsolete."

"Well, were I a *medical adviser*, I would avoid the united universal Pestle and Mortar Club, for in my hours of relaxation I should like a little variety."

"Did I hear you say that the term apothecary is obsolete?" inquired his Majesty of Clubs.

"Oh, dear, yes, quite gone by: there are physicians, and surgeons, and medical advisers; but let the term apothecary slip out, and, like Lenitive in the Prize, your indignant attendant will, in a paroxysm of offended pride—"

"What—what will he do?"

"Send in his bill. But we really *do* want a new dictionary; we have no attorneys now; we have professional friends, and solicitors; cooks are professors of gastronomy; singers and dancers are *artistes;* and schoolmasters and mistresses are the heads of establishments, and preparatory seminaries of young gentlemen and ladies."

The King of Clubs having made the tour of his domi-

nions, returned to his chambers; and being out of hearing, I may venture a remark or two respecting the boasted advantages of these associations. Far more cheap, and far more commodious than hotels *used to be*, they assuredly are; and country curates, poor poets, and gentlemen who live on very small means, may now take a slice of *the* joint, with a quarter of a pint of sherry, for next to nothing at all; sitting, at the same time, with their feet on a Turkey carpet, lighted by ormolu chandeliers, surrounded by gold and marble, and waited upon by liveried domestics, with the additional glory of walking away, and "giving nothing to the waiter." Nay, the more dainty gentleman may order his *cotelette aux tomates* and his *omelete soufflée*, at a moderate expense. But, alas, the King of Clubs is antimatrimonial, the dowagers know it, the governors acknowledge it, and the spinsters feel it most keenly.

Men, in most countries, owe what they possess of suavity of manners to their intercourse with female society; after the drudgery of a professional morning, young men used to brush themselves up for their evening flirtations; but now few feminine drawing-rooms can tempt them to leave their luxurious palaces, where evening surtouts, and black neckcloths, and boots, may be freely indulged in. The wife takes her chop, and a half boiled potatoe at home, while her husband, who always has some excuse for dining at his club, is sure to enjoy every thing, the best of its kind, and cooked *à merveille*. As to the young gentlemen who reap the advantages of these cheap and gilded houses of accommodation, it may be questioned whether they are thus enabled hereafter properly to appreciate the comforts of a home, the decorations of the farm-house residence of a curate, or the plain cookery of the farmer's wife, who

dresses his dinner without even *professing* to be a cook.

The King of Spades, also, went his rounds, accompanied by the most eminent architects and engineers of the day. He dug deeply into the secret histories of the foundations of our national buildings, saw through the *dis*orders of the egg-shell school of architecture, kept clear of the tottering lath and plaster of some of the new buildings, acknowledging that if such materials *did* ever tumble down, it was a comfort to know that they were considerably lighter than stone and cast iron. He felt a great respect for such persons of rank as professed to be *supporters* of the drama, trusting that they would keep the ceilings of the theatres from tumbling into the pits. He spent great part of his time in the Thames Tunnel, and if he ever felt a doubt respecting the ultimate success of that *under*taking, he did justice to the enterprise and skill of its projector, that illustrious mole, and sincerely wished that zeal and talent might ultimately be crowned with success. He took shares in many mining speculations, and, in many instances, lived to repent it; for he got into troubled waters, and sought for his *ore* in vain. He attended agricultural meetings, and endeavoured to comprehend that debateable query, the corn question; he argued the point, like other great people, as if he *did* understand it, and got into repute with the leading Chiropodists, or corn cutters, of the day. He went to Cheltenham, and became proprietor of a acre of ground, on which he dug a score wells, and professed to find at the bottom of each of them, a spring of water sufficiently saline to pickle the constitutions of all valetudinarians. He was horticultural to a most praiseworthy extent, offering prizes to the ingenious young Meadows's who bring forth gigantic gooseberries, supernatural strawberries, and miraculous

melons. He went into the country, and endeavoured to penetrate beyond the mere surface of things, listening to the speeches of county members, and dining diligently in wet or weather with mayors, and people with *corporations.* He endeavoured to detect the root of all evil, investigated the ramifications of radical reform, and exposed the ephemeral bulbous roots of speculation. Prejudice he found too deeply rooted to be dug up very easily, whilst the fashions and follies of the day seemed to him to lie so entirely on the surface of the soil, and to be so shortlived, that to throw away any manual labour in an attempt to eradicate them, would be absurd.

"What can be the matter with your majesty?" exclaimed the Queen of Hearts, one morning, when she perceived her bosom's lord enter her boudoir pale as ashes.

"We are undone, my love!"

"You palpitate me," said the queen, "what can be the matter?"

"We are betrayed!"

"Betrayed!"

"There's going to be a war!"

"A war! and we in a foreign country!"

"It has been arranged in the most deliberate manner; they have actually advertised the exact day and hour on which hostilities are to commence."

"What day? what hour?"

"This very day! this very hour!"

"Oh, treachery! How did you discover the plot?"

"Here is the manifesto," said the agitated monarch, taking from his pocket a printed paper; "and, see, they have actually placed at the head of it a picture, representing

two brutal and infuriated combatants, who are tearing the clothes from each other's bodies!"

"Horrible!" sighed the Queen.

"See, see in large letters! 'GREAT FIGHT to take place,' —and here, no doubt, are the generals' names, Spring!—Neate!—What is to be done!"

"I'll pack up my millinery at eight-and-forty hours warning," said the Queen.

"But, see, the Earl is here; he perhaps will explain."

The King in a few words told his grief, and the Earl, laughing in spite of decorum, replied:

"Your majesty has been unnecessarily alarmed; that paper is no manifesto—no declaration of war; it is of the same nature as a play bill, it is the announcement of a public entertainment."

"What means this disgusting picture then, and the portentous words, 'GREAT FIGHT?'"

"The print represents two pugilists, persons who meet by agreement, and having stripped themselves, as you see, they beat one another with their clenched fists, on the head and body, until one is conquered."

"It is make believe, of course?"

"No, indeed; the object of each is to wound the other severely, and incapacitate him for continuing the combat; blood is always spilled. Thousands of people assemble to witness it, it causes quite a holiday; nothing, they tell me, can be more delightful; one or other of the fighters is often mortally wounded, and occasionally killed on the spot."

"Killed!"

"I wonder you never heard of this sport; noblemen and gentlemen make up a purse to reward the victor, and the papers are full of it all next day! I have often known them

stop the press to enable the polite world to obtain early intelligence respecting the finale of the fight."

"And who are the fighting men?"

"Persons of great strength; but the science of the thing is the most gratifying part; it is not so much the delight of seeing men kill one another, that collects the spectators, as the knowledge that it is all done deliberately and in cold blood; each of them has made the art of killing the chief study of his life. It is quite charming, I've heard, to see them feigning *one* blow, while they meditate *another;* pretending to aim at an eye, and then adroitly and unexpectedly driving an antagonist's teeth down his throat."

"But if all this is *tolerated*, surely it is not *encouraged* by influential persons?"

"Oh dear, yes, it is; a stage is deliberately erected, seconds are appointed, and the fight is cheered with acclamations, until one of the half naked performers falls exhausted; they then raise him, revive him, encourage him, and urge him to renew the battle; which he probably does, staggering, and unable to see his opponent; and, at length, when he is again prostrate, covered with blood and bruises, they suffer him to be carried off, and declare the other victorious; though, probably, he is scarcely in a better condition himself."

"Oh!" said the Queen, "I thought you a civilized nation!"

"Have you gladiators?"

"Oh, no! horrible!" replied the Earl.

"Bull fights?"

"No—so cruel, you know, to the poor dumb animals!"

"Well, I thought," said the Queen, "that you could not sanction such enormities; yet I read, in one of your lying newspapers, an account of a poultry battle!"

"Quite true, I dare say very entertaining, I believe; and certainly very popular in some parts of England."

"Is it possible! what, little cocks and hens?"

"No, not hens; female poultry are not pugnacious, only cocks."

"Armed, by those who set them on, with steel spurs; and then they fight with these weapons, till one or both fall down dead! so said the paper."

"Oh, very true; the cocks like it, they do indeed."

"Well, then, I suppose you will tell me that racehorses like to be urged beyond their natural speed?"

"The noble animal's spirit rejoices in the competition!"

"But what does the noble animal's spirit endure, when in his old age (blind of an eye, and with infirmities, caused by over exertion, thronging fast upon him) he is goaded onwards by a stage coachman, at the rate of nine miles an hour! For a particularly humane nation, I cannot help thinking you guilty of extraordinary cruelty to animals."

"A mistake, upon my honour."

"Why, did not you yourself insist on galloping post horses all the way to Ascot, and did not one of them fall down dead on the course?"

"The heat of the weather was the cause, and *that* I could not help: I assure you we are very humane, we have humane societies."

"Yet your amusements, independent of the disgusting one you have this day described to me, are often of a horrid and unfeeling nature."

"What *can* your majesty mean?"

"Why, at many of your amusements, the chief attraction consists in the extreme bodily peril in which the exhibiter is placed. You took me to see a man walk up a rope, to an

immense height, and had his foot slipped, he must have been dashed to pieces: the place was crowded with persons who were in raptures; yet had the man been dancing on level ground, he would have danced far better; and the merit of the dancer seemed to consist in his giving the audience a *chance* of seeing him break his neck or dash his brains out! If a foreigner were to announce that he would dance on a pack-thread, he would ruin the ropedancer, because, as the thread would in all probability break, his danger would be greater, and therefore his exhibition would be incomparable! Then you all delight in distortions; if a man can bend his back bone, or sit upon his head, you are in raptures, and seem to think it a good joke to see a fellow creature shortening his life. Then if any man will ride a dozen horses at once, without saddle or bridle; or go into an oven and be baked brown, or eat a fire shovel full of burning coals, or drink deadly poison, or fly off a church steeple, or thrust a pointed instrument down his throat, or walk on a ceiling with his head downwards, or go to sea in a washing tub, you would not lose the sight for the world; you clap your hands, shout with delight, and hold up your little children, that they may share papa and mamma's rational amusement! And yet you tell me your national characteristic is humanity!"

"Pray, excuse me, but I must say, your majesty takes a contracted view of the subject. Believe me, we are nationally most sensitively humane; you know we abhor the word *slave*."

"The *word* slave, I admit, but it strikes me your abhorrence is directed principally against the mere name."

"How so?"

"Why, I have been told, by those who have had opportunities of judging fairly, that slaves are well treated

in the West India islands, and that they are as happy as the generality of servants in England: you know as well as I do, that servants here are too frequently haughtily and improperly treated. The servant of a bad British master would be better off as the slave of a kind and humane West Indian; your indignation should therefore be consistent, and abolish servitude at home, as well as slavery abroad, because abuses may be discovered in both. Don't mistake me, I am not advocating slavery, but exposing inconsistency.

"You wrong us, you do indeed," said the Earl; "we are, I assure you, tender-hearted in the extreme."

"You certainly ought to know best," replied the Queen; "but, I confess, where HEARTS have dominion, many things which I see here would be deemed barbarous."

"I cannot understand your language at all," said the Queen of Hearts to the Countess; "I have studied it grammatically, and *I* can speak it; but every day something convinces me that I do not comprehend what people are saying."

"It will be my pleasure, as it is my duty, to give your majesty all the information in my power."

"Well, then I will tell you some of the phrases that puzzle me. Affectionate friend—what *can* you mean by a devoted, attached, affectionate friend? You read a note to me which you had written to your husband's cousin—Mr. Mears, I believe, who used to be very intimate with you, was he not."

"Yes, very—a long time ago."

"Well, you wrote to him about some trifle in which you thought he could oblige you, or accomodate you; and you signed yourself his attached relative and affectionate friend."

"Oh, yes—true—I had an answer from him, in which he lamented his inability to comply with my request."

"Well, yesterday you received a letter from *him*, in which he requested *your* assistance, mentioned some unexpected pecuniary losses, and said, that the loan of a small sum of money would prevent his experiencing great inconvenience; to my surprise, though I know you had the money unemployed, you refused his request, and again signed yousself his attached and affectionate friend."

"Oh, yes, I did so; affectionate friend is—is—a phrase—it is used towards a person you have known a long time, as you use the phrase, *Dear* Madam, to a lady you have known a week."

"Well, every person has, of course, a right to do what they please with their worldly goods; but if you are utterly regardless of the weal or woe, the standing or the falling of an individual, it does seem to me like an insult, talking to him of attachment and friendship. Pray tell me who are your friends."

"Oh, the well dressed people we meet in our walks and drives, that I nod to and smile to, and talk about the weather to."

"So, then, I am to understand that, with you, friendship is a matter of business! Well, now, here is something else that puzzles me: you tell me that you must go into mourning for a relation; well, I have looked into my dictionary for the verb, 'to mourn,' and I find it means 'to grieve, to lament, to bewail.' But *your* mourning has no such meaning, for you have been in particularly good spirits ever since you mentioned the circumstance."

"True; your majesty must know that it is the custom to wear black for relatives, for a certain time, and we have

deep mourning, half mourning, and slight mourning; which does not exactly mean deep grieving, half grieving, and slight grieving. We throw by our colours, because it is decent so to do, for distant deaths are really made absurdly public now, and one can't lose a cousin at the Land's end, without all our acquaintances seeing it in the papers."

"What *is* mourning then?"

"It is another word for bombasine."

In the dominion of Hearts, mourning *has* a meaning beyond "the weeds of woe."

"There is another question I would ask," said the Queen; "one of a delicate nature—You have spoken of 'modest women." Pray, may I inquire?—I trust you will excuse the question—may I ask whether all those females I met at the assemblies I have been to are "modest women?"

"Assuredly, indisputably, undoubtedly."

"*Indeed.*"

"Oh! decidedly."

"Well, it only showshow foreigners may be deceived. There is Mrs Laxington now, she—is a married woman."

"Yes—separated from her husband."

"Ay, separated, but not divorced, and therefore cannot marry any body else: Why then does she permit the undisguised attentions of Mr. Mortimer? No two lovers were ever more inseparable, and as the connexion cannot end in marriage, I am surprised at its being sanctioned in society."

"Oh! we have not seen any thing actually wrong, and, poor thing! she does not live with her husband."

"As to *seeing* any thing actually wrong, she would be

strangely careless, were she to suffer you to do so; but there is every appearance of impropriety. I have heard much of the purity and propriety of English society; but confess my short visit to London has made me suspect that the continental trips of your countrymen have taught them to look with a more foreign and favourable eye on those who are caught *tripping* at home. We will, however, change the subject."

"If you please."

"You speak sometimes of men of honour, and in my dictionary I find that honour is dignity, reputation, and virtue, Is lord Gravesend a man of honour?"

"Oh dear, yes."

"He is a seducer, is he not?"

"Why—upon my word—I—that is—it is no business of mine to inquire."

"You have heard that he is one?"

"Yes."

"Do you doubt the truth of the report?"

"No."

"You *cannot* doubt it, for all the world knows who was his victim. Where then is the *honour* of Lord Gravesend? What right have you to sanction his pretensions to dignity, reputation, and virtue? Is Mr. Maxwell a man of honour?"

"Assuredly."

"He is a blackleg, is he not?"

"A blackleg? oh, no; he plays high."

"Yes, great part of his income is derived from cool calculations on the results of games played with those who are heedless and unpractised. I must be permitted to make a distinction between the man who plays casually for am-

usement, and him who reckons on the profits of his *gambols* just as if it were his profession. There is neither honour, dignity, reputation, nor virtue in such a life. Is Mr. Rabbitts a man of honour?"

"In the strictest sense of the word."

"Living at the rate of thousands a year, when his income is just so many hundreds? furnishing his house magnificently without ever intending to pay for a pipkin, and at last making a sudden disappearance, which closely resembles what I have heard described as an Irish 'moonlight flitting,' where a tenant, who is unable to pay his rent, departs at dead of night with his wife and other *moveables*, having previously thrashed his grain, and left the straw in its place *to keep up appearances!* The flittings of some of your leading stars in the hemisphere of fashion, are very similar; yet afterwards you may see them at some watering place, as gay and as expensive as ever! Have they mislaid their bills, and forgotten the names of their creditors? If so, let them call for the Gazette, and look over the list of bankrupts. *Such* is the honour of Mr. Rabbitts!"

"Can I enlighten your majesty in any other particular?" said the Countess, secretly rather displeased with this discussion.

"Yes," replied the Queen; "I wish to know what is meant by devotion. My dictionary informs me that to be devout is to be pious, religious, and sincere; but I have been puzzled beyond measure, for it is evident to me that I do not properly comprehend what *your* view of the subject is: now tell me *what is* devotion?"

"Oh! devotion is—hem!—saying one's prayers, going to church, and—and duly observing the sabbath."

"Saying your prayers? Ay, that is private devotion,

and of course implies, I conclude, not only a repetition of a form of prayer, but a deep feeling of the meaning of what you are saying. Well now, I cannot imagine what time *you* can find for this duty, but that is no business of mine. Going to church comes next in your definition of devotion; *that* your consider an imperative duty?"

"Absolutely requisite."

"Well, as far as I have been able to judge, going to church and observing the sabbath amount to this: You get up late, tired to death with the fatigues of the week, and particularly with the opera and supplementary supper party of the preceding night; you breakfast in a hurry, but by the time your hair, hat, and shawl are adjusted to your satisfaction, it is a quarter of an hour past the time at which the service commences; you then drive to your chapel, selected because it is fashionable, and almost as exclusive as your assemblies; parade up to your pew with a servant after you, because you cannot *condescend* to carry your prayer-book, and then go through the established forms of kneeling, bending the head, and covering your eyes with your lily hand; you look round the chapel, mentally criticising bonnets and gowns; smell to salts, and complain to your neighbour that you are suffering from the heat (*you* who have spent the last six evenings in rooms lighted and crowded to suffocation!) After the service is over, you nod to all your friends, chat to those who are near you, hope no colds were caught at balls, and fear that Ascot will ruin the next opera night. If the solemn service just concluded is alluded to at all, it is with a sneer at the drawl of the reader, or a note of admiration earned by the white hands and gentlemanly delivery of the preacher. After church, you admit visiters, and laugh over the

luncheon tray; then drive in the Park, or walk in Kensington Gardens; then dine out, or receive company at home; and in the evening go to an assembly or a concert, given by some dame of fashion, who regularly lights up her house, and scandalizes her neighbourhood by collecting frivolous crowds *within*, and swearing footmen *without* her doors, on the evening of every sabbath day. This seems to me to be the devotion of the fashionable world; and surely this is not piety, religion, and sincerity."

"This is a serious subject, which I do not profess to be competent to discuss; we consider it bad style to interfere in such matters."

"Well then, to turn to matters of less import, may I ask what you mean by style?"

"Style—oh, there is good style and bad style, and high style and low style—"

"Well, to begin then, what is good style?"

"All that is *comme il faut*, all that is fashionable, all that is French. Good style of living consists in having a mansion exquisitely fitted up with all the expensive bijouterie compatible with true elegance, yet avoiding the lavish superabundance of gimcrackery which borders on vulgarity; comely serving men in suitable liveries, all so well initiated into the mysteries of their respective duties, that a guest could imagine himself in a fairy palace, where plates vanish without the contamination of a mortal finger and thumb, and glasses move without a jingle: then the feast is exquisitely cooked and exquisitely served; the table groans not, the hostess carves not; but one delicious dainty is followed by another, and each remove brings forth a dish more piquant than the last: every thing is delightful, but there must appear to be an abundance of nothing;

two spoonfuls alone of each delicious viand should repose under its silver cover; and he who dared ask to be helped a second time to any thing ought to be sentenced to eternal transportation from the region of haut ton."

"Dear me! and what is bad style of living?"

"Shocking even to describe! A large house in streets or squares unknown; hot, ugly men servants, stumbling over one another in their uncouth eagerness to admit you; your name mispronounced, and shouted at the drawing-room door; your host and hostess in a fuss, apologizing, asking questions, and boring you to death; dinner at length announced, but no chance of extrication from the dull drawing-room, because the etiquette of precedence is not rightly understood, and nobody knows who ought to be led out first; all the way down stairs a dead silence, and then the difficulty of distributing the company almost equals the previous dilemma of the drawing-room: wives are wittily warned against sitting by husbands, and two gentlemen are facetiously interdicted from sitting together; the hostess takes the top of the table to be useful, not ornamental, for fish and joint, and turkey, must she carve; whilst her husband, at the other end of the mahogany, must equally make a toil of a pleasure, and yet smile as if it were a pleasure to toil! The beasts of the earth and the birds of the air appear upon the board, scorning disguise, in their own proper forms, just as they stepped out of Noah's ark, always excepting those who are too unwieldy to be present in whole skins; and even they send their joints to table in horrid unsophistication! Sweets follow, but how unlike the soufflés of Ude! Grim green gooseberries, lurking under their heavy coverings of crust; and custards, the plain produce of the dairy, embittered with bay leaves,

cinnamon, and cloves! Cheese follows, with the alternatives of port wine and porter; and all this weary time the servants have been knocking your head about, thumbing your plate, or pouring lobster sauce into your pockets!"

"Truly a tale of terror! Pray what is a bad style of man?"

"A man who wants tact."

"Tact!—tact is not in my dictionary."

"No! it is a word in very common use."

"What do you mean by wanting tact?"

"To show want of tact is to evince bad taste."

"Still I am in the dark; style, tact, and taste puzzle me amazingly."

"It is difficult for me to explain, because your majesty has not seen specimens of that class of the community which is devoid of style, tact, and taste; but we have them in town, and we meet with them at watering-places; *there* indeed it is less in our power to keep quite clear of them. They are to be seen all day and all night: if the sun shines, they are promenading in its beams; if a house is lighted up, they will enter its open door; if a fiddle is heard, they are dancing to its squeaking; if petticoats are worn short, theirs are up to their knees; they are never out of sight, never in repose; summer and winter, day and night, they seem in a state of fearful excitement, flirting, philandering, raffling, racing, practising, and patronising; they are great people in a small way, and only considered great because nothing greater is at hand; they prefer reigning in hell (excuse the word, I quote Milton) to serving in heaven; in London they would be nothing, at Hogsnorton Spa or Pumpington Wells they are every thing; making difficalties about admissions to Lilliputian Almack's."

"This it is then to want style."

"Oh dear, yes; but then to *have* style is to be always dressed to perfection, without appearing to care about the fashion; and to take the station and precedence which you are entitled to, without seeming to be solicitous about it. I have seen dowagers at watering-places in a fever of anxiety about their rank and their consequence, patronising puppetshows, seizing conspicuous seats, and withholding the sunshine of their smiles from commoners allied to older nobility than their own! How I should enjoy seeing them lost in a London crowd, where not an eye would notice their aristocracy, unless they wore their coronets on the tops of their bonnets!"

"Heyday! are you a leveller of ranks?"

"Not I indeed; but there may be bad style in all ranks: I have before told you that rank is nothing to me without respectability; if a lord be gentlemanlike, and a lady *ladylike*, what I have said touches not them."

"Now pray elucidate *tact*."

"Why, to have *tact* is to say neatly, and apparently unconsciously, all that is most pleasing to your hearers, avoiding all that can discompose them. The man of tact always *seems* to remember you, whatever time may have elapsed since you last met; and adroitly entices you into spelling your own name, that he may know who you are, or makes you mention some mutual friend as a clue to your last meeting. A man of tact knows when to be deaf and when to be blind; with musicians he is an enthusiastic lover of music, with painters he can talk of lights and shades, foregrounds and *effects*; and when spoken to in a language of which he is utterly ignorant, he smiles and nods at the proper time, and contrives to act intelligence."

"I see," said the Queen, "that I shall leave England with a mere smattering of the *spirit* of your language; there is so much that appears to me to be equivocal, and to have two meanings. I came to your country expecting to find you all (what of course you *are*) paragons of purity and propriety; but, on account of my ignorance of your habits, I declare I have often been led to suspect that there is as much mischief going on in London as in other places of less fortunate reputation: I begin to wish his majesty would take me home again."

"Is your majesty afraid of us?"

"Yes, candidly, I am; I am afraid of catching the popular complaint: all the professedly sane people here are so evidently mad, that I am led to conclude that all the supposed lunatics are in their sound senses."

"What can have caused your majesty to entertain so strange an opinion?"

"Why, for instance, your gay people, who toil through nominal pleasures, dressing by rule and compass, lacing, bracing, patching, painting, plastering, pencilling, curling, pinching, and all to go out and be looked at! going from party to party in the middle of the night, pretending not to be sleepy, suppressing each rising yawn, and trying to make the lips smile and the eyes twinkle, and to look animated in spite of fatigue: and all this for no earthly purpose.—Too old to care about lovers, and without daughters to marry, why should an ugly old maid of sixty-six take all these pains, or leave her own snug fireside, if she had not a touch of the popular complaint?"

"Dear me! your majesty!"

"Then your *man* of pleasure, risking his life at every

corner, in a cab with a restive horse; wearing all his clothes painfully tight to show off his figure, confining his neck in a bandage, pouring liquids down his throat, though he knows they will give him a headache, sitting up all night shaking bits of bone together for the mere purpose of giving somebody a chance of winning all his money, or offering bets on racehorses to afford himself and family an opportunity of exchanging opulence for beggary! He has the popular complaint of course."

"Oh fie, your majesty!"

"Then your man of business, your public servant, toiling, and striving and fidgeting about matters of State, sacrificing health, and the snug comforts of a private gentleman, for the sake of popularity! *His* complaint *is* popular indeed. Then your physician, courting extensive practice, and ambitious of the honour of never having time to eat a comfortable meal, and proud of being called out of bed the moment he is composing himself to sleep! *He* must be raving. Then your barrister, fagging over dull books, and wearing a three-tailed wig, and talking for hours, that his client, right or wrong, may be successful! All these people appear to me to be awfully excited: the popular complaint is strong upon them, and I would put them all into the straitest waistcoats I could procure."

"Bless me, we call all that energy of character!"

"Oh, but you give things such contradictory names: What do you call the elderly man who rides one of the leaders when you have posthorses?"

"What, old John? oh, he is post-*boy*."

"And what is the young lad who leaves the letters here in the morning?"

"Oh, that little fellow is the post-*man*."

"What do you call that work, in three volumes, all about religion and politics, which Lady Mary fell asleep over last night?"

"That was a new novel."

"And what was the book that amused you so much this morning?"

"Lectures on the first principles of science."

"Indeed! then novelists moralize, and lecturers sport with their subjects for your amusement! What was your youngest daughter about yesterday, when I saw her with a tall gentleman throwing herself into odd attitudes, first kicking up one leg very high, then kicking up the other —now hopping forwards, and now hopping backwards, and then throwing about her arms like the sails of a windmill?"

"She was learning her Calisthenics."

"What are they?"

"A material part of female education."

"Oh! I'll ask no more questions! How shall I ever get safe out of England without catching the popular complaint!"

The King and Queen of Diamonds found much to amuse and interest them in the metropolis: nor were their excusions confined to the precinct of Saint James's. The opulent bustle of the Exchange, the floating wealth of the Thames, the Bank, the Mint, the Custom House, the India House, were all inspected in turn. Men of merchandise crowded round the monarch; contractors courted him, bankers bowed to him, speculators speechified respecting the tangible solidity of their most favourite bubbles; and one and and all were eloquent in their assurances to the wealthy potentate, that were he to risk half his riches in

Old England, the other half would inevitably be quadrupled.

Her majesty was tempted at every turn with costly trinkets, for which she paid just double the actual value—one half of the charge being for the *fashion* of the thing; with patent lace, positively manufactured from concentrated spider's webs; with bargains of silks and shawls, which it would have been madness in her to miss, as they were selling inconceivably under prime cost; and with gloves and ribbands, selling for more than their value to the patriotic English, because they were warranted French!

It is delightful to hear English men and women talk of their dear country. There is nothing like Old England, say they; yet, paramount as their love of country appears to be, their love of French frippery is a stronger passion! They will lament the times, the stagnation of trade, the scarcity of money, the ruin of manufacturers, but they will wear Parisian productions. It is a comfort, however, to know that they are often deceived, and benefit their suffering countrymen without knowing it,—as lace, silks, and gloves have frequently been exported from this country, and sold to English women on the coast of France as genuine French articles. How little does Mrs. Alderman Popkins dream, when she returns to her residence in Bloomsbury, that her Parisian pelisse is of Spitalfields manufacture, and that her French lace veil came originally from Honiton.

The Queen of Diamonds patronised every thing, her wealth gave her prodigious weight—she was flattered, followed, and imitated; and as her equipages dashed along the Strand, the admiring pedestrians paused, proud of being splashed.

Husbands and wives must not be too much together in

London; conjugality is a bore to other people, and uxoriousness is discreditable. To be seen in your wife's chariot would be ridiculous, but to be in the chariot of any other pretty woman would be correct. The King and Queen of Hearts, those amicable inseparables, had already begun to feel the reforming and purifying influence of fashionable society. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the King and Queen of Diamonds should now be very little together.

His majesty had formed an intimacy with the King of Clubs, who, knowing the amount of his *principal* and *interest*, introduced him to his *sportive* associates, and taught him to "gambol on the green" *cloth.*

The Queen was one night at the opera, attended by the Countess of Shropshire and her daughters. The King of Diamonds was absent at the Crockery palace, and the King of Hearts was lounging behind the scenes, touched by the fascinations of a favourite figurante.

"How full the Opera House is!" said her Majesty of "Hearts; your countrymen seem very fond of music."

"They wish to *seem* so: would you believe it—not one in ten of those you see here know one sentence of what is sung; and being ignorant of the language, they peep surreptitiously into the diabolical attempt at a translation of the opera, which is sold at the doors."

"But the English love good music?"

"Look at them to-night,—observe their countenances, and attend to their applause; then take the same set of people to an English playhouse to-morrow night, let somebody sing them a ditty of the true hey diddle diddle school, and then, when you see and hear their raptures and encores, tell me what sort of music the English best understand."

"But see how they receive the foreign favourite!"

"Yes; she came with a foreign reputation, and on these occasions the English know how to follow a leader. But I am not jesting when I tell you, that had it been possible to have played off a hoax on the public—(mind I speak of the mass of metropolitan opera frequenters, for of course even *here* we have *some* good judges)—well, I say, *had it been possible*, after puffing, praising, and duly announcing the foreign star, to have disguised miss Martingale in a flaxen wig, and sent her on the stage as *the* stranger, she would have been accepted as the 'real Simon Pure;' and the purity of her style and her taste would have been the theme of general panegyric!"

"Oh, you slanderer! you deserve to be exposed to the just indignation of the pit. What do we do after the opera?"

"Is not your majesty engaged to Lord Apperley's supper party?"

"Yes, I promised him: but will it be correct to go?"

The Queen's objections were easily overruled, and to his lordship's mansion the party adjourned.

In the mean time the King of Hearts had been lounging behind the scenes, gazing at females, who placed themselves before a mirror, surrounded by young men; and then standing upon *one* leg, raised the other as high as possible, and pointing the toe, presented it like a musket! then they twirled and whirled, and spun round till their very *very* short petticoats were expanded and ballooned like little children's who make what they call cheeses. Among the crowd who admired these evolutions were peers, fiddlers, music-masters, and all the tribe of Englishmen and foreigners, who knew the manager, the chorus singers, or the corps de ballet.

At Lord Apperley's the King of Hearts did not appear: but in the absence of his lordship's pet actress, he bestowed his devoted attention on her majesty. She was kept in countenance by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Laxington, who, finding it most agreeable not to live with her husband, treated Mr. Mortimer very much as if she would have been well pleased had he possessed that title.

The queen had gradually been taught to think it all quite right and proper for young single men to give midnight entertainments, where handsome married women openly accepted the undisguised admiration and attentions of those who were known to be their inseparables. Are such the morals of high life, or am I romancing! If I speak truth, 'tis scarcely fair for England to vaunt of her purity, and to point the finger of scorn at the dark-eyed Italian and her devoted cicesbeo.

Against manners so free, and morals so lax, the shafts of satire ought to be pointed: but instead of detailing the nauseous particulars of such scenes, the novelist would do well briefly to denounce them. There are many, very many, who shrink from such contamination, however it may be sanctioned by rank or by fashion; and he who points to the danger may chance to remind the unwary that a bad example *may*, to an inexperienced eye, appear a brilliant one!

"Who is that?" inquired her Majesty of Hearts, in a whisper to Lord Apperley, directing his attention to a fashionable looking girl, who was silently sitting beside an old lady.

"One of the most charming women in town, exceeding pleasant, and very pretty."

"She is pretty certainly, but wants animation. I have

seen her address several ladies with the most dull unvarying countenance possible."

"Decide not too hastily. There! she is now speaking to Lord Lawrence, is she inanimate?"

"Heavens, what a change! a *spark* has kindled the pile!"

"The fact is," said Lord Apperley, "she is a gentleman's woman."

"What a phrase!"

"Surely you have often heard of a ladies' man! *Why* then set your face against a gentleman's woman? I assure you there are many such; girls, who *with* girls are silent and insipid, who speak languidly, curl the lip illnaturedly, and smile sarcastically; but with *men* they are all life, laugh, spirit, animation! Look at her, is she not a perfect gentleman's woman?"

"Who are those who have just entered the room?"

"The Miss Shakes,—there are three of them. They are *semi*-professional people, that is to say, they sing themselves into circles, in which they would never move if it were not for their voices. They are girls of *tone*, and give themselves as many *airs* as if their station in society were *natural*, whereas it is all *falsetto*. They are to sing at the duchess's *déjeûné* to-morrow. Your majesty will be there?"

Every possible arrangement had been made to render the duchess's *déjeûné* complete: a person had contracted to water the roads, between Laburnum Villa and London, that her grace's guests might not be tormented with dust; for doing which a very large sum was paid in hand. But the dawn was overcast, the morning lowered, and as it rained incessantly from daylight till noon, the contractor's

watering-pot on wheels had a sinecure. The day then cleared, and the sun for a wonder actually condescended to shine upon a party of pleasure!

So capricious is our climate, that public breakfasts, and other inland festivities, too often turn out to be involuntary regattas. But now all was sunshine and blue sky. Open carriages rolled along the road, and parasols were expanded over delicate hats, and far more delicate complexions.

The lady of Laburnum Villa received her guests on a beautiful lawn, surrounded with gay pavilions and milk-white tents.

In an elevated marquee, a table was spread for the royal party; but the Queen of Hearts was exploring the shrubberies with her now devoted attendant Lord Apperley.

"What a fairy scene!" she exclaimed.

"It is a delightful party! the arrangements are so complete."

"Complete indeed! About a hundred yards from the park gate are six travelling chariots and four; the postilions are mounted—are ordered to be ready at a moment's warning to take the north road; and the horses are already paid for by our liberal hostess, the first stage to Gretna Green."

"Gretna Green! where is that?"

"A village in Scotland, where people are married by a blacksmith. When a young lady wishes to unite herself to a lover, who is disapproved by her parents, she may set off with him, travel day and night, and be made his wife without benefit of clergy."

"And is she received into society when she comes back again?"

"Oh dear, yes; the disobedient daughter cannot be

whipped as a married woman. She is remarried at St. George's Church, Hanover Square (which remarriage by the by proves that the first mock ceremony went for nothing); and she is considered just as proper a person as if she had never volunteered to be a young man's travelling companion."

"But surely such events are of rare occurrence! I was told, before I came to England, that English society was most moral—that it was strict, even to a fault!—that English women were all reserve, modesty, and propriety—the girls pure, and the wives faithful! Yet now you tell me that girls, when thwarted by their parents in some romantic attachment, travel post *tête à tête* with the lover in a chaise, with a man and a maid in the rumble behind, to be *make believe* married by a tinkering fellow, who does his work so indifferently that they must needs be married over again, that in point of law they may be married at all! Then your wives, look around you, are *they* faithful? Is Mrs. Lasington what she ought to be? Am *I* what I was before I came to England? Either England never deserved its good name, or it must have been strangely contaminated."

It was peculiarly pathetic to hear the Queen of Hearts talk thus: she leaned on the arm of her noble companion, and sighed deeply,—the very *heart* of Hearts seemed breaking. She looked towards the group of ballet dancers, and there she beheld the partner of her throne gazing fondly on his favourite figurante, who evidently pointed her toe at his affections: the Queen sighed, and suffered Lord Appesley to lead her from the crowded lawn.

The Duchess of Dogington, the fair foundress of the feast, was one of those "stars in the hemisphere of

fashion," who love to illuminate the pages of the Morning Post with elaborate details of their parties; describing "the rooms" that are "thrown open"—"the exotics" that are "tastefully arranged in recesses"—the ormolu lustres that are "brilliantly illuminated"—"the servants" that are dressed all in their best—"the refreshments that are furnished by Jarvis, or Gunter," or somebody else—"the quadrilles that commence the evening, and the waltzes that finish it;" and then the "rosy fingered Aurora" that peeps through the casements, and sends home the guests "highly delighted with the urbanity of their accomplished hostess." But above all she was delighted in seeing a long list headed with these words, "among the company present were"—and then her heart palpitated as she read, "royal highnesses, dukes, duchesses, marquisses, marchionesses, earls, countesses, viscounts, viscountesses;" till, glancing over the "lords and ladies," she was prepared to endure the comparatively small catalogue of honourable misters and mistresses.

The distinguished visitors now thronged round the Duchess to take leave, and to thank her for her "very delightful party;" they then turned their backs, entered their carriages, and as they drove towards Town, unanimously agreed that it had been "a very *so so* entertainment."

How unstable is the position which every great man holds in the public estimation! What is popular to-day, is unpopular to-morrow; and the person who yesterday was deemed "an excellent good sort of man, without the talents requisite for public life," to-day may be numerated among the "rising geniuses, from whom great national advantages may be expected." This was very fortunate for the Earl of Shropshire.

Great political changes took place just at the period of which I am writing. There appeared to have been great *shuffling* among leading men; the King came to the resolution of *cutting the pack*, and *honours* that had been *dealt* out with a lavish hand, were *revoked* on account of a suspicion that *odd tricks* had been managed in secret.

It now became difficult for the Cabinet to know how to *play their cards*; the *best hand* at the *board* seemed puzzled; the royal visitors, *court cards*, were forgotten; *odds* were ten to one against the existing state of things lasting a week; the health of opposition members was publicly drank with three times three; the House of Commons was at *sixes* and *sevens*; every *trait* in the premier's character was cavilled at; and the *deuce* of the matter was, that he appeared to be within an *ace* of incurring his sovereign's displeasure. The aristocracy marked the progress of the *game* in silence, and tradesmen trembled over their *counters*. This state of things could not last long, the ministry was changed; those who had been up, up, up, were ordered to go down, down, down; one or two, who foresaw the coming change, avoided dismissal, by resigning without *resignation*; the parliament was *dissolved*, and the prospects of men in power *melted into air*.

Resignation, under such circumstances, is hardly to be expected; the place may be resigned, but he who held it may not be so; and those who walk out of office sometimes show, by the longing lingering looks they cast behind them, how great was their *penchant* for their pension.

The Gazette announced, among many other new arrangements, that the Earl of Shropshire had been appointed keeper of the privy key, with a salary adequate to maintain the dignity of the office. The charge was a great one;

and the Earl, from a mere passive and rather uninteresting individual, became a thorough man of business; the duties of his office engrossed all his thoughts, and his seat in the house was never vacant.

Alas! if it be true that "evil communications corrupt good *manners*," how sure is the corruption of good *morals* when they have been unfortunately associated with evil!

The Queen of Hearts was once the purest, as well as the fairest flower in her royal husband's dominions; he had been her first love, and even after marriage, so lasting, so unfashionable was their affection, that it became proverbial, and young lovers used to say, "Oh, may *our* union prove like the union of Hearts!" Throwing aside her crown, her sceptre, and her ermine robe, often would she busy herself in domestic occupations, and never was more happy than when preparing some dainty dish with her own hands, "*to set before the King*." So celebrated was she for her unaffected relish of these homely pursuits, that even in our own country she became the chosen theme of the bard, and her name was murmured by the lips of the virtuous:

"The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts!"

In her own country she was idolized, and when her subjects heard of the splendour of other courts, they said truly that the Queen of Diamonds could not be compared to their own sweet Queen and her *paste*.

In an unlucky hour she came with her husband to England; she was involved in the luxuries, the laxities, the dissipation of the metropolis. Lord Apperly made himself agreeable, the breath of flattery inflated her imagination, and the *puffs* of the past were forgotten.

The King of Hearts *pirouetted* with his paramour, until at length they *chased* to the continent; this was a fatal blow to the wavering rectitude of his Queen, and very shortly afterwards she was walking on the chain pier at Brighton, and was *called* Lady Apperly.

"What's in a name?" says Shakspeare. Alas! no one so feelingly asks that question as the female, who, having forfeited her husband's name, assumes that of her lover: though he may be kind, attentive, and respectful to her, and treat her as if she were a wife, she must endure a secret consciousness that she is treated without *ceremony*.

The king sued for a divorce, the queen recriminated; and the very barristers retained on either side were heard to admit, that if the plaintiff and defendant were to be shaken in one of their own blue bags, it was a chance which would fall out first.

The King of Hearts is returned to his own dominions; those who know him best, think him much broken. Lord Apperly is now the devoted admirer of Miss Martingale, and the poor frail one, once Queen of Hearts, being obliged to exert her talents to earn an honest livelihood, is about to be the rival of Jarrin, Grange, and Gunter: under the name of Madame Palpitini she is preparing to open a *Magasin de bonbons*.

Her brilliant and brief career in London seems almost to be forgotten, or if it *be* remembered, it is as a warning; and now, in all matrimonial connexions, no one ever has the bad taste to mention the word HEART.

Of the King and Queen of Diamonds, I have little to say: engaged in all the speculative bubbles of the day, addicted to gambling, and extravagant beyond description, their private purses were soon exhausted, the public service

money was wasted, the jewels of the crown were pawned, and their majesties became insolvent! This produced a general panic; tradesmen, from the city, winged their way to the palace, *pecked* at them with their *long bills*, and fearing they were already too late, tremblingly exclaimed, "'Twere well they were *dunned* quickly." Their majesties, however, contrived to escape; and all that I can now say respecting them, is, that when last heard of, they were at Van Diemen's Land.

The King of Clubs abdicated the throne of his fathers, and declared that his true empire was in England; still under a feigned name he haunts St. James Street.

The King of Spades, after contributing largely to the Thames Tunnel, has planned one of much greater magnitude, which is to connect Dover with Calais by a submarine communication; he is at present engaged in the superintendence of Mexican mines.

I now drop my pen, with the conviction that historians will do justice to those at whose lives I have ventured to take one hasty glance.

FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES,

No. 1.

Scene.—*The Family Mansion.*

—

MR., MRS. AND MISS LONG.

Miss Long.

NOT go to Town this Spring, Papa!
Mamma! not go to Town!
I never knew you so unkind,
You chill me with that frown:
My sweet Mamma, indulge your pet,
Entreat Papa to go—
Ah! now I see you're weeping too,
We shall succeed, I know.

Mrs. Long.

Alas! my child, I 've done my best,
And argued all day long,
But men are always obstinate,
Especially when wrong.
'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,
Not for myself, alas!
But when I married *had I known*.....
....No matter—let *that* pass!

Mr. Long.

My dear, you know that I abhor
These silly discontents;
You're quite absurd; why don't you make
The people pay their rents?

I can't afford to take a house—
Nay, don't put on that sneer;
For once be happy where you are,
We'll go to Town next year.

Miss Long.

Next year, Papa! next year, Mamma!
You know I'm thirty-two,
(I call myself but twenty-six,
So this is *entre nous;*)
Next year I shall be thirty-three,
I've not a day to lose,
Oh! let us go to Town at once,
I'm lost if you refuse.

Mrs. Long.

Your conduct, Sir, is most absurd,
We went last year in June,
But Fanny had not a fair chance,
You took us home so soon:
Sir Charles was evidently struck,
I'm sure he would have *popp'd*,
But then he saw no more of us,
And so the matter dropt.

Mr. Long.

For sixteen springs to Town she went,
When Town began to fill,
And sixteen summers she return'd,
A flirting spinster still!
And now the times are very bad,
And tenants in arrear,
Dear love! I really can't afford
To go to Town this year.

Mrs. Long.

Dear love, indeed! I ask you, Sir,
Has any one man got
One single sixpence he can spare?
I answer: he has not.
Yet in *Haut ton* arrivals, still
I see each neighbour's name;
If *other* paupers go to town,
Why can't *we* do the same?

Miss Long.

Does not the Opera contain
Its customary squeeze?
Have not the groves of Kensington
Gay groups beneath the trees?
At Almack's, happy radiant eyes
Outshine the chandeliers;
And when I think of dear Hyde Park,
—I can't restrain my tears.

Mrs. Long.

Of course, my dear! you stay with us?

Mr. Long.

Why no, my love! not so,
My duties Parliamentary
Force *me*, alas! to go.

Mrs. Long.

You can't afford a house in Town?

Mr. Long.

No, sweetest! there's the rub;
But I shall sleep at Batt's, you know,
And dine, love, at the Club.

Mrs. Long.

The Club! I hate that odious word,
The bane of wedded life;
Oh! well the roving husband fares,
But chops may serve the wife!
And then the thing's a vile excuse,
Which we *must* take perforce;
"Where *have* you been this afternoon?"
—"Oh!—at—the Club,"—of course!

Miss Long.

I hate them all! but I abhor
The Athenæum most;
They ask *the Ladies* Wednesday-nights!
—'Tis all a braggart boast:
To show the gilt and *or molu*
Each eager member strives,
And seems to say, "Snug quarters these—
What can *we* want with wives?"

Mrs. Long.

Come, dearest Fanny! dry your eyes,
A *leetle* rouge put on;
I 'll order you a sweet chapeau
From MARADAN CARSON.
The Races and the Archeries
Will very soon be here;
Cheer up, my love! you shan't be vex'd,
We 'll go to Town next year.

FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES,

No. II.

Scene.—*Junior United Service Club.*

CAPTAIN BIGGS AND LIEUTENANT WILKINS.

Captain.

COMES, Charles! another glass, my boy!
I've gain'd my end, my point is carried;
One bumper more to wish me joy—
When next we meet I shall be married;
I knew you'd stare—but can you guess
Who is the object of my passion?
Oh! she's the pink of loveliness,
The very paragon of fashion!
Nay, do not try—you 'll guess in vain—
And yet, upon consideration,
I own the case *is* pretty plain,
You *must* have noticed the flirtation.
'Tis Fanny Miles! the reigning belle!
The all-accomplish'd, pretty Fanny!
You must confess I've managed well,
To win a prize sought by so many.

Lieutenant.

I *am* surprised, I must allow,
I thought the girl was too capricious.

Captain.

Nay, nay, she never ~~loved~~ till now.

Lieutenant.

Well—but the mother's so ambitious,

She *will* make up to Earls and Dukes,
And now and then is disconcerted
By chilling slights, and such rebukes
As glasses raised, or eyes averted.

Captain.

That may be over-anxious zeal,
To elevate her only daughter;
You cannot feel as mothers feel.

Lieutenant.

No—but the girl—you're sure you've caught her?
You think she loves you?

Captain.

Think she loves!
How can you ask so cold a question,
Her pallid cheek her passion proves—

Lieutenant.

Pooh! that may all be indigestion!

Captain.

Oh! do not jest—she doats on me,
There ne'er was woman so devoted.

Lieutenant.

Since she came out—stop—let me see,—
On one—two—three—four—five she's doated.
Her *dotage* may pass off.

Captain.

You wrong
The kindest of all earthly creatures!
Did frailty ever yet belong
To such a set of faultless features!

Don't smile, for I'll convince you yet,
A patient listener entreating,
I'll say *how*, *when*, and *where* we met,
And all that happen'd at the meeting.
It was at Almack's; she had got
One ticket, and she begg'd another;
But Lady C. declared she'd not
For worlds admit the humdrum mother.

Lieutenant.

And yet the daughter went!

Captain.

Oh yes!—
You know—that is—what *should* prevent her?

Lieutenant.

If 'gainst my parent, I confess,
A door were shut, I'd scorn to enter.

Captain.

One ticket came—how could it please
Maternal feelings not to use it?
A ticket for the Duke of D.'s—
Or even Almack's—who'd refuse it?

Lieutenant.

Are girls so mean! Well, well—proceed.
She *went*, it seems—and there you met her?

Captain.

We met—we waltzed—and we agreed
To met again—*could* I forget her?
I call'd next day, and Mr. Miles,
And Mrs. Miles, seem'd charm'd to know me,
Contributing with many smiles
Each kind attention they could show me:

And I was ask'd to dine and sup,
And cards for balls were never wanting;
The carriage came and took me up—
We went together, t'was enchanting!
I saw at once it was their aim
That she and I should be united,
For every morning when I came
To something gay I was invited.

In purchases, she sought my taste—
Where 'er we went, 'twas *I* escorted—
In gallopades, *I* held her waist—
In morning walks, *my* arm supported.
I saw the time was come, in fact,
When *honour* bade me to disclose all,
So in the Opera's last act,
Last night—I whisper'd a proposal!

Lieutenant.

And what said Fanny?

Captain.

Oh! she sigh'd—
And raised her fan a blush to smother;
I gently breathed, "Oh! with what pride
Shall I present you to my brother."
She started—(timid pet!) the word
Was premature—the thought a bad one:
"Brother!" she said; "I never heard—
You never mention'd that you *had* one."

"My *elder* brother!" I exclaim'd—
She turn'd away—(sweet bashful creature!
To hear *her* future brother named,
No doubt had crimsoned ev'ry feature!)

Then pleading earnestly I stood;
With half-averted face she heard me,
And answer'd "Sir—you 're—very—good—"
But to her "dear mamma" referr'd me.

I hurried home, and quickly wrote,
As 'twere with wand of necromancer;
To Mrs. Miles I sent the note,
And now I'm waiting for the answer.

Lieutenant.

Sit down, my friend—don't fidget so—
Those men at breakfast will observe us—
Sit down, I beg of you—

Captain.

Oh! no,
I really can't, I am so nervous.
Ha! what is this!—a note for me!
'Tis it!—"No answer" did the man say?—
Now them my longing eyes will see
All that sincere affection *can* say!
(*reads*)
"Sir—your obliging note—high sense—
My daughter has—of the great honour—
Of good opinion—preference—"
There, my boy!—there—'tis plain I've won her!
(*reads again*)
"But—you're a younger brother, Sir!
And I *must* say—you will excuse it—
You were to blame to *think* of *her*—
And your proposal—*must* refuse it.
"I think it best to add at once,
That in declining your acquaintance—"

I'll read no more!—Oh, idiot! dunce!—
How shall I bear this cruel sentence!

Lieutenant.

Be calm, my friend.

Captain.

Alas! till now
I *never* knew what blighted hope meant.

Lieutenant.

Be pacified!

Captain.

Ah! tell me how
I best may manage an elopement.
I'll seek a druggist—happy plan!
And I will ask him—

Lieutenant.

Pray be placid!

Captain.

For Epsom crystals—but the man
I'll bribe to give oxalic acid!

Lieutenant.

Nay, seek amusement—it is right.

Captain.

I'll tell my man to load my pistols.

Lieutenant.

Come to the opera to-night—

Captain.

I'll go and buy the fatal crystals.

Lieutenant.

I've got two tickets—'tis a sin
To die despairing—come, my crony!

Captain.

Well—to please *you*—I'll just drop in
And take *one* peep at Taglioni.

FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES,

No. III.

Scene.—*The Governor's Study.*

SQUIRE LONG AND LONG JUNIOR.

Squire Long.

GEORGE, why don't you marry?—at your time of life
'Tis a man's bounden duty to look for a wife.

Long jun.

Your will is *my* law, Sir—but what can I do?
The ladies *I* fix upon never please *you!*

Squire Long.

No, George—but your father your interest watches,
I've pointed out three or four excellent matches.

Long jun.

Your will is *my* law, Sir—but then, do you see,
The ladies *you* fix upon never please *me!*

Squire Long.

Why zounds! George, you don't go the right way to work,
Make up to the Fox-hunting Heiress from York.

Long jun.

The steeple chase lady!—if after *that spec,*
There's less danger of breaking my *heart* than my *neck;*
A brilliant her eye, but a ruby her nose is,
Horse laughter her smile, and her bloom cabbage roses!

Squire Long.

Oh! George, you provoke me; but say, have you seen
The rich and rare private theatrical Queen?

Who gets up the plays down at Splashington Hall,
First Manager—Dramatist—Actress—and all!

Long jun.

No—not the *Blue* Lady who rules the Green-room,
Artificial in attitude, simper, and bloom;
Who looks up so loving in Romeo's face,
Returning with *gusto* each sigh and embrace;
To make a proscenium she'd split my saloon,
And darken it all for rehearsals at noon;
'Twould ruffle me, Sir—why, 'twould ruffle a saint
To live amid canvas, gilt paper, and paint.

Squire Long.

What think you then, George, of the Baronet's widow,
The lady of arable, pasture, and meadow?

Long jun.

Sir Acres's relict? No, no, my good Sir,
For ruin lurks under rich widows like *her*.
The crops that she cuts, and the beasts that she kills,
Are all melted down in her milliner's bills!
Don't talk of her produce—its merit must stop,
If I cannot prevent her from *wearing a crop!*
Her *hey-day* is endless? she'll add to my trouble,
And into straw bonnets she'd turn all my stubble!

Squire Long.

Miss Blonda, the beauty—what think you of her?
The beauty *par excellence*—*can* you demur?

Long jun.

The *belle* of the public? Ah! no, Sir, *I* seek
For one with the first bloom of youth on her cheek;
The *belle* of my own individual choice,
Not hawk'd about yearly by Fashion's shrill voice:

Exhibited *here*, and exhibited *there*,
Until, so long used to vulgarity's stare,
So petted by *connaisseur*, sculptor and painter,
My home-admiration could never content her!
If I praised her, she'd say, "Oh! I've heard *that* before;
Indeed, my Lord So and So used to say more!"

Squire Long.

Well, George, you shan't marry a beauty —you *shan't*—
There's plain Miss Golightly, who wants a gallant—
Besides, *she* writes novels—

Long jun.

Ay, when I'm in haste
To make love to a gorgon, *she'll* be to my taste.
But worse—oh! a thousand times worse than her looks,
Is the thought of her putting me into her books!
When wanting a chapter, how pleasant to catch
Some foible of mine, just to fill up a sketch!
How *very* convenient, when other themes flag,
To have *me*, just like a wild fox in a bag—
And then hunt me out, giving all but my name,
While those who peruse the three volumes exclaim:
"Oh! dear me, *how* like him! how *very* absurd!
That's meant for her husband, I give you my word!
How wrong of her, though! the resemblance *must* strike!
How *very* improper! Good gracious, how like!"

Squire Long.

Well, George, there's Miss Wilkins—the lady they laud
For graces acquired whilst living abroad,
Her singing! her playing!

Long jun.

Why no, I confess

She's *too* foreign in manner—*too* foreign in dress;
In all that she utters and does, I detect
A *something* that tells me she aims at effect;
And copying Frenchified airs, after all
She wears the French fashions that suit a French doll;
Her singing is squall! and her laughter is giggle!
Her figure all bustle! her dancing all wriggle!

Squire Long.

But, zounds, you *must* marry! At your time of life
'Tis a man's bounden duty to look for a wife.

Long jun.

Your will is *my* law, Sir—but what can I do?
The ladies *I* fix upon never please *you!*

Squire Long.

No, George; but your father your interest watches,
I've pointed out several excellent matches!

Long jung.

Your will is *my* law, Sir, but then do you see,
The ladies *you* fix upon never please *me!*

FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES,

No. IV.

Scene.—*Mrs. Long's Boudoir.*

MRS. AND MISS LONG.

Mrs. Long.

MY darling daughter, come to me;
Why is your cheek so pale?
To fond maternal ears reveal
Your first-love's faltering tale:
You love young Lord Fitzlackstiver—
(Incomparable youth!
What fascinating eyes he has!)—
You love him?—speak the truth.

Miss Long.

No—no—I do *not* love him—no—
That word is far too tame;
A faintness comes all over me,
When others breathe his name.
I *doat* upon him—oh, Mamma,
Don't tell me I am wrong;
You know he comes here every day,
And stays here all day long.

Mrs. Long.

He does, my pet, I know he does,
(Most excellent young man!)
But, dearest, long ere *you* came out
His daily calls began.

Miss Long.

What mean you, Madam!

Mrs. Long.

Miss, I must

His Lordship is *my* friend—

My Cicesbeo—*my*—in short,

Your fancies, child, must end.

Miss Long.

Madam! Mamma! what *can* you mean?

He's not in love with *you!*

I'll go and speak to my Papa—

Mrs. Long.

Do—if you dare, love, do!

Your father's age, and gout, and bile,—

And half a hundred ills,—)

Keep *him* at home; *I* cannot stay

To make him take his pills.—

And then in public, you must know,—

A man is indispensable;

(Now listen, child, and dry your eyes—

I always thought you sensible!)

As for a ball—your father's far

More fit for hearse and hatchment;

And who *can* blame Platonic love

And innocent attachment?

Miss Long.

My heart will break! oh! 'tis enough

To plunge me in despair,

To give up *such* a nobleman!

With *such* a head of hair!

Besides—now, don't be angry, Ma—

When Pa to bed is carried,

You've never time to talk to *me*,

—I *should* like to be married.

FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES.

No. VI.

Scene.—*Hogsnortorn House.*

MR., MRS. AND MISS HUM.

OH, winter in Brighton, in Regency-square,
Oh, winter in Brighton, the Court will be there!
'Tis not for *myself* that I ask it—oh! no,
'Tis for *dear* papa's health that I'm anxious to go.

Mrs. Hum.

My dear, she is right, you should really arrange
Some party of pleasure—you *do* want a change;
For *you* just at present this place is too dull,
Do winter at Brighton, for Brighton is full.

Mr. Hum.

Oh, don't think of moving for *my* sake, my dear,
You're really *too* anxious—I'm very well here.

Miss Hum.

Well! oh, my dear father! excuse me, you're wrong
To sport with my feelings—go look at your tongue.

Mrs. Hum.

Well! oh, my dear husband, you cannot disguise
That terrible yellowness under your eyes!

Mr. Hum.

Begone, ye two birds of ill omen! I see
Through this sensitive, anxious attention to *me.*
If I *am* so delicate, why should I hear
The noise that the sea makes at this time of year?

You, Miss, and *you*, Madam, are trying by stealth
To coax me to Brighton, by talking of health.
I know what *you* want, Miss! and *you*, Madam, too—
You want a gay season—yes, both of you do.

Miss Hum.

Papa, you're unkind, but I scorn to complain,
In Hogsnorton House I'm content to remain;
I *did* think the moving might do you some good—
No matter—my motives are misunderstood.
But even suppose that I *did* want a change
From stupid Hogsnorton, I'm sure it's not strange
You don't want to see me establish'd in life!
Who'd come to Hogsnorton to look for a wife?

Mrs. Hum.

Don't talk to your father—sweet girl, it's no use,
He deems *my* solicitude all an excuse!
I 've nursed him, and watch'd him, and now he imputes—
—No matter—I'm silent, but all men *are* brutes!
He deems me deceitful—you heard what he said—
He 'll be sorry enough perhaps when I 'm dead!

Mr. Hum.

Maria, don't cry! Leonora, for shame!—
Ask any soul breathing if *I* am to blame!
At Hogsnorton House there's my leather arm-chair,
So cosey and snug—(only look at it there!)
And then there's my cellar, my genuine wine—
Without my old sherry I really can't dine:
This house, too, is snug—and, pray, why should I lighten
My purse for a gingerbread mansion at Brighton?
Where, sleepless, you hear the perpetual din
Of the tide going out, or the tide coming in.

Mrs. Hum.

Nay, dearest, don't say so—the lodging *shan't* be
In one of the terraces facing the sea;
You 'll sleep undisturb'd, love, in Regency-square,
—And how *could* you think I'd forget the arm-chair?
I plann'd that all nicely, my dear; *if* we went,
It was by the van to be carefully sent;
And then, too the wine, love, (*how* odd you and I
Should think of the *very* same things, by the by!)
Your genuine sherry I meant to have placed
In hampers—you see, dear, I study your taste.

Miss Hum.

And, dearest papa, you and I will walk out,
(You 'll lean on my arm, and a fig for the gout);
You 'll go to the library every day,
And read all the papers in such a snug way;
And don't you remember the shop on the Steyne?
The pastrycook's shop kept by Phillips, I mean,
The shop where you used to eat soup?

Mr. Hum.

Very true,
I almost can fancy I smell it—can't you?

Mrs. Hum.

Yes, love, *so* delicious! And then, too, the chat
And the whist at Sir Robert's—you don't forget *that*?

Mr. Hum.

The whist? oh, that *was* very pleasant!

Mrs. Hum.

Yes, very!—
Shall Simpson have orders to pack up the sherry?

Mr. Hum.

Egad!—but you 're *certain* Sir Robert is there?

Miss Hum.

Oh, positive—when shall we pack the arm-chair?

Mr. Hum.

I went there last year by the doctor's advice—
That mulligatawny *is* certainly nice—
The sherry may travel, 'tis true—and the chair—
But Simpson must pack it with very great care.
I think it *may* do me some good—so I'll write
To Parsons to take me a lodging to-night.

(*Exit Mr. Hum.*)

Mrs. Hum.

There! did I not manage him well? I declare,
Whilst I live, I shall doat on that darling arm-chair;
A lucky idea, was it not?—and the wine?

Miss Hum.

Yes, mamma; and the soup was a good hit of *mine.*

Mrs. Hum.

And the whist at Sir Robert's! the whist and the chat!

Miss Hum.

Sir Robert's in France, mamma—

Mrs. Hum.

Never mind that—
We 'll vow we expected to meet him, and then
We 'll soon find out two or three humdrum old men.

Miss Hum.

And now, *dear* mamma, you 're aware that I want
A bonnet and gown.

Mrs. Hum.

No, Maria, you can't—
You really *can't* have a new bonnet, my dear;
You 've worn that so little I gave you last year;
Your gowns, too, *must* serve for the present.

Miss Hum.

Ah! no—
You *cannot* help sending to Carson.

Mrs. Hum.

Why so?

Miss Hum.

Oh, really, mamma, though *you* do not *want* dress
To set off *your* figure and face, I confess,
Yet still I *did* see *such* a hat and pelisse!
They'd suit *you* exactly, I never *shall* cease
To wish that you had them! Cerulean blue!
Send for them to please your Maria, pray do.

Mrs. Hum.

My amiable daughter! I cannot refuse
To send up to Carson—What gown will you choose?
I'll order the blue for myself—and I think
Your bonnet, my darling, had better be pink.

LUNATIC LAYS,

No. 1.

"I must and will an Actress wed."

I MUST and will an Actress wed,
She'll smile away all shadows;
The voice of Love is eloquent
In green-rooms—not green meadows:
Talk not of rural hills and vales,
They suit my optic sense ill,
The only *scenery* I prize
Is that of Stanfield's pencil!

The Earl, my father, storms at me,
And says it is a queer age,
When comic first appearances
At last lead to the Peerage:—
And my maternal Countess raves
That nothing can console her,
If I disgrace the family
By marrying a stroller!

But, oh! I'd scorn such prejudice,
Although 'twere universal,
For I have been behind the scenes
At night, and at rehearsal:
No titled heiress will I ask
To be my benefactress;
I'd rather elevate my wife,
So I will wed an actress.

Oh, first I burnt for tragic queens,
My passion scarce is cool yet,
I teazed each Mrs. Beverley,
Euphrasia, and Juliet;
And if by Belvidera's frowns
A little disconcerted,
I flew to Mrs. Haller's side,
And at the wings I flirted.

But Colonel Rant, (the gentleman
Who 's always amateuring,)
Behind the scenes came every night
With language most alluring:
And he had such a way with him,
He won their hearts by magic,
So I resign'd Melpomene,
And Rant reign'd o'er the Tragic!

To Lady Bells and Teazles next
I turn'd—and Lady Rackets,
Who put their rouge and spirits on
(As boys put on their jackets);
Whose smiles, professionally sweet,
Appear when prompters summon;
Who keep, in fact, their *bloom* for *best*,
While *tallow* serves for common.

And then I sigh'd for the soubrettes
In aprons made with pockets,
Who frisk about the stage like squibs,
And then go off like rockets:
But at their beck I always found
Some beauteous Bob or Billy,
With whom they lightly tript away,
And left me looking silly.

To prima donnas then I turn'd,
The Polly's and Mandanes;
Made love to *she* Don Carloses,
And *female* Don Giovannis!
But soon came one with higher notes—
They left me—*allegretto!*
They sought him—*volti subito!*
Forsaking me—*falsetto!*

But now a love for figurants
Within my bosom rankles,
I doat upon extended arms,
And sigh for well-turn'd ankles:
Enchanting girls! how dark their hair!
How white and red their skin is!
I love them all—though wicked wits
May call them "spinning Jennies."

In Peter Wilkins I have sigh'd
For sylph-like forms, whose trade is
To hang supended by the waist,
And act high-flying ladies:
The Country Curate may abuse
My loves because they *lack* dress,
He'll choose a wife from private life;—
But *I* will wed an actress.

LUNATIC LAYS.

No. II.

"I want to go upon the stage."

I WANT to go upon the stage
And wear a wig and feathers;
I envy each tragedian
The laurels that he gathers.
I'm sure that I could give effect
To Richard's ruthful menace;
Oh would that I might black my face,
And act the Moor of Venice!

My father talks of what *he* calls
Respectable employments,
Condemning as Tom-fooleries
My Thespian enjoyments:
He calls me mouthing mountebank,
And ranting rogue, and stroller;
And not a servant in the house
Compassionates my dolor!

One day I stole a pot of rouge,
And Aunt Jane's Sunday spencer—
(She left me nothing in her will—
How could I so incense her!)
I flew to Cowes, where in a barn
I found some kindred spirits,
And soon I made the manager
Appreciate my merits.

He did announce me as a star—
(He well knew what a *star* meant—)
And I enacted Romeo
In Aunt Jane's pink silk garment:
My Juliet was a charming girl,
A most delicious creature!
With eyes,—*such* eyes! and oh! her nose,—
I idolised the feature!

Pink silk, with frogs, was *my* costume,
And her's was muslin spangled,
And when the Nurse call'd her away,
I wish'd she had been strangled.
When we lay corpses side by side,
A gentle squeeze she gave me,
And whisper'd, "Wilt thou be my love?"
I sigh'd, "Ay, if thou'lt have me!"

But fathers they have flinty hearts,
My angry father found me—
Oh horrid night! methinks I see
Scene shifters grinning round me!
Alas! the scene they shifted not—
The very pit seems full yet—
I cannot tell the tragedy—
He tore me from my Juliet!

And since that inauspicious night
The stage I've never entered;
In life's obscure realities
My father's thoughts are centred.
Misguided man! beneath his roof
Now pines a slighted Roscius,
Whose manhood pants to realise
Youth's promises precocious.

In tragic moods, I push my wig
High up upon my forehead,
I cork my eye-brows, and assume
A stare that's very horrid:
I roar a word or two, and then
Speak low, you scarce can hear me—
And then I thump my breast—ye gods!
At Drury how you'd cheer me!

Genteelly comic I can be,
And farcically sprightly,
I'm excellent in Pantomime,
In Ballet parts dance lightly:
Were Mr. Lee, the new lessee,
Aware of such a treasure,
If I ask'd fifty pounds a night,
He'd give them me with pleasure.

LUNATIC LAYS.

No. III.

I *must* have music in my soul.

I must have music in my soul,
  Though envious tongues deny it
I'm very certain I've a voice,
  And spite of fate I'll try it:
I'll practice morning, noon, and night,
  I'll buy the best instruction,
I will abjure all solid food,
  If singers live by suction.

I'll *hold a note* till you shall think
  That, very like a miser,
I never mean to *change* that note,
  But you shall find I'm wiser:
For you may fix on any *key*,
  Then name of *notes* one dozen,
My spendthrift chest shall soon pass forth
  The treasure you have chosen.

At present up and down the scale
  I run with zeal unwearied,
Nor deviate into an air
  Till minor points are carried:
When morning dawns, my task begins,
  At midnight hour it endeth,
(Except those *tasty* intervals
  That man in *eating* spendeth.)

But genius and the world are foes!—
I have a hateful neighbour,
A scientific man, forsooth!
I scorn his plodding labour!
He sends me messages, and says
My noise distracts his study—
My singing, *noise!* poor wretch, he knows
Nought about taste—how should he!
Two other neighbours—invalids,
Who live on slops and dozing,
Complain *my* singing wakes them up
Just when their eyes are closing!
I never sing till *five* o'clock!
As if *that could* disturb them!
I'll let my talents take their course,
And scorn those who would curb them.
One, (much too cold to estimate,
My talents in their true sense,)
Did—oh it cuts me to the soul!—
Indite me as a nuisance!
I shook—but 'twas a *vocal* shake,
Not one from terror springing,
No judge *could* venture to assert
I'm no great shakes at singing.
Once came a crowd, a menial crowd,
Crying, "There must be murder!
We heard a female's horrid screams—
Yes, hereabouts we heard her!"
They climb'd they wall!—they forced the door!—
The ragamuffin *sorte*!
They found me sitting all alone,
And singing *rather forte!*

I 'll sing the air that Sontag sings,
  Rode's air with variations,
My throat shall be the thoroughfare
  For all the new inflations:
All styles, I'll master—I'll outgrowl
  The Trombone when I go low!
And when in *alt*, Velluti's self
  Shan't sing so high a solo!

LUNATIC LAYS,

No IV.

"Adieu, my Moustachios! farewell to my Tip!"

Adieu my moustachios! farewell to my tip!
Lost, lost is the pride of my chin and my lip!
His Majesty wills it, like Samson I'm cropt,
And the killing career of Adonis is stopt!
The razors are ruthless! my honours they nip!
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

Alas! what avails the loud clank of my spurs,
What signify tassels, and feathers, and furs!
The padding above that the waist may look slim!
The trowsers compress'd to exhibit the limb!
My form I no longer exulting equip—
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I know they deride a Commander who stoops
To cull foreign fashions to deck British troops;
But surely the *biggest* look *rather more* big
In moustachios and tip—like a judge in his wig!
I know *I* look *small* with my sword on my hip,—
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

When Laura *last* saw me, she own'd that the world
Contain'd no moustachios so charmingly curl'd;
She thought my head *foreign*, and unlike the skull
Of the money-bag, mercantile fellow, John Bull:
But now she will call me "contemptible rip!"
—Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I went to the levee both pensive and pale—
I felt like a puppy-dog robb'd of his tail!

The Duke eyed me coldly when notice I craved,
—Ah! would he had seen me before I was shaved!
And as I kiss'd hands, I'm *afraid* I let slip
"Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!"

Ah! at a mess dinner, how graceful to dip
My napkin, and wipe off the *mess* from my lip!
The hair that grew on it was steep'd in each dish,
And nourish'd by gravy—soup—sauces of fish—
They are gone—and my claret I pensively sip,—
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

They were *red*—and I dyed them—and *now* at the stain
Which remains on the *skin* I scrub daily—in vain!
The hair is shaved off, but a *something* is seen
Which I *fear* may be thought to look *rather* unclean
I *hope* it don't look like a chimney-sweep's lip—
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

My principal reason, I frankly confess,
For being a soldier *at all*—was the dress;
The line on my lip, and the dot on my chin,
Became me—the change is a horrid take in—
I might just as well now have gone on board ship.
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

I know that they deem it unmanly to weep
So into half-pay I'll despondingly creep!
The star of my beauty is lost in eclipse!
I'll sit in reclusion and sigh for *hair-lips!*
The tears down my nose now incessantly drip—
Adieu, my moustachios! farewell to my tip!

LUNATIC LAYS,

No V.

THE LAST MAN!

Behold the last man of the season,
Left pacing the Park all alone—
He'll blush if you ask him the reason
Why *he* with the rest is not gone;
He'll see you with shame and with sorrow,
He'll smile with affected delight,
He'll swear he leaves London to-morrow,
And only came to it last night.

He'll tell you that Nobles select him
To cheer their romantic retreats,
That friends in all quarters expect him
To stay at their elegant seats.
Invited by all, then—how *can* he
Know which he should favour, or shun?
He's sure of offending so many,
By paying a visit to one.

He'll say that the Yacht-Club implore him
To cruise in their exquisite ships,
That Ladies of Fashion quite bore him
To join them in wandering trips:
That Stewards of *all* Races entreat him
To go to them;—what can he do?—
How odd you should happen to meet him!—
So strange, as—he's just *passing through.*

In town in the month of September
We find neither riches, nor rank;
In vain we look out for a Member
To give us a nod, or a frank:
The Citizens' Ladies to cure all
Their illnesses dip in the sea,
The Duchesses doing the *rural*,
Sit under a very great tree.

Each knocker in silence reposes,
In every mansion you'll find
One dirty old woman who dozes,
Or peeps through the dining-room blind.
The chamber where graces once hovered
Now seems the dim dwelling of ghosts,
The curtains are notably covered
With remnants of Heralds and Posts.

The GUNTER (sweet man!) is inhaling
Fresh *puffs* of the pure ocean gale,
And GRANGE has now taken to sailing,
Since sweets cease to find any *sale;*
Great WEIPPERT is seizing the bridle,
He *gallopes* to countryfied balls,
And blacking-man WARREN is idle.
'Tis useless to chalk the *dead* walls.

Thy sights, Colosseum, are lonely,
There's no one to *see'em* at all;
Altho' of St.-Paul's, you've the only
True rusty original ball.
No Belles in their tippets call'd Boas,
No Beaux drive their cabs in the Park,
And piqued are the monkeys, in Noah's
Complete Zoological ark!

Then hence! thou LAST MAN of the season,
Lest Fashion the outrage should blab;
Shrink back, as if guilty of treason,
Within the dark depths of thy cab.
If money be wanting—go borrow;
Remain—and thy character's lost!
Go, print thy departure to-morrow,
"Sir Linger, from Long's, for the Coast."

LUNATIC LAYS,

No VI.

THE LAST WOMAN!

I see him not! the Man is gone!
The Man who watched my carriage!
Oh! while I linger'd last *but one*,
There still seem'd hopes of marriage:
He too is off! alone I pine,
A sad condition mine is,
'Tis very odd that one so fine,
Should now prove Fashion's *finis!*

The desert Park! there is no show
Of Dames in silks that rustle;
I look upon no titled Beau!
No beauty! and no bustle!
Yet madly still that Park I seek,
('Twere far more wise to shun it.)
Deep rouge upon my maiden cheek,
Deep blonde upon my bonnet!

My foot attracts not as I go
One glance unto my liking;
Though on my stockings, white as snow,
The colour'd clocks are *striking!*
Spring flow'rs are gone, and Autumn leaves
Will strew my path hereafter,
I laugh not—even in my *sleeves*,
Though they seem *made* for laughter.

The streets are thin, the squares are dull,
The crowded hubbub ceases,
And nothing now can be *made full*,
(But dresses and pelisses.)
Oh, Art! thine adventitious aid
Is vain,—I ne'er approach man;
I'm seen by no one but my maid,
My pretty page, and coachman!

And *there's* another bore! my Page
Is *growing* out of season;
He's such a gawky for his age,
I can't think what's the reason.
I knew 'twas *comme il faut* in green
The stripling to accoutre;
But now, though he's but just fifteen,
He looks like a Sharpshooter!

For scenes where others rove, I fret,
And then to cheer my own eye,
A private box of mignonette
I place on my balcony:
MACADAM frustates these pursuits,
The noise without he trebles;
He tears the street up by the roots,
And pounds it into pebbles!

To be kept here so late, I vow,
In tears of sorrow steeps me;
The shopkeepers who see me now
Are wondering what keeps me!
I must contrive some moving plan,
Or life I cannot drag on;
I'll send my hat by PICKFORD'S van,
My bonnet by the waggon.

Winged wardrobes every Lady wants
To waft her dresses neatly,
My *Vapeur* crape with *seduisantes*
Will fill the boot completely:
The Imperial will hold my slip,
(My maid shall pack it, poor thing!)
The *Morning Post* shall print my trip,
"Miss CRAWL, from BATTS', to Worthing."

LUNATIC LAYS,

No. VII.

BIOGRAPHY.

So mother Hubbard's dog's deceas'd,
That Spaniel of repute!
Be mine the mournful task to write
The memoirs of the brute.
O'er all the authors of the day
Biographers prevail,
I'll "*point a moral*" and "adorn"
That little dead dog's "tale."

I'll sift the Hubbard family
For anecdotes canine,
The most minute particulars,
Shall very soon be mine.
I'll bore the mournful Dame herself
With questions most abrupt,
And first I'll learn *how*, *when*, and *where*
His canine mother pupp'd.

His puppyism I will trace
On Hubbard's apron rock'd,
Describing when his tongue was worm'd,
And how his ears were dock'd.
His placid temper I will paint
And his *dis*temper too,
And all his little snappish tricks
The public eye shall view.

The Dame and He were Friends, 'tis thought,
She gave him bones and milk;
And pattingly her hand amooth'd down
His coat as soft as silk.
But what of that?—The world shall know
That *he* hath snarl'd at *her*,
And that the Dame hath kick'd the Dog,
And call'd him "nasty cur!"

His Love for *her*, was cupboard Love,
The fawning which proclaims
An instinct partiality
For dogs-meat—more than Dames!
Alas! 'twas not *l'affaire du cœur*,
An ingrate was the Pup;
Though oft his mistress for his meals
Hath cut her *liver* up!

And oft' she did instruct the Dog,
Upon his tail to sit,
And elevate his two fore paws
And beg a tiny bit:
She plac'd the dainty on his nose,
And counted "one"—"two"—"three!"
And when he leapt and caught the prize
A happy Dame was she!

But I must tell of stolen joys,
Of milk that hath been miss'd;
Of hunted cats, and worried birds
I have a grievous list!
Of rambles too with female dogs—
Yet—hearing the old scratch—
The Dame to let the rover in,
Would rise, and lift the latch.

In truth he was a naughty Dog,
Of habits very wild,
He never yet was known to care
One jot for wife or child:
His wives were countless, each produced
Nine bantlings at a birth;
And some were drown'd, and some were
To rot upon the earth!

But hold! is *this* my dead Dog's tale?
And can I not produce
For naughtiness a friendly veil?
For Folly an excuse?
And *must* the sage Biographer
Of little Dogs and Dames,
Recall forgotten injuries,
Snarls, kicks, and ugly names?

The Dog was a sagacious Dog,
That's all the world need know,
The Failings of the Quadruped
'Tis not my task to show.
His quarrels with his kith and kin,
His puppy tricks when young,
If *these* I tell, he'll seem far worse
Than if I held my tongue!

It *shall* be so—my tongue I'll hold,
And *not* my grey goose quill;
His death is recent, for a while
Biographers be still!
Cotemporaries point at *specks*,
But pause awhile, and then
We may be sure Posterity
Will calmly hold the pen.

But now to take away a life
  Each man of letters strives!
The undertakers thrive by *Deaths!*
  Biographers by *Lives!*
O'er new made graves, thro' murky mists
  Of prejudice he jogs;
And so it seems Biography
  Is going—*to the Dogs!*

LUNATIC LAYS,

No. VIII.

The *first white* hat!

I met a man in Regent Street,
  A daring man was he;
He had a hat upon his head
  As white as white could be!
'Twas but the first of March!—away
  Three hundred yards I ran,
Then cast a retrospective glance
  At that misguided man!

I thought it *might* be possible
  To do so foul a deed,
Yet *not* commit the murd'rous acts
  Of which too oft we read;
I thought he *might* have felt distress—
  —Have lov'd—and lov'd in vain—
And wore that pallid thing, to cool
  The fever of his brain!

Perchance he had no relative—
No confidential friend—
To say when summer months begin,
And those of winter end.
Perchance he had a wife, who was
Unto his side a thorn,
And who had basely thrust him forth
To brave decorum's scorn!

But no!—a smile was on his cheek!
He thought himself *the thing!*
And all unblushingly *he* wore
The garniture of spring!
'Twas evident the man could not
Distinguish wrong from right!
And cheerfully he walk'd along
Unseasonably white!

Then unperceiv'd I follow'd him,
Clandestinely I tried
To ascertain in what strange spot
So queer a man could hide:
Where he *could* pass his days and nights,
And breakfast, dine, and sup!
And where the peg *could* be, on which
He hung that white hat up!

He paused at White's—the white capote
Made all the members stare!
He pass'd the Atheneum Club
He had no footing there!
He stood a Ballot *once* (alas!
There sure was *pique* in *that*)
Though they admit light headed men,
They black ball'd the white hat!

And on he went self satisfied,
And now and then did stop
And look into the looking glass
That lines some trinket shop!
And smilingly adjusted it!
'Twas *that* that made me vext—
"If *this* is borne," said I, "he'll wear
"His nankeen trowsers next!"

The wretched being I at length
Compassionately stopt,
And us'd the most persuasive words
Entreaty could adopt:
I said his head was premature—
I never left his side
Until he swore most solemnly
The white hat should be dyed.

LUNATIC LAYS,

No. IX.

MY SINECURE PLACE

How's this, my Lord Grey, can you mean what you say?
Abolish all sinecures—pause, my Lord, pray!
Oh, hear me, my lord,—is this really the case?
Nay, do not take from me my Sinecure Place?

Consider, my income is small for a Peer,
I'm poor, if you take my odd thousands a year;
Consider, I pray you, how ancient my race,
Its dignity sinks with my Sinecure Place.

My mansion in town has been lately rebuilt,
Adorn'd with superb scagliola, and gilt;
Pray, how shall I look Mr. Nash in the face,
If you now put an end to my Sinecure Place?

My castle must also be kept in repair,
One month out of twelve I contrive to be there;
One month I devote to the joys of the chase,—
My castle would go with my Sinecure Place!

My cottage ornée, on the Devonshire coast,
Must also be sold, if my place should be lost;
Now, pray, my Lord, *do* reconsider my case,
And let me retain my snug Sinecure Place.

My lady her opera-box must discard!
My lady, the beauty—you'll own 'twould be hard—
My fortune won't pay for her feathers and lace—
Then leave me, oh, leave me, my Sinecure Place!

Economy *may* be discreet, I dare say,
Retrenchment is all very well in its way;
But there's no occasion for setting your face
'Gainst *my individual* Sinecure Place.

You *must*, my Lord Grey, (it is time to be frank,)
Uphold the importance of persons of rank;
The aristocratic look up to your race—
Support them, and leave me my Sinecure Place.

If beggarly vagabonds *will* make a row,
Be firm, and intimidate, no matter how—
E'en flourish a sword in each vagabond's face—
I'll do it myself for my Sinecure Place.

I'll stipulate *always* to give you my vote—
Whatever *you* dictate I'll utter by rote;
Your notions—*whate'er they may be*—I'll embrace,
And I'll do any job for my Sinecure Place.

LUNATIC LAYS,

No. X.

JUNO'S SOIRÉE.

Once Juno sent out cards "*at home*" to her own exclusive circle,
She knew the leaders of *high* ton were sure to come at *her* call;
She heav'd a sigh for Weippart's band, but checking her vexation,
Engaged the music of the spheres as *next* in estimation.

The Queen received the kindest gifts from ev'ry friendly neighbour,
First Bacchus sent a pipe of wine, then Pan a pipe and tabor,
Diana sent her fullest moon to light the upper regions,
And Venus sent a *brace of Birds*—(a pair of *Doves* or Pigeons.)

The evening came, and Juno shone a blaze of Regal beauty;
Field Marshal Mars was preengaged on military duty;
Three muses came—Mnemosene, the very best of mothers,
Ne'er took *nine* daughters out at once, so left at home the others.

The sister Furies, Boa clad, who thought themselves delightful,
Declared they were quite grieved to see poor Venus look so frightful;
The Graces danced a Saraband—Minerva thought them shocking,
And Momus quiz'd her style of dress, and call'd her a blue stocking.

Though not a son of Erin's Isle, yet Jupiter thought proper
To make *a Bull* that day! ('twas while conversing with Europa);
And Echo having caught the tale, did word for word reveal it,
And Juno tho' she bit her lips pretended not to feel it.

Supper was laid—as Gunter lays it where the most select are,
And Jupiter bade Ganymede hand round the oldest nectar;
Aurora was the first to hint that morning was not far off;
And all the party said "Good day" as Phœbus drove his car off.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

When an elderly gentleman begins to be a twaddle, we call him an "old woman," intending any thing rather than a compliment by the appellation; yet, after all, old women are in very high repute among us; they are our oracles, and their commonest "sayings" become proverbial, while the erudite orations of the Lords of the creation pass into oblivion. I am an admirer of old women, but I abominate their sayings. When once an old woman, has "*said her say*" though she may have said it vulgarly, and flippantly, and foolishly, the chances are that her saying will be handed down to her children's children.

I have been the victim of a saying, one too that (alas!) is in every body's mouth, and yet one which, Heaven knows, is, in nine cases out of ten, utterly groundless and vexatious: The saying is this: "There are always faults on both sides." I do not exaggerate when I declare that, before I was born, this saying was my enemy! I was the first child of a very dashing couple, and I suspect that, before my mother had seen the wane of her honeymoon, I had begun to be her torment. She still went to parties, but generally with a smelling-bottle in her hand; and often when she looked less blooming than usual, people pitied her, and said "it was her *situation.*"

Still she *would* go to balls; and once or twice, when an agreeable partner offered, she could not resist a quadrille. Unfortunately waltzes were introduced; my mother took *steps* to be fashionable; and, after an evening of most imprudent activity, she returned home exceedingly indisposed,

and before morning was delivered of a seven-months' child. Every body blamed my mother,—no wonder, poor soul! But will it be believed that any human being could have the barbarity to blame *me*, a premature and imbecile suckling? even so! It was no sooner observed that I was a strongly-made and rather active little creature, than the nurse assured every body that I must have given my mother a precious time of it; indeed it was no wonder she could not sit at home quiet, poor thing; and if, indeed, she had been a little wrong in dancing and keeping late hours, yet, after all, there certainly were "faults on both sides."

I am thoroughly convinced that I was an exceedingly nice child; this conviction, I must confess, is not grounded upon any traditionary anecdotes; on the contrary, every old acquaintance of the family has some story to prove that I was ugly, mischievous, and unmanageable; I was always breaking every thing that came in my way, my own nose included. My nurse and I were never of one mind, and every body in the house complained of high words in the nursery. My nurse really was a bad one, and though I dare say I *did* squall spontaneously a good deal, yet bad management often made me squall ten times worse. At last there was no peace and quietness in the house, and as my voice increased in power and volume, I became the more formidable. Fortunately for me, my shrieks one night attracted my mother unexpectedly to the nursery in her ball dress, and my enemy the nurse was detected in some breach of decorum which caused her to be instantly dismissed; every body abused her; it was impossible to say much in her favour: yet, after all, it was whispered that she had an ill-tempered brat to deal with, and that, however bad the nurse might be, still there were "faults on both sides."

Giving a boy a bad name is a great deal worse than giving a dog one. I was sent to a public school, and the master, after hearing a catalogue of my misdemeanours, was admonished to keep a strict eye upon me. Thus he was prejudiced against me from the first, and even a pedagogue may be blinded by prejudice. I saw I was suspected, and I grew reckless: it must be admitted that I was a terrible pickle; but a great big bully of a boy was my tyrant; and thus, never having a fair chance with the master, and unmercifully fagged by one of my schoolfellows, I became sulky and obstinate. At last my tormentor was detected in an act of wanton cruelty, and I was extricated from his clutches; but though I had the gratification of seeing *him* well whipped, I heard every one of the boys say, that though he certainly *was* a bully, yet that *I* was enough to worry a saint, and that, after all, there were "faults on both sides."

But my boyishness was gone, and my hobedyhoyishness was going. The long-looked-for period of my finally leaving school was at hand, and I eagerly anticipated that grand privilege of manhood, the "having one's own way." That was what I looked forward to during my last half year, and I believe all boys do the same: to be a man, to walk about in great boots, and a neckcloth, and to do what I pleased from morning till night!

These bright anticipations of boyhood are not, however fated to be realized. The big boots and the neckcloth, indeed, come in due course; but at what age can man be said to have his own way?

I, for my part, never had mine. At the time I left school, I was an orphan, and I went to reside with an old uncle, who was my guardian. He was an excellent person, who always, to the best of his judgment and abilities, did

his duty; and his duty being clearly now to keep his nephew in good order, I found myself subject to a durance which, in my opinion, was vile.

My uncle's government was too despotic; he legislated about trifles, and his measures being sometimes arbitrary, he unwittingly strengthened the opposition. Often, in his study, did we hold long debates about things which were of minor importance, while greater misdemeanours, having escaped his vigilance, passed without comment; but this often happens in greater debates than those which occurred in my uncle's study.

In this one solitary instance the old saying was not my enemy, but it only affords an additional proof of its injustice. I could not manage to live with my uncle, I could not accommodate myself to his habits and fancies, yet it was my duty to endeavour to do so, therefore I alone was to blame, yet still the lookers-on, who knew nothing about the matter, declared that there must have been "faults on both sides."

About this time I fell desperately in love, and I believe I am correct in saying that the young lady burned with what is called mutual ardour; that is to say, she heard I was an only child, and an orphan, and heir to considerable property; and so, when I sued for a smile, she condescended to bestow one. Her father and mother (after making a few secret inquiries concerning my prospects) took a prodigious fancy to me. The latter, indeed, was quite enthusiastic; she invited me every day, and at all hours, and there was always a knife and fork laid for me, and, moreover, every delicacy prepared which could be likely to tempt a young man to come and make use of those articles of cutlery. I was already treated as one of the

family; I was left *tête-a-tête* with Anna Maria half the morning; and my future mother-in-law gave me all her best cookery, while her husband produced all his best wine.

There really appeared never to have been so satisfactory a match; for, independently of the mutual affection of the young couple, the old people seemed violently in love with me; and it could scarcely be doubted that, if by any accident the match could be broken off, there would inevitably be *four* lacerated, broken hearts, instead of only *two*!

It so happened that I met with an old schoolfellow, a very wealthy Baronet; and, full of my own bright prospects, "told my love," and introduced him to the object of my adoration, and her family. "Love me, love my dog;" of course then, love my friend; so Anna Maria thought, and so thought her parents. Sir William was warmly received, was constantly invited, and soon seemed to be considered almost as great a pet as myself. I did not *quite* like this; I thought there ought to be a marked distinction, so I remonstrated: Anna Maria was pert and flippant; first laughted, then sneered, and at last told me, if I was displeased, I might go about my business. I left her, and appealed to my affectionate friends her parents. They seemed prepared for my remonstrance, told me they had encouraged me because they supposed that mutual affection was the groundwork of the connection; but, since it appeared that they had been mistaken, they suggested the propriety of my discontinuing my visits! Indignantly I did as I was bid, and six weeks afterwards Anna Maria became the Lady of a baronet. 'Twas a nine-days' wonder for the world; but though some pitied me, all agreed that there had been "faults on both sides."

What my fault had been, I was so dull as not to be able

to discover; so I said, and a hot-headed, impudent fellow insulted me, and told me he was a friend of the family. Anna Maria's conduct had been such, that my sufferings really were not very acute; I therefore did not want to give her *éclat* by dying for her, so my reply was pacific, and I did all I could to avoid a quarrel. The bully, however, was implacable, I was forced into a duel, met my opponent at five o'clock on a summer's morning, and shot him dead ten minutes afterwards; was obliged to fly my country: every body allowed that I could not help acting as I had done, and the coroner cleared me; but to this day I believe it to be universally admitted that there were "faults on both sides."

I fell in love again, and beautiful and innocent was the being who now attracted me. She was not, like my former love, an eldest daughter, "come out" to prowl about and pounce upon an eligible establishment, where she might "go in" and be mistress of her own actions. My choice was unsophisticated, and I was happy She jumped for joy when I made my offer, and we were married in a month.

In both my love-affairs I had fallen into extremes; my first love was hacknied in the ways of that worst of worlds, the fashionable one; and my second had never been used to good society, and was, consequently, unfit for it. It was my pride to take her every where that she might be *seen*, but it was my shame when she was accosted, for I knew she would be *heard*. She had no conversation; she knew nothing about any thing; the topic of the day was a dead language to her; Sir Walter Scott's name sounded not more sweetly than Sir Richard Birnie's; and Lord Byron was a nobleman, and *nothing more!*

This ignorance, however blissful, was not altogether to my taste; I endeavoured to teach my fair one, and therefore I became to her somewhat of a bore. Certain young men, quite as ignorant of things in general as she could possibly be, frequented my house, and as *they* did *not* teach, she thought them infinitely more agreeable than her husband. She grew weary of me, and, alas! she ran away.

The case was flagrant; without difficulty I obtained damages, and a divorce; but still, as usual, when my friends and neighbours, (or rather as benefit play-bills express it,) when "the nobility, gentry, and public in general," had duly discussed the case, they unanimously decided that there had been "faults on both sides."

I was now once more a single man, at least in the estimation of marriageable young ladies. But the singleness obtained by a divorce is not quite satisfactory; it is like involuntarily beginning the world again, when what the newspapers call "the devouring element," has destroyed one's stock in trade. One cannot but remember, also, that "such things were;" and that a certain person, intimately acquainted with all one's failings, foibles, and fancies, is let loose upon the world, and that, "if a body meet a body in a narrow lane," the accidental rencontre would be a bore.

I am quite sure that nothing endears a couple so much to each other as divorce; the moment all ties are severed, and we feel that the *shades* of character cannot, by any possibility, hereafter annoy us, it is astonishing how very prominently all the little *lights* start forth on the canvass: so it was with me; others looked upon me as a single man, but I could not blot from the tablet of my memory, that I had heard Jemima Simpkins vow to love, to honour, and to

obey me. She had done neither of the three duties, and it wounded me keenly to hear faults attributed to both sides; but had a footpad stopped me on the highway, and robbed me of watch and cash, I do believe the same thing would have been said.

The same thing, in fact, *was* said shortly afterwards, when I was an innocent sufferer, to a severe, indeed, a ruinous extent. Having no domestic ties, no cheerful fireside at home, I began to get low-spirited, and longed for some sort of occupation. I had no pursuit; I could not ride out of a morning for the mere purpose of riding home again in the afternoon. It is very well for elderly ladies to take what they call airings; but a man in the prime of life requires something more exciting, at least I did, and when I had arranged with the partners of a banking-house in a neighbouring town, that I should be admitted into the firm, I became comparatively happy, for I deemed myself a man of business.

Accounts were not at all in my way. As a boy, I had sighed over the mysteries of multiplication; addition had added materially to my distress, and subtraction taken away much of my repose. Daily, however, did I ride into the town to call at the bank; assuming all the serious importance of a man of business, talking of my engagements and avocations, and really persuading myself that I had a great deal to do.

All this time, I actually knew nothing of the true condition of the bank; I had given it "my name, which is no part of me;" and, in return, I was told that I should add considerably to my income. But though *I* had evidently "no *speculation* in my eye," my partners certainly had in theirs. We speculated in mines, and, unluckily, the mines exploded, and the bank was blown up.

This news was told me one morning, when I was snugly enjoying my tea and toast: I was insolvent; every thing I had went to answer the calls upon the bank; and, after all, the creditors were paid three-and-seven-pence in the pound; so they curse me, beggar as I am. The principal obloquy certainly has fallen on my partners; but still every body says there were "faults on both sides."

Is not this hard? have I not a right to execrate old women's sayings? But I must end my lamentation; and for once I will admit that even the saying in question may, in an instance or two, few and far between, be used with propriety; for should the reader not quite perceive the point and drift of this paper, and accuse the writer of dulness, *then* I am quite sure there must be *faults on both sides.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LANDAULET.

I DINED one day at a bachelor's dinner in Lincolns-inn-fields, and my wife having no engagement that evening, I gave my coachman a half-holiday, and when he had set me down, desired him to put up his horses, as I should return home in a Jarvey. At eleven, my conveyance arrived; the steps were let down, and when down, they slanted under the body of the carriage; my foot slipped from the lowest step, and I grazed my shin against the second; but at last I surmounted the difficulty, and seating myself, sank back upon the musty, fusty, ill-savoured

squabs of the jarvey. I was about to undertake a very formidable journey ; I lived in the Regent's Park ; and as the horses that now drew me had been worked hard during the day, it seemed probable that some hours would elapse before I could reach my own door. Off they went, however ; the coachman urged them on with whip and tongue : the body of the jarvey swung to and fro ; the glasses shook and clattered ; the straw on the floor felt damp, and rain-water oozed through the roof, (for it was a landaulet). I felt chilled, and drew up the front window ; at least I drew up the frame ; but as it contained no glass, I was not the warmer for my pains ; so I wrapped my cloak around me, and rather sulkily sank into a reverie. The vehicle still continued to rumble, and rattle, and shake, and squeak ; I fell into a doze, caused by some fatigue and much claret, and gradually these sounds seemed to soften into a voice ! I distinguished intelligible accents ! I listened attentively to the low murmurs, and distinctly heard, and treasured in my memory, what appeared to me to be the "Lament of the Landaulet !"

The poor *body* seemed to sigh, and the wheels became *spokesmen !*

"I am about fifteen years of age," thus squeaked my equipage ; "I was born in Long Acre, the birth-place of the aristocracy of my race, and Messrs. Houlditch were my parents.

" No four-wheeled carriage could possibly have entered upon life with brighter prospects ; it is, alas ! my hard lot to detail the vicissitudes that render me what I am.

" I was ordered by an Earl, who was on the point of marriage with an heiress, and I was fitted up in the most expensive style. My complexion was pale yellow ; on my

sides I had coronets and supporters; my inside was soft and comfortable; my rumble behind was satisfactory; my dickey was perfection, and provided with a hammer-cloth. My boots were capacious, my pockets were ample, and my leathers in good condition.

"When I stood at the Earl's door on the morning of his marriage, it was admitted by all who beheld me, that a neater *turn-out* had never left Long Acre. Lightly did my noble possessor press my cushions, as I wafted him to St.-George's Church, Hanover Square; and when the ceremony was over, and the happy pair sat side by side within me, the Earl kissed the lips of his Countess, and I felt proud, not of the rank and wealth of my contents, but because they were contented and happy.

"Oh, how merrily my wheels whirled in those days; I bore my possessors to their country-seat; I flew about the country, returning wedding visits; I went to races, with sandwiches and champagne in my pockets; and I spent many a long night in an inn-yard, while my lord and my lady were presiding at county assemblies.

"Mine was a life of sunshine and smiles. But ladies are capricious: the Countess suddenly discovered that I was heavy. Now, if she wished me to be light-headed, why did she order a landaulet? She declared, too, that I was unfit for town service; gave new orders to Houlditch! took possession of a chariot, fashioned eight months later than myself; sent me to Long Acre to be disposed of, and I became a second-hand article!

"My humiliation happened at an unlucky moment, for continual racketing in the country had quite unhinged me; I required bracing, and had quite lost my colour. My paternal relation, however (Houlditch) undertook my repair,

and I was very soon exhibited painted green, and ticketed, 'For sale, second-hand.'

"After standing for a month at Houlditch's (who, by-the-by, was not over-civil to his own child, but made a great favour of giving me house-room), I one day found myself scrutinized by a gentleman of very fashionable appearance. He was in immediate want of a carriage; I was, fortunately, exactly the sort of carriage he required, and in a quarter of an hour the transfer was arranged.

"The gentleman was on the point of running away with a young lady; *he* was attached to *her*, four horses were attached *to me*, and I was in waiting at the corner of Grosvenor Street at midnight. I thought myself a fortunate vehicle; I anticipated another marriage, another matrimonial trip, another honeymoon. Alas! my present trip was not calculated to add to my respectability. My owner, who was a military man, was at his post at the appointed time: he seemed hurried and agitated; frequently looked at his watch; paced rapidly before one of the houses, and continually looked towards the drawing-room windows. At length a light appeared, the window was opened, and a female, muffled in a cloak and veil, stood on the balcony; she leaned anxiously forward; he spoke, and without replying she re-entered the room. The street-door opened, and a brisk little waiting-maid came out with some bundles, which she deposited in the carriage; the captain (for such was his rank) had entered the hall, and he now returned, bearing in his arms a fainting, weeping woman, he placed her by his side in the carriage; my rumble was instantly occupied by the waiting-maid and my master's man, and we drove off rapidly towards Brighton.

"The captain was a man of fashion; handsome, insinuat-

ing, profligate, and unfeeling. The lady—it is painful to speak of her: what she *had* been, she could never more be; and what she then *was*, she herself had yet to learn. She had been the darling pet daughter of a rich old man; and a dissipated nobleman had married her for her money when she was only sixteen. She had been accustomed to have every wish gratified by her doating parent; she now found herself neglected and insulted by her husband. Her father could not bear to see his darling's once smiling face grow pale and sad, and he died two years after her mariage. She plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation, and tasted the rank poisons which are so often sought as the remedies for a sad heart. From folly she ran to imprudence, from imprudence to guilt;—and was the runaway wife happier than she who once suffered unmerited ill-usage at home? Time will show.

"At Brighton, my wheels rattled along the cliffs as briskly and as loudly as the noblest equipage there; but no female turned a glance of recognition towards my windows, and the eyes of former friends were studiously averted. I bore my lady through the streets, and I waited for her now and then at the door of the theatre; but at gates of respectability, at balls, and at assemblies, I, alas! was never 'called,' and never 'stopped the way.' Like a disabled soldier, I ceased to bear *arms*, and I was *crest*-fallen!

"This could not last: my mistress could little brook contempt, especially when she felt it to be deserved; her cheek lost its bloom, her eye its lustre; and when her beauty became less brilliant, she no longer possessed the only attraction which had made the captain her lover. He grew weary of her, soon took occasion to quarrel with her, and she was left without friends, without income, and without character. I was at length torn from her: it nearly broke

my springs to part with her; but I was dipatched to the bazaar in London, and saw no more of my lady.

"It happened to be a dull time of year, and for some months my wheels ceased to be rotatory: I got cold and damp; and the moths found their way to my inside: one or two persons who came to inspect me, declined becoming purchasers, and peering closely at my pannels, said something about 'old scratch.' This hurt my feelings, for if my former possessor was not quite so good as she might have been, it was no fault of mine.

"At length, after a tedious inactivity, I was bought cheap by a young physician, who having rashly left his provincial patients to set up in London, took it into his head that nothing could be done there by a medical man who did not go upon wheels; he therefore hired a house in a good situation, and then set *me* up, and bid my vendor put me down in his bill.

"It is quite astonishing how we flew about the streets and squares, *acting great practice;* those who knew us by sight must have thought we had a great deal to do, but we practised nothing but locomotion. Some medical men thin the population, so says Slander; my master thinned nothing but his horses. They were the only *good jobs* that came in his way, and certainly he made the most of them. He was obliged to *feed* them, but he was very rarely *feed* himself. It so happened that nobody consulted us, and the unavoidable consumption of the family infected my master's pocket, and his little resources were in a rapid decline.

"Still he kept a good heart; indeed, in one respect, he resembled a worm displayed in a quack's shop window—he was never out of spirits! He was deeply in debt, and his name was on every body's books, always excepting the

memorandum books of those who wanted physicians. Still I was daily turned out, and though nobody called him in, he was to be seen, sitting very forward, apparently looking over notes supposed to have been taken after numerous critical cases and eventful consultations. Our own case was hopeless, our progress was arrested, an execution was in the house, servants met with their deserts and were turned off, goods were seized, my master was knocked up and I was knocked down for one hundred and twenty pounds!

"Again my beauties blushed for a while unseen; but I was new painted, and, like some other painted personages, looked, at a distance, almost as good as new. Fortunately for me, an elderly country curate, just at this period, was presented with a living, and the new incumbent thought it incumbent upon him to present his fat lady and his thin daughter wiih a leathern convenience. My life was now a rural one, and for ten long years nothing worth recording happened to me. Slowly and surely did I creep along lanes, carried the respectable trio to snug, early, neighbourly dinners, and was always under lock and key before twelve o'clock. It must be owned I began to have rather an old-fashioned look; my body was ridiculously small, and the rector's thin daughter, the bodkin, or rather packing-needle of the party, sat more forward, and on a smaller space than bodkins do now-a-days. I was perched up three feet higher than more modern vehicles, and my two lamps began to look like little dark lanterns. But my obsoleteness rendered me only the more suited to the service in which I was enlisted. Honest Roger, the red-haired coachman, would have looked like Clown in the pantomime, in front of a fashionable equipage; and Simon the footboy, who slouched at my back, would have been mistaken for an idle urchin surreptitiously enjoying a ride.

it on my unsophisticated dickey and footboard no one uld doubt that Roger and Simon were in their proper aces. The rector died; of course he had nothing more do with the *living*, it passed into other hands; and a cler- l income being (alas, that it should be so!) no inheri- ce, his relict, suddenly plunged in widowhood and po- rty, had the aggravated misery of mourning for a dear shand, while she was conscious that the luxuries and most the necessaries of life were for ever snatched from erself and her child.

"Again I found myself in London, but my beauty was ne, I had lost the activity of youth, and when slowly I anced to creak through Long Acre, Houlditch, my very went, who was standing at his door sending forth a new- rn Britska, glanced at me scornfully, and knew me not! passed on heavily—I thought of former days of triumph, d there was madness in the thought—I became a *crazy* hicle, straw was thrust into my inward parts, I was umbered among the fallen—yes, I was now a hackney- iariot, and my number was one hundred!

"What tongue can tell the degradations I have endured! he persons who familiarly have *called* me, the wretches I ho have sat in me—never can this be told! Daily I take y stand in the same vile street, and nightly am I driven the minor theatres—to oyster-shops—to desperation! ne day, when empty and unoccupied, I was hailed by wo police officers who were bearing between them a risoner. It was the seducer of my second ill-fated mis- ress; a first crime had done its usual work, it had pre- ared the mind for a second and worse: the seducer had one a deed of deeper guilt, and I bore him one stage to- vards the gallows. Many months after, a female called ne at midnight, she was decked in tattered finery, and

what with fatigue and recent indulgence in strong liquors, she was scarcely sensible, but she possessed dim traces of past beauty. I can say nothing more of her, but that it was the fugitive wife whom I had borne to Brighton so many years ago. No words of mine could paint the living warning that I beheld. What had been the sorrows of unmerited desertion and unkindness supported by conscious rectitude, compared with the degraded guilt, the hopeless anguish, that I then saw.

"I regret to say, I was last month nigh committing manslaughter; I broke down in the Strand and dislocated the shoulder of a rich old maid. I cannot help thinking that she deserved the visitation, for, as she stepped into me in Oxford Street, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all neighbouring pedestrians: 'Dear me! how dirty! I never was in a hackney conveyance before!'—though I well remembered having been favoured with her company very often. A medical gentleman happened to be passing at the moment of our fall; it was my old medical master. He set the shoulder, and so skilfully did he manage his patient, that he is about to be married to the rich invalid, who will shoulder him into prosperity at last.

"I last night was the bearer of a real party of pleasure to Astley's:—a bride and bridegroom, with the mother of the bride. It was the widow of the old rector, whose thin daughter (by-the by, she is fattening fast) has had the luck to marry the only son of a merchant well to do in the world."

The voice suddenly ceased!—I awoke—the door was opened, the steps let down—I paid the coachman double the amount of his fare, and in future, whenever I stand in need of a jarvey, I shall certainly make a point of calling for number *one hundred.*

THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

I LAY without my father's door, a wretched dwarfish boy;
I did not dare to lift the latch,—I heard the voice of joy;
Too well I knew when *I* was near my father never smiled;
And she who bore me turn'd away, abhorring her poor child.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed my parents with his gold!
Oh! deeper shame awaited me—the dwarfish boy was sold!
They never loved me, never claim'd the love I *could* have felt;
And yet, with bitter tears, I left the cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seem'd more kind to me, he spoke of brighter days;
He lured each slumb'ring talent forth, and gave unwonted praise;
Unused to smiles, how ardently I panted for applause!
And daily he instructed me—too soon I learn'd the cause.

I stood upon his native shore; the secret was explain'd;
I was a vile, degraded slave, in mind and body chain'd!
Condemn'd to face, day after day, the rabble's ruffian gaze;
To shrink before their merriment, or blush before their praise!

In anguish I must still perform the oft-repeated task;
And courteously reply to all frivolity may ask!
And bear inhuman scrutiny, and hear the hateful jest!
And sing the song—then crawl away to tears instead of rest!

I know I am diminutive, aye, loathsome, if you will;
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not a human being still?
With feelings, sensitive as *yours* perhaps, I have been born;
I could not wound a fellow man in mockery, or scorn!

But *some* there are who seem to shrink away from me at first,
And *then* speak kindly; to *my* heart *that* trial is the worst!
Oh, then I long to kneel to them, imploring them to save
A hopeless wretch, who only asks an honourable grave!

THE FATHERLESS.

"Come mither, 'tis thy father, boy!
Receive him with a kiss."—
"Oh, mother, mother! do not jest
On such a theme as *this*:
Though I was but a little child,
How bitterly I cried,
And clung to thee in agony,
When my poor father died."

"Come, child, this is no time to weep,
Partake thy mother's joy;
The husband of my choice will prove
A parent to my boy."—
"Oh, mother! mother, say not so,
I cast no blame on thee,
But yon gay stranger cannot feel
A father's love for me."

"Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed"—
"No, mother, not for *mine*,
I do not ask in all the world,
One smile of love, save thine:
Oh! say why is the widow's veil
So early thrown aside?
The hateful rumour *is not* true?
Thou wilt not be a bride?

"Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget
How hand in hand we crept
To *my own* honour'd father's bed,
To watch him as he slept;
And do you not remember still
His fond but feeble kiss?"—
"Alas! such thoughts but little suit
A day—of joy—like this."—

"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,
This is no home for me;
I cannot bear to breathe one word
Of bitterness to thee.
My father placed my hand in thine,
And bade me love thee well,
And how I love, these tears of shame
May eloquently tell.

"Thou say'st yon stranger loves thy child;
I see he strives to please;
But, mother, do not be his bride,
I ask it on my knees:
I us'd to listen to his voice
With pleasure, I confess;
But call him husband! and I shrink
Asham'd of his caress.

"Had I been younger when he died,
Scarce conscious of his death,
I might perhaps have smiled to see
Thy gems and bridal wreath:
My memory would have lost a tie
So very lightly link'd,
Resigning that dear form, which *now*
Is vividly distinct.

"Had I been older—more inured
To this world's cold career,
I might have sought a festival
To check a filial tear:
Gay banners find gay followers—
But, from their station hurl'd,
The gay forget them, and pursue
The next that is unfurl'd.

"But I am of an age to prize
The being in whom blend
The love and the solicitude
Of Monitor and Friend:
He plann'd my boyish sports, and shar'd
Each joy and care I felt;
And taught my infant lips to pray,
As by his side I knelt.

"Yet deem not mine an impious grief;
No, mother, thou wilt own
With cheerfulness I spoke of him
When we have been alone.
But bring no *other* father here—
No, mother, we must part;
The feeling that I 'm Fatherless
Weighs heavy on my heart."

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That bless'd her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please with all
My little store of sense;
I *strove* to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful?
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learn'd to know thy worth;—
For even *there*, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claim'd
A smile or an embrace.
But when *I* rais'd my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses deck'd;
I did not covet *them*: but oft,
When wantonly reprov'd,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so belov'd.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too,—
For Sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw:
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillow'd her poor head.
She liv'd!—and lov'd me for my care!—
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I *have* a friend.

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

I dare thee to forget me! Go, wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the sabre's hilt;
Away! thou'rt free! o'er land and sea go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought! thy curse shall be to *think!*

Remember me! remember all my long-enduring love
That link'd itself to perfidy; the vulture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly; thy curse *shall* be—to *think!*

Then go! *that* thought will render thee a dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will fill thee with affright;
In some vile dungeon may'st thou lie, and, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be—to *think!*

Go! seek the merry banquet hall, where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of *me* shall make thee there endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will be—to *think!*

Forget me! false one, hope it not! when minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days will gall thee while they sing;
The air I us'd to love will make thy coward conscience shrink—
Aye, ev'ry note will have its sting—thy curse will be—to *think!*

Forget me! No, that shall not be! I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks that overhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! *My* feeble arm shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse will be—to *think!*

TWENTY YEARS!

—

They tell me twenty years are past
Since I have look'd upon thee last,
And thought thee fairest of the fair,
With thy sylph-like form and light brown hair!
I can remember every word
That from those smiling lips I heard:
Oh! how little it appears
Like the lapse of twenty years!

Thou art changed! in thee I find
Beauty of another kind;
Those rich curls lie on thy brow
In a darker cluster now;
And the sylph hath given place
To the matron's form of grace:—
Yet how little it appears
Like the lapse of twenty years!

Still thy cheek is round and fair;
'Mid thy curls not one grey hair;
Not one lurking sorrow lies
In the lustre of those eyes:
Thou hast felt, since last we met,
No affliction, no regret!
Wonderful! to shed no tears
In the lapse of twenty years;

But what means that changing brow?
Tears are in those dark eyes now!
Have my rash, incautious words
Waken'd Feeling's slumbering chords?
Wherefore dost thou bid me look
At yon dark-bound journal book?—
There the register appears
Of the lapse of twenty years!

Thou hast been a happy bride,
Kneeling by a lover' side;
And unclouded was thy life,
As his loved and loving wife:
Thou hast worn the garb of gloom,
Kneeling by that husband's tomb;
Thou hast wept a widow's tears
In the lapse of twenty years;

Oh! I see my error now,
To suppose, in cheek and brow,
Strangers may presume to find
Treasured secrets of the mind:
There fond Memory still will keep
Her vigil, when she *seems* to sleep;
Though composure re-appears
In the lapse of twenty years!

WIT AND FOLLY.

Once Folly tried to cheat the world
  Assuming Wit's demeanor,
And thought (poor fool!) the darts *she* hurl'd
  Than Wit's *own* darts were keener!
While those of Wit were used in sport,
  And dipp'd in Pleasure's chalice,
Young Folly us'd another sort
  Whose only point was Malice.

A sly and secret aim she took
  But e'er one heart was wounded,
Upon *herself* by some ill luck
  Each venom'd shaft rebounded:
So wisdom ventured to express
  This gentle hint to guide her,
"When Wit takes aim with most success,
  Good nature stands beside her."

I HAVE NOT KNOWN THEE LONG.

I have not known thee long, Sir Knight,
  Yet oft I've heard thy name;
For in our village we delight
  To trace a Hero's fame;
I've thought of thee, I'll not deny,
  Until I seem'd to know
The very glance of that dark eye
  Which awed my Country's foe.

Yet never lightly prize the heart
That seems so lightly won;
'Tis surely a dissembler's part
That which we love, to shun!
And *I'd* dissemble if I thought
Such guile thou would'st approve;
But no—the maid that *you* have sought,
Must glory in your Love.

I'll follow you throughout the world,
To danger or to death;
But should we see the banner furl'd,
The weapon in it's sheath,
We'll love as fondly to the last,
And hand in hand we'll roam,
As if our days had all been past
Within a peaceful home.

SIR HUGH IS GONE TO PALESTINE.

Sir Hugh is gone to Palestine, to fight the Paynim foe,
Oh! Ladies should have fortitude when Lords are forc'd to go;
And Lady Kate well knows this truth, a beauteous Dame is she,
And smiling is her solitude, *if* solitude it be:
Her casement overlooks the sea, and there she sits all day—
Oh! is it not to sorrow o'er her plighted Lord's delay!
And nightly burns a taper there! oh! is it not to guide
The vessel of her plighted Lord across the stormy tide!

Sir Hugh is gone to Palestine, and there he must remain;
Oh! Lady fair! thy watchful days, thy beacon light are vain;
And yet they say, within the bay, *another* light is seen
Borne nightly by a stranger bark! what *can* such signal mean!
Conceal'd beneath the battlement there is a secret gate,
Known only to the Castle's Lord, and to his plighted mate;
Until her own dear Lord's return, shall *other* hands be taught
To touch the secret spring?—away—we spurn the hateful thought.

Again she lights her taper, and looks forth upon the deep—
No answer from the stranger bark!—why, Lady, dost thou weep!
That signal at the secret gate!—she throws it open wide—
And instantly a knight in arms is standing at her side:
"Oh Edgar, art thou come at last! Nay speak to me"—she cries—
His helm is rais'd!—she shrinks before those dark indignant eyes!
Sir Hugh is come from Palestine! he spurns his plighted bride,
And Edgar's life-blood mingles with the Ocean's ebbing tide.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

His foot in the stirrup, his hand on the rein,
Why turns the young knight from his charger again?
How lately his dark eye was kindled with rage!
How lately he summon'd his little foot page!
He vow'd he would ride from the castle to day,
—And ev'ning is coming; oh! why doth he stay?

His Lady Love danced with another last night;
He came to upbraid her—her partner to fight;
She laugh'd at his anger, and from her he flew,
Exclaiming: for ever, false Lady, adieu!
He summon'd his charger, and brooked not delay;
And *now* it is ready—oh! why doth he stay?

Again to her chamber he silently steals!
Before her again the poor penitent kneels!
Again her white fingers are clasp'd in his own!
Again his plum'd bonnet beside him is thrown!
The steed and the Page are forgotten to day!
The lady is smiling! The Lover will stay!

LEA'S BRIDAL DAY.

"To morrow is my bridal day" The lovely Lea cries,
And gazes from her casement on the calm and starry skies;
"Tomorrow is my bridal day, and I shall bid farewell,
"To the home so very dear to me, where my little sisters dwell.
"Oh! bring my bridal garments here, such thoughts will make me weep;
"The showy robe—the jewel'd chain—I'll see them e'er I sleep;
"And come, my little sisters, kneel beside me while I pray;—
"Why are my spirits thus depress'd, so near my bridal day!"

The night is past—and Lea stands before the casement now,
Her hands press back the raven curls from off her marble brow;
She gazes like a trembling child by midnight visions scared,
For some inevitable ill, some coming grief prepared!
Her sisters bring her bridal robe, her jewels, and her wreath,
She heeds them not, but watches still the path accoss the heath;
They tell her it is time to dress, she motions them away,
And whispers: "let me have my will upon my bridal day."

It is the Bridal hour, and the guests are at the gate;—
What gloom pervades the festival! the Bridegroom too is late!
The Bridemaids in their gayest robes are all assembled there;
But the Bride is pale and unadorned—the statue of despair!
"He comes! he comes!" at length she cries "I have not watch'd in vain"!
They hear a lifeless Bridegroom in, and by his Rival slain!
A Bride scarce living waits for him—"The rites no more delay,
I dying plight my troth to him—'tis still my Bridal day!"

HE RODE BY AT MORN.

He rode by at morn on his courser so black,
And he said that at noon we should see him ride back,
Like a Bridegroom who speeds to his Bride he was drest,
A plume is his cap and a rose at his breast;
Look forth from the casement, look over the plain
We shall see him ride by on his courser again.

I hear the steed coming.—His form I discern—
No, 'tis not the rider who pass'd me at morn!
'Tis his rival, whose right arm encircles the waist
Of a Lady whose light form before him is plac'd;
So swiftly they pass that pursuit will be vain,
Oh! when will the poor Lover pass us again.

Another steed comes; but so tardy his pace,
He seems like the jaded one last in a race,
The face of the Rider is clouded with gloom,
His rose bud is faded, and broken his plume:
He gaily rode by us at morn—but 'tis plain
Displeased with his journey he rides back again.

I LOVED HIM—BUT I LEFT HIM.

I loved him, but I left him! 'twas a cruel day for me,
They said he had another Bride who dwelt far o'er the sea;
They said I was no wife to him, altho' I bore his name,
And I left him, tho' I lov'd him! oh! was I then to blame?
I heard him spurn the rumour, how happy was my heart,
I bade him prove his innocence, and urged him to depart,
And as he went, I smiling said: "I have not been deceiv'd,
"Oh! say thou hast no other wife."—He said—and I believ'd!

He kiss'd me when he left me, and his tears fell on my cheek,
I bade him call me "*Wife*" again—he wept—and could not speak;
I saw him go without a tear! tears would have look'd like dread,
And *if* misgivings chill'd my heart, still not one tear I shed!
I smiling wav'd my hand to him as on the beach I knelt,
I veil'd from ev'ry friendly eye the agony I felt;
'Twas in the solitude of Home that secretly I griev'd
For one whose truth I would have given worlds to have believ'd.

He came not—and he comes not—and I look not for him now;
I am no Bride—altho' I heard him breathe a Bridal vow;
I am not guilty, yet I shun the eyes of all I meet,
And feel like a Deceiver, tho' the victim of Deceit!
He has another happy home! my story whisper'd *there*,
Might teach a fond confiding heart to doubt,—and to despair!
Oh! may she never hear *my* name! may he be still believ'd;
And never see the grave of Her, who loved—and was deceiv'd.

MAY THY LOT IN LIFE BE HAPPY.

May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me,
The God who shelters innocence thy guard and guide will be;
Thy heart will lose the chilling sense of hopeless love at last,
And the sunshine of the future chase the shadows of the past.

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend,
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles, and wordly words, I could not pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to meet thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee deck'd in fashion's bright array;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,
When thro' the trees the ev'ning breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay—and thought of none but thee;
And I have seen thy bright array—when it was worn for me;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,
With joy—that pass'd away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough:
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow,
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more—yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.
No:—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me.

THE FORSAKEN TO HER FATHER.

Oh! name him not, unless it be
In terms I shall not blush to hear;
Oh! name him not: though false to me,
Forget not he was once so dear;
Oh! think of former happy days
When none could breathe a dearer name,
And if you can no longer praise,
Be silent, and forbear to blame.

He *may be—all* that you have heard;
If *proved* 'twere folly to defend;
Yet pause e'er you believe one word
Breath'd gainst the honor of a Friend:
How many seem in haste to tell
What Friends can never wish to know;
I answer—*once* I knew him well,
And *then*, at least, it was not so!

You say when all condemn him thus,
To praise him leads to disrepute:
But had the whole world censured *us*,
Father, *He* would not have been mute!
He may be changed, and he may learn
To slander Friends, as others do;
But if *we* blame him, *we* in turn
Have learnt that hateful lesson too.

Desertion of myself, his worst,
His only crime perhaps may prove:
Shall *He* of all men, be the *first*
Condemn'd for being false in love?
The world has never yet denied
Its' favor to the falsest heart;
Its sanction rather seems to guide
The hand again to aim the dart!

You hate him, Father, for you know
That he was cruel to your child,
Alas! I strove to hide my woe,
And when you look'd on me I smil'd:
But on my faded cheek appears
An evidence of all I've felt,
I pray'd for strength, but falling tears
Betray'd my weakness as I knelt!

Oh! hate him not! he *may* have seen
Some error that was never meant;
And love, you know, hath ever been
Prone to complain, and to resent:
Hate him not, Father! nor believe
Imputed crimes, 'till they are proved;
And *proof* should rather make us grieve
For one, who *once* was so beloved.

THE SONG OF THE DYING BARD.

My Harp! I still hold thee!
My feeble hand clings.
Around thee to waken
The voice of thy strings:
That voice was my glory,
And now that the skill
Of the minstrel must leave me,
'Tis dear to me still:
Oh! dearer than ever!
My Harp! if thou hast
One note, I invoke it;
The sweetest! the last!

Ah! well I remember
How proudly I nurst
My powers in secret,
When feeling them first!
Now waking thy numbers
With Hope in my breast;
Now throwing thee from me,
Dejected, deprest!
Yet dearer than ever,
My Harp! if thou hast
One note, I invoke it,
The sweetest! the last!

'Tis early to leave thee,
'Tis early to lose
The young Bard's ambition
The wreath of the muse:

And feeling within me
Fresh fountains of thought,
To die—leaving others
The Triumph I sought!
Oh! dearer than ever,
My harp, if thou hast
One note, I invoke it,
The sweetest, the last!

THE PILGRIM.

Where is the daring Rover,
The brigand of the deep?
Can such a restless spirit lie
Lull'd into peaceful sleep!
His name was a word of terror!
His deeds were a theme for song!
Where is he now?—oh! the Rover's prow
Was never at rest so long!

Where is the graceful Lover
So daintily array'd?
So famed above all other youths
For dance and serenade!
None question'd the nameless stranger
Beguil'd by his voice and lute;
Where doth he stray? oh! the Lover's lay
Hath never so long been mute!

Behold yon lonely Pilgrim
In penitential prayer;
His hands are folded on his breast,
His cheek is pale with care:
You look on the graceful Lover!
You look on the Rover chief!
—'Tis thus Remorse brings a change far worse
Than is wrought by Time or Grief.

SHALL WE EVER BE HAPPY AGAIN?

Shall we ever be happy again?
Shall we ever wake in the morning,
Without that ominous gloom,
Which seems the heart's sure warning
Of something sad to come?
Shall we ever lie down to slumber
Without that thought of care,
To morrow will add to the number
Of ills that we must bear?
Shall we ever be happy again?

Shall we ever be happy again?
Shall we ever in summer hours
Walk under the trees near home,
And gather the fragrant flow'rs,
And talk of bright days to come?
Unseen, shall I know I am near thee,
By hearing thy cheerful voice?
Oh! sing as I used to hear thee,
And I shall again rejoice;
Shall we ever be happy again?

A LEGEND OF KILLARNEY.

CHAPTER I.

EXHAUSTED by the fatigue of a long journey in a hot September day, we sat at the window of the Kenmare Arms, languidly looking into the High-street of Killarney, and scarcely noticing the groups of idlers who passed before us. Never did weary traveller rest in more comfortable quarters, and never did he obtain good fare and civility on more reasonable terms.

"Well," said I to our host, as he entered, "what success? Have you secured a good boat's crew for the morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied the landlord, (whose reply, had he been an Irishman, I should not have ventured to put on paper, as I abhor an Englishman's caricature of the brogue, while I adore the animated sketches of a Morgan or an Edgeworth.) "Yes, sir; the very best cockswain, four good rowers, and above all, Serjeant Spillane, whose bugle charms every stranger that comes amongst us."

"That's well," said I; "let all be in readiness early in the morning; fishing-tackle to catch salmon, a gun to rouse the echoes, and plenty of provisions for the crew."

"Certainly, sir," said the host, who still seemed inclined to linger. "*You* have been fortunate, for there is not a boat now disengaged. There is a young gentleman below, sir, who seems very anxious to go on the lake to-morrow; and I believe he'll be obliged to stay at home."

"We have been fortunate indeed, then."

"Yes, sir. But, as I was saying to the young lad,

(a college lad, I take it, from England,) if, now, any one who has a boat would let you join him—"

"Well," said I laughing, "I see your drift; what is your young friend like?"

"Oh! quite a gentleman! pale, and thin, and very genteel."

After a moment's consultation with my companions, it was decided that we could not be so unsociable as to refuse accommodation to a young fellow-countryman, wandering, like ourselves, in search of the picturesque; and, moreover, pale, thin, and very genteel. We therefore desired the landlord to inform the young man that we should be happy if he would join our party.

The next morning was as beautiful and as bright as any that ever dawned upon a tourist; and without those too frequent accompaniments to a party of pleasure, umbrellas, cloaks, and changes of *hose*, we hastened to Ross Castle, the place of embarkation, not a little anxious to see our companion.

He was, indeed, pale and thin, and thoroughly what I believe the ladies call *interesting*. He blushed as he bowed to us, and he seemed reserved, but yet there was no awkwardness, no *mauvaise honte* in his manner.

We spoke to him at first frequently, and he always answered with politeness, but it was merely an answer that he uttered; and, as he never volunteered an observation, we soon relapsed into silence: indeed, I could not help thinking, as he turned from me, and leant over the side of the boat, gazing on the deep clear water, that there was a something in the curl of his lip which seemed to say, 'how can you teaze me with common-place remarks amid such scenes as these!"

I perceived that the boatmen thought him very stupid, and I confess I began to be of their opinion, when I saw him recline for hours silently looking on the water, the sky, or the holly and arbutus trees that crowned the rocks.

At length, after passing up the romantic narrow stream that unites the upper and lower lakes, we approached the Eagle's Nest, and Spillane blew a loud blast on his bugle.

The few wild notes were beginning to die away, when, far off upon the mountain, those notes were repeated!—and again! and again! and again!—far, far away, as if in some deep unseen recesses, those few wild notes were repeated more faintly, until all was again silent.

One of the boatmen began to speak, but our pale companion, who was standing with distended eyes, and lips apart, seized him by the arm and murmured '*silence*,' in a deep agitated voice; nor did he relax his hold, and change his posture until the last faint echo had long been hushed. He then passed his hand hastily over his eyes, threw himself into his old place in the boat, and relapsed into his former stupid-looking attitude. Whenever we paused to catch a fine view of the lakes, or to listen to one of the echoes, he was all animation; but when the boatmen told us to look at one rock because it resembled a man-of-war, or at another, because it was like a cannon, he did not deign to turn his head towards these wonders.

We landed at Glenaa Island, where we dined; but our pale companion was invisible during the repast; he seemed to prefer rambling by himself; and when we hailed him, that we might re-embark, he hastily concealed a little book and a pencil, and once more sat silent by my side.

Towards evening, as we were slowly coasting the Turk lake, the cockswain pointed out various fantastically shaped

rocks, designating one as O'Dognohoe's Eagle, another as O'Dognohoe's Cloisters, another as O'Dognohoe's Wine Cellar.

"This O'Dognohoe seems to have been a person of importance here," said I; "tell me who he was, or show him to me."

"We shall not see him, sir, to-night, it's to be hoped," said the oldest boatman of the crew, with that nationally characteristic expression, which, as I said before, I dare not imitate. He informed me that O'Dognohoe had, in his time, been a chieftain of gigantic stature, who performed all sorts of wonderful feats. That his shade still haunted the lakes, and regularly paid them a visit once in seven years, walking on the water, dressed in white with a big three-cocked hat. He himself had been the last living person favoured with a glimpse of the spirit, which event happened just fourteen years before.

Our pale companion was now listening intently. "Fourteen years!" he exclaimed, "and he visits the lake every seventh year; he has been here once since you met him, and we have a chance of meeting him to-night!"

The suggestion of this possibility seemed by no means to gratify the old man, who told us that whoever had the luck to meet O'Dognohoe was sure to meet mischance afterwards.

"And," said I, "can no one tell me more of O'Dognohoe? Had he no mistress? Is there no love story connected with these beautiful lakes?"

The old boatman had no story for me, and though he dwelt much upon the certain fact of his having seen this same O'Dognohoe, the meeting seemed to have taken place to little purpose.

"What," cried the pale lad, "have you no legends?

For shame!—there ought to be—There *must* be a legend connected with every lovely bay, every green island, every bright waterfall that we have passed this morning; the very echoes prattle of romance! who can listen to those unearthly responses, without imagining that he hears the revelry or the wailings of the guardian spirits of the mountain and the lake? "

"True," I replied; "yet these fellows can only talk of O'Dognohoe, without even giving us his history! I shall be sorry to go hence without hearing one legend of Killarney."

Our pale companion blushed as he replied: "If you can be content with an Englishman's method of telling an Irish tale, *I* will venture to give you one."

CHAPTER II.

There was *once upon a time*, near the western coast of Ireland, a romantic valley inhabited by a few peasants, whose rude cabins were surrounded by the most luxuriant trees, and sheltered by mountains rising almost perpendicularly on every side. Ireland has still many beautiful green vales, but there is not one so deeply, so securely nestled among the hills, as the one of which I speak. Add the depth of the deepest of these lakes to the height of the loftiest mountain that towers above us, and you may *then*, form some idea of the deep seclusion of this forgotten valley.

Norah was the prettiest girl in the little village. She was the pride of her old father and mother, and the admiration of every youth who beheld her. The cottage of her parents was the neatest in the neighbourhood: Norah knew how to make the homeliest chamber look cheerful,

and the honeysuckle round the casement was taught by her hand to twine more gracefully than elsewhere.

There was but one spring of water in this valley; it was a little well of the brightest and clearest water ever seen, which bubbled up from the golden sand, and then lay calmly sleeping in a basin of the whitest marble. From this basin, there did not appear to be any outlet; the water ran into it incessantly, but no one could detect that any part of it escaped again! It was a Fairy well!

In those days there were Fairies! so says the legend, and so says Crofton Croker, that inimitable historian of the *little people* of Ireland in the olden time: ours it not a story involving in its detail national habits and characteristics; on such ground who would dare to compete with HIM? Not I.

To return to the well: it was, as I said before, a Fairy well, and was held in great veneration by the inhabitants of the valley.

There was a tradition concerning it which had time out of mind been handed down from parent to child. It was covered with a huge stone, which, though apparently very heavy, could be removed with ease by the hand of the most delicate female; and it was said to be the will of the Fairy who presided over it, that all the young girls of the village should go thither every evening after sunset, remove the stone, and take from the marble basin as much water as would be sufficient for the use of each family during the ensuing day; above all, it was understood to be the Fairy's strict injunction that each young maiden, when she had filled her pitcher, should carefully replace the stone; if at any time this were to be neglected, the careless maiden would bring ruin on herself, and all the inhabitants

of the valley; for if the morning sun ever shone upon the water, inevitable destruction would follow.

Often did Norah trip lightly to the well with her pitcher in her hand, singing the wild melodies of her country, with her beautiful hair decorated with the bright red berries of the mountain-ash, or the ripe fruit of the arbutus tree, and leaning over the bubbling spring, fill her pitcher, carefully replace the stone, and return to her parents without one sad thought to drive away sleep from her pillow.

This could not last for ever: Norah was formed to be beloved, and soon a stranger youth came to the valley,—a soldier—one who had seen the world. He was clad in armour, and he talked of brighter scenes: ah! could there be a brighter scene than that lone valley? He dazzled the poor girl's eye, and he won her heart; and when she went at sunset to fetch water from the fairy well, Coolin was always at her side.

Her old parents could not approve of such an attachment. The young soldier's stories of camps and courts possessed no charms for them, and when they saw that Norah loved to listen to him, they reproved their child for the first time in their lives, and forbad her in future to meet the stranger. She wept, but she promised to obey them, and, that she might avoid a meeting with her lover, she went that evening to the well by a different path to that which she had been accustomed to take.

She removed the stone, and having filled the pitcher, she sat down by the side of the well and wept bitterly. She heeded not the hour: twilight was fast fading into the darkness of night, and the bright stars which studded the heavens directly over her head, were reflected in the crystal fountain at her feet.

Her lover stood before her.

"Oh! come not here," she cried, "come not here; I have promised not to meet you: had I returned home when my task was done, we never should have met! I have been disobedient; oh! why did I ever see you? you have taught me how to weep!"

"Say not so, dearest Norah," replied the young soldier; "come with me."

"Never! never!" she emphatically exclaimed, as she hastily arose, and advanced from the well. "I, who never broke my word, have broken it to-night! I said I would not meet you and we have met." She uttered this in an agony of tears, walking wildly forwards, whilst Coolin, with her hand clasped in both of his, walked by her side endeavouring to pacify her.

"Your fault, if it be one," said he, kindly, "was involuntary: your parents will forgive you, and when they know how tenderly I love you, they will no longer reject me as their son. You say you cannot leave them; well, well; I perhaps may stay here, may labour for them and for you. What is there I would not resign for my Norah? You are near your home, give me one smile; and now, dearest, good night."

Norah did smile upon him, and softly opening the wicket, stole to her own chamber, and soon fell asleep, full of fond thoughts of the possibility of her parents' sanction to her lover's suit.

She slept soundly for several hours.—

At last, awaking with a wild scream she started from her bed. "The well! the well!" she cried, "I neglected to replace the stone! It cannot yet be morning.—No—no—no, the gray dawn is just appearing: I will run, I shall be in time."

As she flew along the well-known path, the tops of the eastern hills were red with the near approach of sunrise. Is that the first sunbeam that gilds yonder mountain? No! it cannot be—she will yet be in time!

Norah had now reached a spot from whence, looking downwards she could see the well, at the distance of a few hundred yards. She stood like a statue; her eyes were fixed; one hand grasped her forehead, with the other she pointed forwards. So suddenly had amazement arrested her flight, that her attitude retained the appearance of motion: she might have passed for the statue of a girl running, but she was motionless. The unclouded morning sun was shining brightly on the spot: the spring, once so gentle, was now sending forth a foaming torrent, which was rapidly inundating the valley. Already the alarmed villagers were rushing from their cabins, but Norah did not move: her hand was still pointed towards the spot, but she appeared unconscious of danger.

Still the foaming torrent poured forth, and the water approached the spot where she stood: Coolin, who had been seeking her every where, now ran towards her: his footstep roused her, and, crying, "My parents! save them!" she fell at his feet.

He bore her in his arms up a hill which was near them: still the torrent raged behind them: still the vast flood became wider and deeper.

When they reached the summit of the hill, it appeared to be a wooded island; water surrounded them on every side, and their resting-place became gradually smaller and smaller.

Many other green islands were to be seen, some less extensive than that on which they had found a temporary

security; and these gradually grew smaller and smaller, and vanished one by one.

"Oh! that we were on the summit of yon mountain," said Coolin; and kissing Norah's pale cheek, he cried, "Is there no hope? my poor girl, my own dear love!"

"My parents!—my parents!"—exclaimed Norah, "where are they?—Oh! they have perished, the victims of their only child's disobedience!"

Clasped in each other's arms the lovers awaited their doom. The waters still rose higher and higher—the island became indistinct—it was a speck—it was gone!

The cause of the calamity having expiated her error, the wrath of the Fairy was appeased. The waters rose no more; but the beautiful valley of the Fairy well now lies buried under the clear waters of the LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

Our companion had warmed with his subject; he was no longer pale, and so well had we performed our parts as listeners, and so evident was the interest we had felt in the tale, that a mutual good understanding was at once established between us. The youth had proved himself not to be the stupid nonentity we had supposed him; and he, having observed our fixed attention, condescended to believe that *we* were not the mere feasting, idle, *party-of-pleasurists* he had thought us.

We at last became quite sociable, nay, almost confidential: as we proceeded homewards, he drew from his pocket the little book which he had before taken such pains to conceal; though diffident in the glare of noonday, he was self-possessed in the twilight; and when I inquired whether the scenery had inspired him, he told us he had only been invoking the Fairies.

"This little book is full of rhymes," said he; "they are not worth showing." To avoid further solicitation, however, he read us the following stanzas:

Oh! where do Fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills;
When frost has chill'd their mossy beds,
And crystalized their rills?—
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
And draughts of dew they cannot sip
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small blue diving bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves:
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal they maintain,
And cheer their little spirits thus
Till green leaves come again.

When they return, there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And mystic rings upon the earth,
And mischief every where!
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be Fairy proof
When green leaves come again.

That night we parted with our companion. He was to rise early the following morning to proceed in search of fresh beauties, and we were to return to the city of Cork. I never part with one who has accidentally been my companion in a pleasant excursion without a melancholy feeling: we have been by chance shuffled together in the pack of human beings *once* in our lives, and

the chances of the game are much against our ever finding ourselves dealt face to face upon the same board again; I therefore shook hands with him with regret, and never expected to see him more.

My sensibility, however, was thrown away; six months after, I discovered him leisurely taking a slice of *the joint* at the Athenæum club, and at his elbow was a *cruet* containing half a pint of sherry. He studies Law at Gray's-inn, writes for periodicals, patronises poet's corner, and is to be seen almost daily at the Athenæum, at six o'clock, occupying the table to the left of the entrance door.

THE ARABIAN STEED.

"A steed that knows his rider."

BYRON.

ADA was the daughter of a powerful Rajah, who, in the reign of the Emperor Akbar, dwelt in a superb palace on the banks of the Jumna.

The Rajah was proud of his beautiful child, and loved her, as far as his stern nature was susceptible of such a passion. But the duties of his situation, and his warlike pursuits called him frequently from her; and much of the dark-eyed Hindoo's time was spent in dreary solitude amid the gardens of her father's palace.

Beautiful as those gardens were, sparkling with gilded pavilions, the air cooled with silver fountains, and rendered fragrant by the odour of every rare plant, still the perpetual solitude wearied her, the society of her female

attendants failed to interest her, and as she reclined beneath the pendant branches of a date tree, she sighed, and felt more like a prisoner in a cage, than a princess in the pleasure-garden of her palace.

She had dismissed her attendants, and lay thoughtfully leaning her head upon her hand, when a rustling amid the branches of an orange tree attracted her attention, and she started to her feet in an instant with an exclamation of alarm and surprise, as she distinctly saw among the clustering leaves and blossoms, the bright eyes and dark glowing features of a man.

The branches hastily parted, and a young Mahomedan rushing forward knelt before her.

"Who art thou?" she exclaimed, "mercy—mercy—I am defenceless—spare me!"

"Mercy," replied the Moor, "'tis *I* must crave mercy of *you*: *I* am defenceless fair lady. I am at *your* feet and in *your* power."

"What brought you here?" she replied, "know you not the danger?"

"A danger I have braved too often to heed it for an instant now."

"Often!—what mean you?"

"Daily at this hour, the hour of your solitary ramble, have I entered these gardens, daily have I lurked behind the shrubs that surround your favourite bower, daily have I gazed on you unseen."

Oh cruel—for what purpose?"

"My purpose! madness!—death!"

"Death? to *me* who never wronged you, who never injured a human being?"

"To *you*, Lady—no, no—not to you—I would not harm *you* for the world."

"Death to whom then?"

"To myself."

"Why—what brought you here?"

"Accident, or perhaps idle curiosity first brought me here; and I looked on you for the first time: need I say why daily, after I had *once* beheld you, I came again?"

"Oh, if you are seen," cried Ada, "nothing can save you from my father's rage; you know the barrier, the awful, impassable barrier that divides your race from mine. —Madman, begone!"

The young Moor, whose face and form were such as might have been chosen by a sculptor who wished to represent the perfection of Eastern beauty, spoke not—moved not;—he continued kneeling before the agitated girl, while his dark brilliant eyes fixed upon her countenance seemed eagerly to read its varying expression, that memory might have a store of sweet thoughts to live upon, when the reality should no longer stand before him.

Ada could not bear the earnest gaze of those fond eyes; where was her anger, her indignation at the intrusion of the stranger?—gone! She called not for her attendants; no, she trembled lest they should come.

"I await my doom," at length murmured the intruder, "I scorn to fly: my dream of secret love is over; my stolen watchings, so dear, though so hopeless, are at an end: you will call your father's guards, and I shall die!"

"No, no—you shall *not* die—not if Ada can save you: I will not call them, no, I dread their coming."

"Then you forgive my boldness?"

"Yes—only begone—save yourself."

"Shall we meet again?"

"Never!"

"Then I will stay and die; better to die here, as your command, in your presence, than to go hence and linger out a life of hopeless love, never beholding you again."

Poor Ada had never been before addressed in love's sweet language. Her hand had been sought by princes and nobles, who, secure in her father's sanction, had addressed her in terms of admiration, but whose looks and accents were cold and spiritless when compared with the ardour of the of the youthful lover who knelt before her.

"For my sake, if not for your own, go," she cried.

"Then we may meet again?"

"Hear only leave me now; you know not half your peril. To-morrow is the annual festival in honour of Vishnu, I shall be there, and will contrive to speak to you;—Hark!" She pointed to the orange trees. A footstep was heard in the distance. The Moor grasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and was lost among the orange blossoms just as the chief officer of the Rajah entered the bower to inform Ada that her father desired her presence. She cast one anxious glance around her, breathed more freely when she found that her lover lay unsuspected in his fragrant ambush, and followed by her attendants, returned to the palace.

There was no festival in Hindostan so splendid as that celebrated annually in honour of Vishnu in the province over which the Rajah was governor. The gardens on the banks of the Jumna were splendidly decorated for the occasion, and at noon were filled with crowds of persons, all eager in their various situations either to see, or to be seen; to pay due reverence to Vishnu, or to be duly reverenced.

Kettle drums sounded, golden armour glistened, downy feathers waved in costly turbans; cavaliers bearing silver battle axes rode proudly on their prancing milk-white

steeds, and princely ladies were borne in glittering palankeens on the backs of elephants.

Ada was there, pale and sad; her stolen mysterious interview with her unknown lover was so recent, so unexpected, so unlikely to end happily, that she lay on her rose colour cushions, fanned by her favourite slave, without taking the trouble to draw aside the amber curtains of her litter to look upon the festivities which surrounded her.

Towards evening the gardens were illuminated with thousands of many coloured lamps; she raised herself and looked around her, but glancing hastily over bright vistas and radiant bowers, her eyes rested on a wide spreading tree beneath whose overshadowing branches a comparatively dark space remained. She there saw the figure of her unknown lover: he was leaning against the tree, with his eyes fixed upon her; she told her slave with assumed indifference that she had vowed to gather a cluster of the blossoms of that tree, *alone* to gather them, and desiring her to await her return, she hastened beneath the canopy formed by its boughs.

Selim was indeed there.

"Speak not," she earnestly whispered, "I must not stay for an instant, I dare not listen to *you*—but mark my words, and if you love me obey them:—I do not doubt your love, I do not doubt your constancy, but I shall appear obdurate both when you hear my request."

"Speak, lady, I will obey you," said the Moor.

"Go," whispered Ada, "buy the swiftest of Arabian steeds, ride him across yon plain three times in every day; in the morning, at noon, and in the evening; and every time you ride him, swim the Jumna on his back."

"Is that all," said Selim, "it shall be done."

"It is all," replied Ada, "to prove your love you will I know readily do it, but to prove your CONSTANCY, or rather to ensure our safety, it must be done three times every day for the space of one year!"

"A year!"

"Yes, and at the expiration of the year, at this festival, on this very day, if neither courage nor constancy have been wanting, meet me again on this spot:—I can wait for no reply—bless you, bless you!"

Ada, with a few leaves of the tree in her trembling hand, hastened back to her palankeen, and Selim, again alone, gazed from his shadowy hiding place on the gay festival, in which *his* eyes beheld one form alone. How brief seems the *retrospect* of one year of happiness! How slow, how interminable seems the same space of time, *in anticipation*, when we know that at its close some long looked for bliss will be obtained, some cherished hope realized!

Selim bought a steed, the whitest and the swiftest of the province, and he soon loved it dearly, for it seemed to be a living link connecting him with Ada.

He daily three times traversed the valley, and thrice he forded the deep and foaming river; he saw not his love, he received no token from her; but if his eyes did not deceive him, he occasionally saw a female form on the summit of her father's tower, and a snow-white scarf was sometimes waved as he speeded rapidly through the valley.

To Ada the year passed slowly, anxiously: often did she repent of her injunction to the Moor, when the sky was dark and stormy, and when the torrents from the mountains had rendered the Jumna impetuous and dangerous. Then on her knees on the Rajah's tower, she would watch for

her lover, dreading at every moment lest fear should make him abandon both her and the enterprize, and then praying that he might indeed forsake both rather than encounter the terrors of that foaming flood. Soon she saw him speeding from the dark forest; he plunged fearlessly into the river; he buffeted its waves; he gained the opposite shore; again and again she saw him brave the difficulty, again he conquered it, and again it was to be encountered. At length the annual festival arrived, the gardens were adorned with garlands, and resounded with music and gladness; once more, too, Selim stood beneath the shadow of the wide spreading tree.

He saw crowds assemble, but he heeded them not; he heard the crash of cymbals and the measured beat of the kettle drums. The Rajah passed near him, with his officers and armed attendants, and these were followed by a troop of damsels; then came Ada, the Rajah's daughter. She was no longer the trembling bashful girl he had seen at the former festival. Proudly and self-possessed she walked the Queen of the procession, her form glittering with a kingdom's wealth of diamonds. Selim's heart sunk within him —"she is changed, she will think no more of me!" he involuntarily exclaimed. But at that moment her dark eye glanced towards his hiding place.

She spoke to her attendants, and the procession passed while she approached the tree alone, and affected to gather some of its leaves.

"Are you faithful?" said she, in a low tone, "nay—I wrong you by the question;—I have seen that you are so: if you have courage, as you have constancy, you are mine, and I am yours—hush!—where is your steed?"

Selim held its bridle rein.

"Then in your hands I place my happiness," she added, "these gems shall be our wealth, and your truth my trust. Away! away!"

Selim in an instant bent Ada to the back of his Arabian, and ere the Rajah and his attendants were aware she had quitted the cavalcade, swift as the wind he bore her from the gardens.

The pursuit was instantaneous, and uttering curses and indignant reproaches; the Rajah and a hundred of his armed followers were soon close at the heels of the fugitives. "Follow!—follow!" exclaimed the foremost, "we gain upon them, we will tear her from the grasp of the Mahomedan. They approach the river's bank! and turbulent as it now is, after the storm of yesterday, they will either perish in its waters, or we shall seize them on its brink!"

Still they gained upon them; the space between the pursuers and the pursued became smaller and smaller, and the re-capture of Ada seemed certain.

When, lo! to the astonishment of those who followed him, Selim's well trained steed plunged into the foaming torrent, battled bravely with its waves, bore his burthen safely through them, and bounding up the opposite bank, continued his flight!

The pursuers stood baffled on the river's brink; their horses having been trained to no such feat as that they had just witnessed, it would have been madness to have plunged amid the eddying whirlpools of the swollen Jumna.

Every tale should have its moral. What then will be said of mine, which records the triumph of a disobedient child in a secret, unauthorised attachment? A temporary

triumph which so rarely leads to *happiness!* For this part of my story I have no apology to offer; but from the little history of Selim and Ada this small grain of moral inference may be extracted:—Ladies will do well to try the integrity and prove the constancy of their Lovers e'er they marry; and Lovers should endure trials and delays with fortitude, and thus prove the unchanging truth of their affection.

RETRENCHMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ashton had married for love; their union had been unsanctioned by his family; they had mutually decided that riches without affection never can produce happiness, and they had emigrated, to stretch the capabilities of five hundred per annum to their very utmost limits.

In such situations woman bears the change much better than man; she has her resources and employments; she is more easily satisfied; and, above all, she often loves with an affection so devoted, so regardless of all selfish feelings, that to be with the husband of her choice repays her for any privations or inconveniences to which she may be subjected.

There is too often a selfishness in the very repugnance with which a man sees the partner of his prudential retirement subjected to privations. He cannot bear to see *his* wife less finely dressed, less elegantly appointed, less ostentatiously attended than her neighbours.

For six years, Ashton and his young wife resided at Boulogne, without any addition to their pecuniary resources, and without any prospect of a favourable change.

But though their prospects did not brighten, and their cash did not accumulate, those events happened which generally add extensively to the expenditure of a small establishment.

They had four children, and consequently a demand for nursemaids, food, and diminutive raiment, often perplexed and harassed poor Frederick. He had taken a very small

cottage, and had very few servants; and though food of all kinds, and the wines of the country, were extremely cheap, still he found that his income was quite inadequate to supply him and his family with all that he had been used to consider as the mere necessaries of life.

Mary could have been quite happy and contented, had her husband appeared so. She drew, sang, worked, and read, and found or *made* a variety of employments. As the demand for *small millinery* increased, she made little caps and frocks, and laughed at her own ingenuity; till she saw the husband on whom she doated return home from a solitary ramble with a dissatisfied air, and a glance at her dress and employment, which plainly spoke his annoyance at seeing her in a station so little equal to her merits.

When Mary was engaged in her little household arrangements he often rambled alone, and frequently met a fashionable-looking young man, who was also always without a companion. They looked at each other, and passed reluctantly, and at length as Frederick was one day watching an English packet, approaching the shore in a heavy swell, he observed the unknown standing very near him, gazing on the same object. He addressed some trivial remark to him, which was courteously answered; instantly the flood-gates of conversation were opened, and the new acquaintances walked together for great part of the morning.

When they parted, the stranger gave his name, "Mr. Pilkington," and mentioned his address, and Frederick returned home much pleased with his ramble.

The intimacy increased, and Mary frequently heard of the pleasant Mr. Pilkington: every thing suggested Mr. Pilkington; all the English news, the rumours of London

politics, and Saint James's fashions, came from Mr. Pilkington.

"In fact, my love," said Frederick, "you must know Mr. Pilkington, for he is so very pleasant, he will be quite an acquisition to us. We'll ask Mr. Pilkington to dinner."

He came—he dined—he pleased;—and again and again Mr. Pilkington was invited, quite in the family way; and Mr. Pilkington always came. He was delighted with Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, and the dear little boys, and the dear little girls, and after a time he became quite domesticated.

A christening was in preparation; and it had often been debated between Frederick and Mary, whom they could ask to undertake the responsible office of godfather. They now unanimously voted for Mr. Pilkington, and he being in due form invited to become sponsor, in the most friendly manner possible, acquiesced, merely adding a complimentary stipulation, that the young gentleman should be called "Pilkington Ashton."

One night, when Mr. Pilkington retired, he quite accidentally mentioned that his rascally agent in London had neglected to forward to him a remittance which had been for some time due.

"How very annoying!" said Mary; "you are not seriously inconvenienced by the delay, I hope?"

"Why, unfortunately," replied Mr. Pilkington, "I had trusted to its punctual arrival, and have promised to make several payments."

Frederick instantly offered assistance, and after some trifling hesitation, Mr. Pilkington borrowed fifty pounds.

"I am so glad we were able to oblige him," said Frederick, "he is such a good fellow—what are you looking for, my love?"

"I can't find my watch," replied Mary; "so very provoking! I left it on the table—and the servants or the children must have meddled with it."

"Go, and look up stairs, you'll find it by and bye—what can I have done with my snuff-box?"

"Well, now, really there *is* no depending on servants—in England they're bad enough, but here, there's no enduring their roguery."

They next day Ashton called as usual at his friend Pilkington's lodgings. The landlord looked at him with a suspicious eye, and said; "Mr. Pilkington, indeed! I ought to ask *you*, for you seemed to know him best—he's off, however."

"Off!"

"Yes, off—here's an honest man, a countryman of yours, who calls himself a Bow-street officer, who perhaps has a knowledge of you too."

The officer appeared, and very soon satisfied Frederick. Mr. Pilkington, he said, was *one* Pilks, a notorious swindler, black-leg, and pick-pocket; who once kept a minor Hell in the neighbourhood of St. James's-street, and when hotly pursued by a gentleman who had lost a large sum to him, and suspected foul play, he discharged a pistol at his pursuer, and committed something very like murder. He probably had been informed of the officer's trip to Boulogne, and therefore had absconded.

"Good God!" said Ashton, "and this man was domesticated at my house! Well, it is fortunate we have only lost fifty pounds, and the snuff-box and watch."

The next evening he went with Mary to lounge for an hour on the ramparts; the moment they appeared, every eye was directed towards them, and in whatever part of the

walk they happened to be, *there* the crowd instantly follow-ed. For some time they were at a loss to conjecture the cause of this unwonted popularity; but they at length overheard the following remark:—

"That's one of the gang, walking about with his wife! He looks like a vagabond. He'll be off next."

Frederick and Mary very soon prepared to cross the water, determining to reside at some cheap English town. What had hapened to them at Boulogne, might however have occurred at any watering place; had Ashton with equal want of caution cultivated the acquaintance of one whose character and connections were unknown to him.

The proximity of Boulogne to the English coast renders it a tempting sanctuary for those who require a temporary shelter from the consequences of a violation of the laws of their own country. Boulogne therefore bears a bad name, and many persons who have never been there impute to it a worse character than it deserves.

In the estimation of the writer of these pages, England possesses not so pretty or so cheerful a watering place; and as a place of residence, there is no English provincial town that can boast of a more respectable or more agreeable society.

The stranger passing through will not discover this; respectability is quiet, and of course he who takes a hasty survey of the town will be more likely to meet with the disreputable loud talking swaggerer, than with the man who, when designated as "*gentlemanlike*," is almost always at the same time called "*quiet*."

Boulogne, in common with other watering places, is infested by the Gambler, the *Roué*, the Bully, the man of bad character, and the woman of none; but Boulogne by no means claims a monopoly of such personages.

Boulogne, I have admitted may be the sanctuary for the *Swindler*, but it also affords a refuge for the *Swindled*; and he who by the ignorance of an uneducated attorney, or the chicanery of an unprincipled one, finds himself suddenly and fraudulently deprived of an income which he had every reason to suppose had been legally settled upon himself, his wife, and his children, may at Boulogne effectually retrench his expenditure, and live with comfort on an income which in his native country would be inadequate.

He will at Boulogne find many highly respectable families no doubt circumstanced like himself; others who prefer spending a large income in a place where even the luxuries of life are cheap; and others who reside there to educate large families at one fourth the expence of English education. The average *riches* of the community may however not be large; nor do rich people go to reside at watering places on English ground. One fact respecting Boulogne may be asserted in its favor; there is no place where the really respectable are more difficult of access by doubtful characters. This is one favorable result of her bad name; it renders her residents doubly cautious, and notoriously disreputable men and women have been tolerated in the best circles of certain English watering places, who, for the reason I have named would not have been admitted in the best set at Boulogne. Many will smile incredulously at this assertion, but nevertheless I can assure them that such is the fact, but when I speak of the *best set*, I beg it to be distinctly understood that I do not by any means refer to those who make the most display.

As a watering place, Boulogne is delightful, the bathing so excellent, the town so gay looking, and so much

variety in its walks and drives, the views from the mountains, with the rich strawberry gardens beneath them, the pretty sailing vessels on the Liane, the smooth and dry sands for riding and driving, altogether I think it almost impossible for any one to spend the summer months at Boulogne (always supposing him to enjoy the society of some few friends) and not afterwards note down that summer as having been passed pleasantly. I should not blame Frederick Ashton and his Mary may be excused for preferring Boulogne, as a place of residence, to a dwelling in the main street of Southbury. But what shall we say of those who reside abroad for Fashion's sake, or for the purpose of making an excellent income adequate to all their reasonable wants, go a degree further, and purchase all that is foolish and unreasonable?

That man must be tasteless indeed who denies the attractions of the Continent: the beauties of Nature, the works of art, must tempt the enthusiast and the scholar; but he who, because times are bad, forsakes a country suffering like himself, and goes to buy cheap luxuries in a foreign land, is selfish and unfeeling.

A love match without a competency, is as little likely to be happy, as an eligible establishment without mutual affection. Frederick Ashton had now been married for six years, a period which in most instances may be considered a fair test of the probable continuance of domestic felicity.

But in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, it was otherwise: they had married on an income infinitely too small to afford to either of them a possibility of enjoying the refinements to which both had been accustomed. But being removed from their former associates, they were less likely to feel

the extent of the sacrifices they were making for each other. It is with many people endurable to retrench in *private*, but to have that retrenchment *detected* by a guest, would be deemed a serious evil. Such slaves are they to appearances!

The trial of their patience and their constancy was now, however, at hand.

Their removal from Boulogne was not effected without some trouble. Five hundred pounds a year will, alas! produce only two hundred and fifty pounds half yearly, and Mr. Pilkington, (*alias Pilks*), having walked off with fifty pounds, by the time all just demands were liquidated, Frederick's purse was considerably lightened.

At length, however, every thing was settled, and the whole family (including the young innocent, who so narrowly escaped being branded with the name of Pilkington) embarked for Dover.

Mary was sea sick, so was the nurse, so was Miss Ashton aged five years, so was Miss Louisa aged four, and so was Master Freddy aged three.

Sea sickness is very unbecoming, and this is, therefore, an awkward time to introduce the young ladies and gentlemen to the reader, but it must be done. We know that Venus rose from the sea, but never was a Venus known to ascend from the cabin of a steam packet after a tempestuous voyage.

The youngest twig of Ashton's olive branches, the fresh fatherless infant, who must at present be nameless, was too young to care much about the motion of the vessel, and being in the habit of "muling" (and other things mentioned by the immortal Shakspeare) "in its nurse's arms," in all places, and at all times, did the same things in the Dover packet without being *seasick*. The nurse, however, now "muled" *et cetera*, as much as the baby.

Mary and the first mate's babies were lying stretched on the deck, and to poor Frederick, therefore, devolved the duty of nursing the piccaninny.

Most men are very unfortunate in their attempts at soothing and amusing these miniature representatives of mankind. They hold them coarsely, dance them clumsily, and talk to them gruffly. Frederik did not succeed in his parental endearments, and baby squalled incessantly.

All the passengers looked at him as if they wished him overboard, and he began to feel angry with *them*, and with *himself*, and with the unfortunate baby also.

"An ill-tempered child, I suppose," said a cross lady.

"Not at all, ma'am," said Frederick.

"Rickety, I presume," said another, who was *ill*.

"It's the gentleman's fault," cried another.

"I will kill it, Sir!"

Frederick began to think so too, and yet was half inclined to say, "If I do, it's my own, and no business of your's."

"It's starving," said one.

"Wants its breakfast," said another.

Frederick inwardly agreed with them, and wished himself a wet nurse.

Some ladies, who were sitting in a carriage on the deck, put down one of the windows and looked out at him; he endeavoured to hide his face in the baby's flannel *overalls*.

"Steward," cried a lady from the carriage, "steward, pray come here." And when he obeyed the summons, Frederick could make out "horrid man—vile infant—ought not to be allowed—have you no place below for that class of people?—we shall die—have you no female steward? send her here—Oh!"

At length the vessel got into smooth water, Frederick

delivered up his charge into the arms of the nurse, and walked the deck with his haggard, dripping, and dishevelled wife and children. The carriage door opened, and four elegantly dressed females stepped from it, in whom he immediately recognised some former acquaintances.

He could not avoid a recognition, he therefore bowed, and they coldly curtsied, and stared at Mary.

Frederick now felt a degree of annoyance which he had never experienced at Boulogne. He saw these people attended by servants, and furnished with expensive travelling cloaks, furs, etc., while his wife had on her oldest dress, and was followed by no domestic but the nurse.

"Is that your carriage, Mr. Ashton?" said one of the Ladies.

"We have not a carriage on board," replied Ashton.

"Dear, I wish mine was landed also. What hur do you purtunise?"

Frederick evaded the question, and asked her which she intended going to; and having ascertained that point, he determined on going to the other house. When they were on shore he contrived to escape from the notice of the other party, and secluded himself with his family in a back room of a second-rate inn.

"Well, Mary, once more in England: the earlier we have the horses in the morning the better."

"The horses?" said Mary, "how do you mean to go?"

"Oh! post, to be sure. I'm very sorry you must put up with a hack chaise. It's dreadful, but there's no alternative."

"Nonsense, Frederick, we can't travel post—we can't afford it."

"How *then*, in the name of wonder?"

"The stage coach."

"The stage coach! What, *you?*"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Oh! impossible."

Mary, however convinced him that they must either go *that way*, or stay where they were, or else spend on the journey the money which they would require for their support when they reached their destination. Frederick leant back in his chair, the picture of despair, and it was not until the dusk of the evening that he ventured to the coach office.

As he came so late, he found all the early London coaches full, and therefore secured the whole interior of one that started at ten for *Mrs. Jones*, and a place for *Mr. Jones* on the roof, the box being engaged.

The next morning, when he had handed in his wife, the nurse, and the children, he looked round and saw his fashionable acquaintances gazing at him. He pretended not to see them, and was preparing to hide in the coach office, when he was hailed by the coachman.

"Is Mrs. Jones and the children in?

He blushed, and was silent.

"Come, Sir, be active if you please, my time's up; this here's your coat, Mr. Jones, jump up if you please."

The Dover coach had proceeded some miles before the gentleman who occupied the box turned his head to reconnoitre his fellow passengers. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and at the first glimpse of his countenance, Ashton recognised an old college friend, a Christchurch gentleman commoner, the Honourable Adolphus St.-George.

Frederick pulled up the collar of his six-year old box-coat

(coeval with his marriage), and buried his face as much as possible in a spongy looking seal-skin cap. In vain; his honourable acquaintance looked at him eagerly, and having raised his glass to dissipate all doubt, he held out his hand and hailed him.

St. George was full of amusing descriptions of his continental tour, and therefore it was some time before he called on Ashton for any particulars relating to himself. At length, however, having exhausted all Parisian and *Roman* topics, the Italian Opera, the French Ancles, the Louvre, St. Peter's, Cameos, Mosaics, and Eau de Cologne, he exclaimed—

"By Jove, Ashton, travelling has made you look devilish seedy; I don't think Nugee would own you for a customer. Your collar would be acceptable in the British Museum, as a specimen of the costume of our ancestors."

Frederick tried to laugh.

"By the bye," continued St. George, "I've some glimmering of a remote recollection of having heard you were married just after you left college. Let me see, that must be six years ago; therefore I suppose there are six angelic little dittos of your darling at least: so the travelling carriage being full, poor Benedict is wrapped up warm in the butler's old coat, and sent off per coach."

Ashton tried to laugh again.

"Are we likely to see your carriage on the road?" said St. George. "I should so like to be presented to your wife; I mean to have a wife of my own one of these days, when I meet with a belle possessed of plenty of the true *belle metal*;—gold, my boy, gold—no "love in a cottage" for me."

The coach stopped, and to Ashton's great relief, St.

George got down to procure a biscuit and a glass of sherry.

"I must revive exhausted nature," said he; "I yearn for sustenance."

Ashton was comparatively happy in his absence, but he paid dearly for his transient composure, when looking towards the inn window, he perceived St. George leisurely munching his biscuit, and looking through his glass at the interior of the coach.

When he resumed his place on the box, he said—

"My dear Ashton, I've seen such a sight—such an importation from Paradise-row; you're a married man, and would have known how to appreciate it; even poor uninitiated single I by myself, I thought it vastly moving."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the interior of this vehicle—the hymeneal Fly, licensed to carry an unlimited number of babes and sucklings. Don't look serious, I mean no disparagement to the 'double, double toil and trouble' state; on the contrary, what I've seen going on among our inside passengers, has made me long to be asked in church."

"What have you seen?" murmured Ashton.

"Oh! two nurses—the one dry—the other moist—and such babes! and such squallings! and such a basket of prog! and a little bottle, out of which the whole party, nurses and all, drink by turns."

The guard now spoke to Ashton, saying, that a lady had her head out of window, and wanted to speak to him. He looked down, and saw the basket held out within his grasp: though extremely hungry, he called out: "None I thank you;" and when St.-George congratulated him on the friendly offering which had been extended to him from the travelling nursery, he again tried to laugh.

The honourable Adolphus St. George began to think that his old acquaintance was grown extremely dull and stupid; and inwardly attributing it all to matrimony, he hummed an air and did not speak for a whole stage. At length the coachman, having helped himself to a pinch of snuff, offered the box first to St.-George and then to Ashton saying.

"Perhaps, Mr. Jones, you'll take a pinch."

"Jones!" cried St. George, "bless me! I did not know you had changed your name; my good fellow I congratulate you, for no man would take *such a name* without acres and sacks of good reasons for doing it. Frederick Ashton Jones, that's not so bad; but Mrs. Jones sounds objectionable. Has Mrs. Jones a box at the Opera this season?"

"No."

"Have you taken a house in town?"

"Why—no."

"Shall you stay at the Clarendon?"

"N—no."

"What house do you patronise?"

"I—really—I—that is——"

"Oh well, if you're to be incog, I won't ask another question."

Ashton found that his situation was desperate, and that his only chance of avoiding disagreeable topics, was to start so many himself as to leave St. George no opportunity of taking the lead. He therefore talked of old times, of college pleasures, and college pains, and at length became so interested that he was surprised when he entered London.

The coach drove to an inferior hotel in Piccadilly, where Ashton intended to remain, and to his consternation he found that St. George was to be put down somewhere else, and that, therefore, he was not going to leave his post.

The guard now addressed him—

"Sir, your name's Jones, I believe."

"No—yes—I mean yes."

"Well, Sir, then we drops you here, and if you please, there's the insides for Mrs. Jones and the children, and one outside, not paid for."

St. George was evidently listening! Ashton made no reply, but got off the coach.

"Sir," said the coachman, "Here's Mrs. Jones won't let any body take out the baby but its papa—we ca'nt stay all day here."

Ashton handed out his whole family and paid the fares. He was then obliged to look for every article of luggage, and at length, stood in the gutter, with a box in one hand, a bag in the other, several cloaks over his shoulder, and two umbrellas under his arm.

As the coach drove off, he saw St. George looking at him through his glass, while he gravely bowed and said:

"Good evening to you, Mr. Jones; I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ashton remained a very short time in London, and the visit was to him replete with annoyance.

Mary wished to go shopping;—how was she to go? She could not walk about in the depth of a December mud; and as to a hackney coach, Frederick had never heard of any female who confessed having entered one. But Mary convinced him that she must either go in a jarvey, or stay at home; and at length, closely veiled, she was permitted to go.

She wished to go the Opera, and Frederick immediately offered to procure a box. She remonstrated; and assured

him that they could not afford to pay six or eight guineas for one evening's amusement. *He* was not aware that ladies *could* go in the pit; and when at length he consented to accompany her there, he sat like a criminal, and shrank from the notice of every old acquaintance. They soon resolved to leave London, and go and economise at Bath.

The Ashtons took a small house in New King-street, where they lived comfortably enough. But Frederick Ashton had not as yet learnt to estimate properly the *comforts* of life: he still sighed for those refinements and superfluities which were now beyond his reach.

No one called upon them, indeed no one knew who they were, nor whence they came; and without some previous introduction, or strong recommendation, it was not likely that any established inhabitant of the Crescent or the Circus would set off to volunteer a visit to an unknown settler in New King-street.

Frederick was wretched; he shunned the public walks, and the evening amusements, and thus two more years of his married life passed away.

He was devotedly attached to his wife; but, unfortunately his aim seemed to be—not to see her happy, unless he could see her happy in the way he had been accustomed to consider right and proper. On his return to dinner, after his usual lounge at the library, he told Mary that he had seen an old college friend.

"Have you?" said Mary. "Oh! I am so glad! you must have been delighted to see him. Will he call on us?"

"No, he was at some distance—he did not see me."

"Not see you!—you surely went and spoke to him?"

"No."

"How very odd! You are always regretting that we

have no society here; I wish you had asked him to dinner."

"To dinner, Mary! The impossibility of our inviting him, was the cause of my avoiding the meeting."

"What do you mean?"

"We cannot entertain in such a house as this,—and without servants, too—impossible."

"*Why* impossible, Frederick? Do not let let *us* say so—if your friend discovers the impossibility of visiting you in these lodgings, we will then laugh at such friendship, and dine without him."

"But look at the maid servant, Mary!—no—no—we cannot ask any one to visit us."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Frederick; such thoughts and such regrets often occupy your mind, and—pray pardon me for saying so—you are wrong—very wrong—to encourage them."

"Nay, Mary, it is for your sake I———"

"No, not for me; I am happy; could I see you contented, I should never have one sad moment. But when I see you annoyed by such trifles, I must remember that I warned you of the probability of our having to contend with them, before I consented to become your wife."

"Can you doubt my love?"

"No, on my honour—I feel certain that were I on the bed of sickness, or in actual calamity, you would be the most devoted nurse, the most disinterested participator of misfortune."

Ashton kissed her, and said: "I will turn over a new leaf, Mary."

"And won't you quarrel with your bread and butter because a servant maid hands it to you instead of a servant man?"

"No."

"And won't you close your doors against friendship and good humour, because you can't afford to throw them open for the admission of three hundred fashionables?"

"No."

"Then you will condescend to be happy?"

"With you, Mary, I ought to be so; I will be so."

And thus, after being married eight years, did Frederick Ashton begin to learn that he who weds a portionless girl, if not himself independent, must shew at once the sincerity of his love, and the extent of his good sense, by rendering the cottage which they must inhabit, radiant with the smiles of cheerfulness and content.

If he sighs for the mansion he *might* have enjoyed without her, it is a poor compliment indeed; and he but flimsily veils his own selfishness when he says that it is for her sake he covets wealth.

The portionless girl would have been happier had he never offered her his hand: she might have married one accustomed to privations, or one whose industry might have raised her to independence.

NEW FACES.

Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
I 've seen those around me a fortnight or more;
Some people grow weary of things or of places,
But persons to me are a much greater bore;
I care not for features—I 'm sure to discover
Some exquisite *trait* in the first that you send.
My fondness falls off when the novelty's over—
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

My heart is as genial as Italy's summers,
Attachments take root, and grow green in a day:
Like bloom on the plum, there's on all the newcomers
A charm—that must sooner or later decay;
The latest arrival seem'd really perfection,
But now—for some reason I can't comprehend—
She wearies me so, I must cut the connection—
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

To-day I may utter a tender expression
To one I to-morrow may probably drop;
But Friendships should come "*hot and hot*," in succession,
Just like mutton-pies at a pastrycook's shop.
The gardener, too, with *new* crops is provided,
When *one* crop of marrowfats comes to an end;
And why should *my* new crop of Friends be derided?
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Mamma would persuade me my Friends do not vary,
But that *I* have fickle vagaries forsooth!
Discernment ought not to be called a *vagary*,
I deem it a virtue precocious in youth.
"Be civil," she says, "to a common acquaintance,
Rash Friendships are sure prematurely to end;"
Oh! cold hearts may credit so frigid a sentence!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

I am not to blame if I seize the most striking
And very *best* points about people at first;
I am not to blame if they outlive my liking,
And leave me at leisure to point out the *worst*:
I am not to blame if I 'm somewhat less gracious
To some I so fluently used to commend;
To *feel* that they bore me is really vexatious!
I *want* a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. A. came here, my joy was uncommon,
I never was happy when not by her side;
"Oh! what an agreeable, sweet little woman!
She will be a great acquisition," I cried.
I called there so often, so fondly I sought her,
My calling so seldom I fear must offend;
But, dear me, she's not *half* so nice as I thought her!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

When Mrs. B. came, I forgot *her* completely,
For *we* became just like two leaves on one stalk;
She looked and she spoke so uncommonly sweetly,
Unless we met daily, how dull was my walk!
I thought that her manners were simply enchanting,
But now—what false colours can novelty lend!—
A slight indescribable *something* is wanting!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

Miss D. was delightful, till Mrs. E. prov'd her
By force of comparison flaunting and free;
Then came Lady F.—Oh, how fondly I lov'd her,
Until I was dazzled by dear Mrs. G.!
Oh give me new faces, new faces, new faces!
Let novelty sweeten each sample you send;
A fortnight would rub off all grace from the Graces!
I want a new face for an intimate Friend.

MY PENSION.

What, take away my Pension! a word with you, Lord Grey;
You cannot be so barbarous! you mean not what you say.
I have enjoyed, for seven years, twelve hundred pounds a year—
'Twas granted me by George the Fourth, how can you interfere?
I really hoped you'd think it right to grant me an extension;
It never once occurred to *me* you'd *take away* my Pension!

The thing is so convenient; you'll force me to retrench—
Indeed retrenchment will not do, you'll send me to the Bench!
How *can* you serve a *Lady* so! oh! if I were a man,
I'd call you out, my Noble Lord, and end *you* with your plan;
You might retrench in many little ways that I could mention,
But what on earth possesses you to take away my pension!

You ask about my services; but surely to intrude,
And ask a *Lady* such a thing, is little less than rude;
Of course I *could* explain to you—my Lord, I say again,
If 'twas my *pleasure* so to do, of course I *could* explain;
I'm sure I've many female friends of vastly less pretention,
Who've met with greater recompense—then don't disturb my Pension.

Reform *may* all be very proper in a certain line,
I never can object to it, it's no affair of mine;
Reform the House of Commons, and correct abuses *there*,
But *don't* reform *my* little house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square.
Don't seize *my* jewels to allay the popular dissension—
You can't appease the Radicals with my poor little Pension.

The Revolutionists abroad have stirr'd up all this fuss,
But can your Lordship tell me what are Paris mobs to us?
Because the papers bore one so about the row at Brussels,
Must English ladies interfere with Foreign people's bustles?
Now be assured, my Noble Lord, 'twas folly set the French on;
You really are *not* called upon to take away my Pension.

Propriety might prompt your economical design
In *many* cases doubtless—but, believe me, *not* in mine:
Were *I alone*, I now *might* make a sacrifice! 'tis true,
But all my Family, you know, have little pensions too;
By Brothers and my Cousins would go mad were I to mention
The Revolutionary scheme of giving up a Pension!

I think it would be setting an extremely bad example
In times like these, when people are endeavouring to trample
On all our ancient usages—and raising such a storm
About the Place and Pension List, and Radical Reform—
I say, my Lord, that *I* should feel deserving reprehension,
If *I*—by these intimidated—threw away my Pension.

I'm quite convinced the only way of setting matters right,
And making common people see things in a proper light,
Is keeping up the ancient aristocracy, of course,
And keeping down plebeians with a military force:
The Lower Orders really are so dull of comprehension,
They can't see the utility of granting me a Pension.

The truth is this—(you must not deem these few remarks intrusive)
The Aristocracy are not sufficiently exclusive:
They call on Mistress *this* and *that*, and curtsey at a ball
To people who, in point of fact, are nobodies at all!
I never could perceive the use of smiling condescension—
It makes the upstarts insolent: they cavil at a Pension!

When *I* am at my country seat, *I* shun this growing evil,
No member of the middling ranks presumes to call *me* civil;
I never call on *them*, and if one dares pay *me* a visit,
She comes in some old-fashioned gown, and I and Laura quiz it;
And at the Race-ball once a year I sit the upper bench on,
In high unbending dignity,—so *I* deserve my Pension.

Now pray, my Lord, consider this, you're ruined if you grant
Concessions of the sweeping kind the common people want;
The Aristocracy must not be interfered with thus,
Pray tell me what are starving individuals to *us!*
To pacify the Radicals, and end all this contention,
We'll call my little income by some other name than Pension.

Of course, my Lord, you can retrench *ev'ry other* way,
The Clerks in Public Offices may scribble on half-pay;
The Captains and the Cornets, and the Curates may be fleeced,
(The incomes of the Bishops, by the by, should be increased).
I see you are convinced, my Lord, and through *your* intervention,
I trust, in spite of Mr. Hume, you'll let me keep my Pension.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

I must be presented to day, Lady Susan,
I must be presented to day;
I must be presented, or what will my Cousin
The Bride, Lady Mackintosh, say?
She married a man who was knighted last season,
For carrying up an address;
If *she's* a great Lady, there can be no reason,
My Lady, why *I* should be less.

Now pray, Lady Susan, don't say that you're poorly,
'Tis plain that you want to withdraw;
You've married my Brother, and I've a right surely
To go with my sister-in-law;
And though you consider *us* vulgar relations,
Some proper repayment there'll be
For Brother Bob's *Diamond and Pearl* presentations
In this presentation of *me*.

Look at me, my Lady; 'tis folly to quarrel,
You'll own that I'm fit to be seen,
My yellow silk petticoat loop'd up with laurel,
—So elegant—yellow and green!
My train of red satin (so very well chosen—
'Twill make a pelisse in the spring);
And then my blue feathers! I'm sure, Lady Susan,
I must be remark'd by the king.

A train may look very magnificent, flowing
Behind one in folds, I dare say;
But as for a Hoop! oh! I could not bear going
To Court in that *round about* way!
My lappet's! so useless! I cannot bear buying
Three yards—it is quite a take-in;
And why did you laugh when you saw I was tying
Them gracefully under my Chin?

And what must be done when I stand in the presence?
Pray tell—I rely upon you:
Must I civilly say, as I make my obeisance:
"Your Majesty—how do you do?"
To be kiss'd by the King! Lady Susan, assist me,
I shall not be fit to be seen!
What! kiss me *in public!* oh! when he *has* kiss'd me,
I sh'ant dare to look at the Queen!

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

The joy-bells are ringing—oh! come to the church:
We shall see the bride pass, if we stand in the porch.
The bridegroom is wealthy: how brightly arrayed
Are the menials who wait on the gay cavalcade;
The steeds with the chariots prancing along,
And the peasants advancing with music and song!

Now comes the procession: the bridemaids are there,
With white robes, and ribbons, and wreaths in their hair.
Yon feeble old knight the bride's father must be,
And now, walking proudly, her mother we see;
A pale girl in tears slowly moves by her side:
But where is the bridegroom, and where is the bride?

They kneel round the altar—the organ has ceased,
The hands of the lovers are joined by the priest;—
That bond!—which death only can sever again!
Which proves ever after life's blessing or bane!
A bridal like *this* is a sorrowful sight:
See! the pale girl is bride to the feeble old knight.

Her hand on her husband's arm passively lies,
And closely she draws her rich veil o'er her eyes.
Her friends throng around her with accents of love:
She speaks not—her pale lips inaudibly move.
Her equipage waits—she is placed by the side
Of her aged companion—a sorrowing bride!

Again the bells ring, and the moment is come
For the young heart's worst trial, the last look of home!
They pass from the village—how eagerly still
She turns and looks back from the brow of the hill!
She sees the white cottage—the garden she made—
And she thinks of her lover, abandoned—betrayed!

But who, with arms folded, hath lingered so long
To watch the procession, apart from the throng?
'Tis he! the forsaken! The false one is gone—
He turns to his desolate dwelling alone;
But happier *there*, than the doom that awaits
The bride who must smile on a being she hates?

THE ARCHERY MEETING.

—

The archery meeting is fixed for the third;
The fuss that it causes is truly absurd;
I've bought summer bonnets for Rosa and Bess,
And now I must buy each an archery dress!
Without a green suit they would blush to be seen,
And poor little Rosa looks horrid in green!

Poor fat little Rosa! she's shooting all day!
She sends forth an arrow expertly, they say;
But 'tis terrible when with exertion she warms,
And she seems to me getting such muscular arms;
And if she should hit, 'twere as well if she miss'd,
Prize bracelets could never be clasp'd on her wrist!

Dear Bess, with her elegant figure and face,
Looks quite a Diana, the queen of the place;
But as for the shooting—she never takes aim;
She talks so, and laughs so! the beaux are to blame:
She doats on flirtation—but oh! by the bye,
'*Twas* awkward her shooting out Mrs. Flint's eye!

They' ve made my poor husband an archer elect;
He dresses the part with prodigious effect;
A pair of nankeens, with a belt round his waist,
And a quiver of course in which arrows are placed;
And a bow in his hand—oh! he looks of all things
Like a corpulent Cupid bereft of his wings!

They dance on the lawn, and we mothers, alas!
Must sit on camp stools with our feet in the grass!
My Flora and Bessy no partners attract!
The Archery men are all *cross Beaux* in fact!
Among the young Ladies some *hits* there may be,
But still at my elbow two *misses* I see!

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

Apollo from Olympus stray'd,
Enchanted by a mortal maid,
Who fled from the intruder,
Her coyness, as is oft the case,
But gave new ardour to the chase,
And so he still pursued her?

One year *he* followed, and *she* flew!
(A life of misery she knew
An ill assorted match meant.)
Jove changed her to a laurel tree;
And so Apollo's proved to be
An *evergreen* attachment!

Too *deeply rooted* may be thought
Poor Daphne's dread of being caught.
But do not miss the moral:
She seems to say "receive, young bard,
"From woman's praise your best reward,
From woman's smile *your laurel.*"

THE

PROOF OF THE PUDDING,

A BURLETTA

IN ONE ACT;

PERFORMED AT MADAME VESTRIS'S

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

To Lady Clayton

THIS LITTLE DRAMA IS INSCRIBED,

AS A REMEMBRANCE

OF MANY PLEASANT DAYS

DURING ITS REHEARSAL AND PERFORMANCE

AT HER LADYSHIP'S

TEMPORARY RESIDENCE

AT BOULOGNE:

Boulogne, March 12th, 1833.

The Burletta of the PROOF OF THE PUDDING is founded on, and partly translated from, Scribe's "*Valet.*"—The character of Mrs. Bunn is not in the French piece, and other alterations and additions have been made, to adapt it to the English Stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Monsieur Piquet.	Mr. BLAND.
Theodore	Mr. COLLIER.
Groom of the Chambers	Mr. GOUGH.
Cooks, Scullions, etc.	
Mrs. Bunn.	Mrs. GLOVER.
Patty Bunn	Miss PINCOTT.

THE PROOF

OF

THE PUDDING.

SCENE

A pastrycook's back parlour, a fourneau on each side of the *front* of the stage.

Enter Mrs. Bunn and Patty.

Mrs. BUNN.

Now, Patty; bustle, bustle.—Is Mrs. Biggs's Pie baked? Is Miss Slop's tea cake gone home? and Mr. Sykes's biscuits *ditto?*—very well, mark 'em off then. How I am bothered! such a deal of business, and wedding cakes to make for Alderman Gobbleton's eldest son!

PATTY.

My dear mother, you worry yourself unnecessarily.

Mrs. BUNN.

Unnecessarily! I only wish you kept the books! If you had my castings up of a morning, you'd be worried too; how people can go tick for penny puffs, *I* can't think! Here they all come, munch, munch, munch, and then "Good morning, Mrs. Bunn, put it down to my account, if you please." Then, my dear, what with the French *mounseers* over head, and the hot weather, I shall melt away, and I wonder you don't do *ditto*.

PATTY.

French Monsieurs! Oh! I know you don't wish them out of the way, my poor uncle and cousin!

MRS. BUNN.

Out of the way! hum! that's quite a toss up, as the frying pan said to the pancake: your uncle disparages my pastrycookery, I see him sniff at my soups, and sneeze at my patties; poor demented man, does he think I want to larn his froggery fashions? Because he is what he calls a *cuisineer*, he makes game of all I do, but I'll have no *quizzing here*, I promise him. What did my sister mean by marrying a foreigner? I'd not have done *ditto*, if there'd not been another man in the world.

PATTY.

Oh! you don't know what you might have done in such a predicament. But you know well enough how it happen'd! Before my father married you he went to Paris.

MRS. BUNN.

Yes, to get finished in his *culiniary* edification! Folly and nonsense! as if people boil'd and bak'd the better for change of air! *I* never was finished off in that there fashion, and *my* cakes does just as well, and so does my *hices*, if you come to that, tho' I dont call 'em *glass*, like the French people!

PATTY.

Well, be that as it may, my father staid a whole year at Paris, and my aunt married Mr. Piquet, who was afterwards head cook to the French king.

Mrs. Bunn.

Cook to the King! hot work that in weather like this! Well, and now Madame Piquet is gone dead, and Monsieur is out of place; his master has left off being King somehow, they tell me, and so *he* is come to England to get a new situation; for my part, I hates French messes "veal blankets, and *à la* this, and *à la* that—faugh! its all *la la!*

Patty.

You don't do yourself justice, mother; I'm sure when my uncle and cousin arrived, you treated them very kindly.

Mrs. Bunn.

Oh! to be sure, for the sake of the defunct: I should expect Bunn to rise, if I shut out his kith and kin; and I would'nt have Bunn rise no how! I said I was glad to see 'em, and I'd do *ditto* now; but old Piquet makes such a fuss about himself!

Patty.

He *is* very proud of his profession, certainly.

Mrs. Bunn.

Proud of being a cook! ah! well, he's not wrong there; I have my *own* proper feelings too, for certainly, after eating good things, the next best thing is making them. But here I am talking and the wedding cakes not stirred, and the pans not butter'd, and then there's the ordinary dinner upstairs at two o'clock, and it's clean tablecloth day; I likes to do the thing genteel and always gives a clean tablecloth once in three weeks; and then them bad debts preys upon my poor mind: four pence to Master Stripes at the

school over the way! I know I shall never get the money: that's the way one's profits are eaten up!..... There's a customer in the shop. How I am bustled! (*As she goes out.*) I beg your pardon, two pence a piece, Miss.

(*Exit.*)

PATTY.

How my mother can wish our French friends gone, I can't imagine! At all events, I am sure my cousin Theodore is no trouble; indeed his company is rather a pleasure than otherwise. Heigh ho! I wish he'd dwell with me for ever!

Air, *Dwell with me:* by A Lee.

Come dwell with me,
And our home shall be
A little shop, where the people stop,
To purchase tarts, or nice cakes for tea;
At my bow window shall be seen
Twelfth cakes adorned with King and Queen.
The school boys, as they pass along,
Shall loiter there (extremely wrong)!
Then dwell with me, etc.

No shop in Town shall equal mine
For ginger pop, or currant wine.
If folks take shelter from a show'r,
They'll find hot soups at any hour.
Behind the counter I will sit,
And smile whenever I think fit,
'Twill be my pride to hear them say:
"Your cakes are charming"—Ma'am good day.
Then dwell with me, etc.

(*Enter Theodore.*)

THEODORE.

My pretty cousin, what a pretty song!

PATTY.

Oh! don't say so, Theodore, you foreigners think nothing of simple English singing.

THEODORE.

Indeed you're very much mistaken. Besides *I* am half English, you know: *My* Mother, your aunt, was an English-woman, and you perceive, I hope, by our accent, that both my Father and myself have made English our *home* language.

PATTY.

Yes, indeed, you both speak English like natives. Oh dear! I wish you *were* an Englishman!

THEODORE.

Why so, Patty?

PATTY.

Because you will be leaving us so soon!

THEODORE.

Will that grieve you? I need not return *alone*, you know; perhaps *you* will come with me? won't you?

PATTY.

Oh! Theodore, you're jesting.

THEODORE.

No indeed. I must take back a pretty little English wife, and I've seen no one like my Cousin.

PATTY.

No, no, Theodore, that grand man your Father.... He's so great a man, he is quite a *Grand* Father! what would he say? I am sure he expects you to form some splendid alliance.

THEODORE.

Splendid alliance for a Cook's son?

PATTY.

Oh don't laugh; he has such magnificent ideas! and I am sure thinks himself as great as the great Mogul; even you, when in *his* presence, seem quite a different person! *you* seem to grow grand too!

THEODORE.

I sometimes humor him certainly, for his follies are harmless ones. I do hope he has at last obtained a situation. The French Ambassador wants a head cook, and I believe my Father has a chance of the appointment.

PATTY.

Tell me, Theodore, how it is that your Father is so unlike you. *He* is so proud! *You* are as meek as a mouse. Why *is* he proud?

THEODORE.

Why? Oh! it is not easy to say—but if I must give a reason, it is, I think, because his name is "Piquet."

PATTY.

"Piquet"—Dear me—But then your name is Piquet too! You are not proud?

THEODORE.

Oh! but my Father thinks me mean-spirited, a sort of a blight nipped in the bud, and fallen from the family tree.

PATTY.

Family tree? fiddle de dee! as if nobody had family trees but himself! Mother's got a big orchard of them on the Edgeware road, where the baking apples grow.

THEODORE.

My little Patty, you know my Father is always talking of his illustrious ancestor.

PATTY.

Well, my *aunt's sister* was *your* Mother..... don't laugh!

THEODORE.

I must at your simplicity. My Father is proud of *his* Great *Grand Father.*

PATTY.

Well, and what was he?

THEODORE.

A Cook.

PATTY.

Dear me! then he need not trouble himself to carry his pride so far back. *He's* a cook too, and what's more, *was* a King's Cook.

THEODORE.

Aye, but the Cook of Cooks of the Family was the Great Grand Father. *He* was a man! when he died there was a general mourning, a national consternation.

PATTY.

Indeed!

THEODORE

Yes—he died the same day with the reigning Queen, which possibly may in some degree account for it; and he died on the field of Glory.

PATTY.

The field of Glory!

THEODORE.

Yes. *His* field of glory, the kitchen.

PATTY.

Died in the kitchen!

THEODORE.

Yes, on the day of a grand dinner.... his reputation was at stake, the fish did not arrive in time, he threw himself upon the point of his own spit—he died.

PATTY.

Well! that was a pretty kettle of fish, I am sure!

THEODORE.

Yes, and if he had but waited with a little patience, all would have been well! But as you delicately hint, my father *is* very queer at times. Having borrowed your mother's extra kitchen, he keeps me there listening to lectures all day long! My love for you, Patty, gets me into sad scrapes: I brown'd a dish yesterday which ought to have been white: he expected a Blonde, and I took him a Brunette.

PATTY.

He is very busy to day, is he not? I never smelt such nice smells!

THEODORE.

The French Ambassador's Groom of the Chambers is to be here by and bye, and my father is preparing a grand dinner, as a specimen of his abilities; the Ambassador is to come himself with a splendid party to decide upon the merits of the repast.

PATTY.

The Ambassador coming here?

THEODORE.

Not here, but at the Grand Hotel next door; all is bustle and preparation.... but tell me, Patty, when we're married, where shall we live?

PATTY (*sings.*)

I'd be a pastry-cook, born in the city,
Where fathers and mothers and little girls meet,
Making Jam tartlets for Susan and Kitty,
And tasting all cakes that are pretty and sweet;
I'd never envy the milliners pretty,
I'd never sigh to make bonnets so neat!
I'd be a pastry-cook born in the city,
And tasting all cakes that are pretty and sweet.
I'd be a pastry-cook, etc.

THEODORE.

What, tho' you tell me that I am a Rover,
I'll buy you a pair of most beautiful things:
Nice little *mitts*, when the summer is over;
You'll draw 'em on neatly and tye 'em with strings.
When we are married, I'll take you to Dover,
And carry you off upon Steam Packet wings!

PATTY.

I'd be a Pastry-Cook—live with my lover,
And ramble away upon Steam Packet wings.

(*Together.*)

I'd be a Pastry Cook—*You'd* be a Pastry Cook.

PATTY.

Oh dear! I hear Monsieur Piquet coming! What shall I do? Where shall I go?

THEODORE.

It is too late, try and please him, say you came to consult him, about some of your mother's dishes.

(*Enter Piquet, walks across the Stage, ruminates. He turns and starts at seeing Theodore and Patty.*

PIQUET.

Ha! our Son! Welcome! we saw ye not at first, our thoughts were in the kitchen; oh! Theodore! Theodore Piquet! This is an important hour! the hour....

PATTY (*with a low curtsey*).

The hour, Sir? 'tis half past two by the clock in the shop, if you please, Sir.

PIQUET.

Be silent, daughter of our sister in law, leave us.

PATTY (*with a low curtsey*).

Yes, if you please, Sir. (*Exit.*)

PIQUET.

You know the object of our ambition, to reign once more the sovereign of soups, to wear the paper crown, to wield the wooden sceptre. Oh! since our abdication, since we ceased to be King's Cook, to gain another crown, has been our thought by day—our dream by night, what is all else the world can offer, what are diamonds?

THEODORE.

You don't despise *real* diamonds, Sire?

PIQUET.

We prefer paste. Long, long, have we negociated with foreign powers.

THEODORE.

Sire?

PIQUET.

Often have we had tempting offers from private English Families. Wages could not tempt *us* though. *Wages!* we hate the word! But now the representative of a Monarch has made overtures; they are accepted: and if our dinner pleases him.... *if* did we say? See, here we have sketched the campaign! But hold — what means your dalliance at such a moment with Miss Patty Bunn?

THEODORE.

She..... she is my Cousin, Sire.

PIQUET.

The blood of the Piquets flows not in her veins, *she* is a mere corner dish in our family dinner; beware of a broil, beware! place not a delicate *souffle* on the same plate with a gingerbread nut, dare not!

THEODORE.

You have over heated yourself.

PIQUET.

Over heated! Know that we never *over* heated *any thing* in our lives! But tremble! or you shall not find our anger *under done*; call your Cousin hither, we will give her an audience, we will haul her over the coals.

THEODORE (*aside.*)

Poor dear Alice! What a fright she will be in! (*calls.*) Patty, come in, Patty.

(*Enter Patty.*)

PATTY.

Yes, Cousin. Oh! uncle, you still here!

PIQUET.

Approach us! A horrid suspicion comes over us. We feel as if we had in person cooked the most delicate of Fricandeaux, finished it, dished it, tasted it, tried it, when Lo! down the chimney comes a cloud of soot! I cannot paint the rest—come hither, girl!

PATTY.

No..... yes..... if you please.

PIQUET.

Shrink not from us, Piquet is but mortal! We are not going to carve you! What were you doing here!

PATTY.

I, Sir! my..... my Mother expects a friend or two to supper, and I was asking Theodore to help me to make a dish.

PIQUET.

Make a dish?

PATTY.

No—I don't *exactly* mean make a dish, but something good to put in a dish.

THEODORE.

Yes! that was all.

PIQUET.

What *was* the dish you wanted?

PATTY.

Hem! yes.... a.... Tripes, if you please, uncle.

PIQUET.

Tripes?

PATTY.

And onions..... I may go now, if you please. (*going.*)

PIQUET.

Stop, we charge you, pause, listen, we might be angry, but we won't! our blood shan't boil, this once we will *not* roast you, we will lay aside all pomp, we will intreat, implore..... look at yon youth—look at him, I say.

PATTY.

Yes, sir, I do, I do very often.

PIQUET.

Oh! think of his talents, his genius, his acquirements.

PATTY.

Yes, sir—he *is* a very nice young man.

PIQUET.

Nice! We fear he is a pickle.— Alas! he has met with a mushroom! Oh! woman! lead him not astray, draw him not from the path of honor.

PATTY.

I draw *him*, or any young man from the path of honor! *I*, sir! What do you mean by saying such a thing? You deserve to be basted, and if I tell Mother, she'll do it.

(*Exit.*)

PIQUET.

We are set at naught! We must and will come at the marrow of the business, son, before we quite boil over; listen: *we* are a Piquet, we inherit a great name, we must not stain it.

THEODORE.

But, Sire—I love Alice.

PIQUET.

Love!

THEODORE.

Yes, Sire.

PIQUET.

Take care what you say, you will see your Father's eyes *dripping*; but let us think of glory: our dinner this day will be perfect, perfect did we say? Alas! that pudding *à la Chippolata*—still we cannot regain the lost receipt!

THEODORE (*aside.*)

Pudding *à la Chippolata!* That pudding haunts him, the only thing he does not know how to make!

PIQUET.

Oh! that Pudding! Lost treasure, shall we never more regain thee! The Ambassador insists upon having one! That one obstacle remains, what is to be done? I've a finger in every pie, but that one pudding baffles me! My son, summon the subordinates.—We must address them —like the general whose words animate his soldiers before a battle.

THEODORE *exit, returns with a number of cooks, large and small.*

PIQUET.

Upper cooks—under cooks, and scullions! Hearken to the words of Piquet! Be fired with ardor to the very bone; the hour approaches, the hour of glory or of degradation! may we depend on you? Yes, yes, we see we may, we read it in your culinary countenances.

THEODORE.

All is ready, sire.

PIQUET.

Hold—let us think..... you, sir, to the right, look to the roasts; yon pale young man shall superintend the boils; *you* with the corporation taste the sauces, and let yon long nosed person smell the sweets.—Theodore!

THEODORE.

Sire!

PIQUET.

Now agitation choaks our utterance; this is an awful moment, the dawning of thy public life, Theodore; we give thee the general command.

THEODORE.

What an honor!

PIQUET.

Friends and countrymen, this day decides our glory! Each nation has long been celebrated for its own peculiar dish; the classic ground of Italy for Macaroni, Germany for her Sausages, Spain for Olla Podrida, Hibernia for her Stew, Caledonia for her Haggis, England for her Plumpudding. But what are these to the Ragouts of France. Adieu, my Friends, be the watchwords, Glory or Death! begone! (*Exeunt cooks.*) What are you thinking of, Theodore, my son? He is in a reverie—I know, I guess; he is thinking of the pudding *à la Chippolata!* Happy father! Theodore!

THEODORE.

Sire, what? I beg your pardon.

PIQUET.

Ask no pardon, we guess the subject of thy thoughts.

THEODORE.

I dare say you do.

PIQUET.

Yes! and we approve.

THEODORE.

I'm delighted to hear it, I was thinking of Patty.

PIQUET.

Patty! *not* of the pudding *à la Chippolata?*

THEODORE.

Pudding! No, not I!

PIQUET.

Miserable boy! give in thy resignation, we will have another premier.

THEODORE.

What *can* you mean?

PIQUET.

Put down your cap, your apron, your knife. (*Theodore takes them off and throws them down one by one.*) We renounce thee.

THEODORE.

Am I then to perish!

PIQUET.

Alas! *can* blood of the Piquets flow in *thy* veins, can it be so?—A horrid thought comes over me.—There *are* moments when I even dare to suspect Madame Piquet;

she who in the whole kitchen range of our thoughts once stood alone! But we go to marshall our forces—turn your nose towards that door—sniff, we say—does not *that* rouse thee? Then thou art fallen indeed, infatuated young man! (*Exit.*)

THEODORE.

My poor father is certainly mad—have cooks no feelings! his heart is as hard as the back of his kitchen grate!

Enter PATTY.

Is he gone? that's confortable!—Oh Theodore, I'm so sorry you are to be busy all day!

THEODORE.

Why so, Patty?

PATTY.

Oh! Mother has allowed me to ask a few friends to supper—so kind of her! the Miss Popkins and Mrs. Curtis.

THEODORE.

What! pretty Mrs. Curtis?

PATTY.

Yes, and we wanted your company, dear Theodore, but you are so busy!

THEODORE.

No I've no business now—see, there lie all my little accoutrements—my father has taken away my situation, given me warning—I'm free as air.

PATTY.

Dear! how lucky, but bless me! what shall I do?—I have nothing you will think nice; you are used to such savoury

dishes that your father kicks up with odds and ends—you'll not be able to eat our homely fare.

THEODORE.

Dont say so, dear Patty—Bread and cheese and kisses with you.

PATTY.

But tell me, Theodore, is there any thing *I* can make for you? tell me what you would like.

THEODORE.

Oh! I am not particular; I shall be easily pleased in your company; I shall not ask for fine dishes: none of my father's Friteaux and Coulis!—none of his *Pudding à la Chippolata!*

PATTY.

Pudding what! *I* can make that.

THEODORE

What can you make, Patty?

PATTY.

That—the pudding with the long name.

THEODORE.

Pudding-a-la-Chip-po-la-ta.

PATTY.

Yes, *Pud-ding-à-la-Chip-po-la-ta.*

THEODORE.

You say it very well now—I only wish for all our sakes you could make it as well.

PATTY.

Oh! but I can, *My* father had it in his receipt book.

THEODORE.

What, the late Mr. Bunn!

PATTY.

Yes, he brought it from France, and lately I have made it several times—oh, so good!

THEODORE.

Pudding *à la Chippolata!* it is a dish that my father would give the world to be able to make for the ambassador's dinner.

PATTY.

You do'nt say so! well then *our* supper shall be grander than the ambassador's dinner! for we'll have the pudding! come, cheer up, Theodore.

Barcarole, Masaniello.

Though your father gives you warning,
He takes your knife—but not your life.

THEODORE.

But I shall see to morrow morning,
Some other chap—in my old cap!

PATTY.

Oh! what of that, I'd scorn his wrath.

THEODORE.

Take heed, whisper low.

PATTY.

Too many cooks will spoil the broth.

THEODORE.

Take heed, whisper low.

TOGETHER.

Oh, pray go seek
The nice things that we want.
Oh, pray go seek, etc., etc.

PATTY.

Now, where can I make my pudding? Mother is busy

in *her* kitchen; I can't go there, and where shall we get the good things to make it with?

THEODORE.

Here, make it at this fourneau.

(*Points to the fourneau on the left.*)

And out of my father's cupboard I'll warrant we shall get the ingredients. (*Opens a cupboard.*)

PATTY.

That's right, stop you here, and I'll go and get the receipt book and the saucepan; I shall be back in a minute.

THEODORE.

I wonder if Patty is in earnest; let me see if there is any fire in the fourneau.... Yes, I'll soon blow it up (*blows the fire*). I'm afraid Patty must be jesting, and making a fool of me. (*Enter Patty with bib and apron, holland sleeves, and paper cap on her head; a book and saucepan.*)

PATTY.

Now, Theodore, now to business! perhaps you do'nt know it, but I really am an excellent cook; you never tasted my lobster sauce? No, the more's the pity! But now for the Pudding, go to the cupboard, and give me the ingredients, as I ask for them. Very well, now begin.

(*Theodore at the cupboard, Patty at the fourneau.*)

Air: *Gardez-vous.*

Theodore! Theodore! give me what I ask.
Have you got some rum, my dear? I'll thank you for the flask.
Now madeira, half a pint; some macaroni too.
Have you got some raisins there? I'll thank you for a few.

TOGETHER.

Stir it up, stir it up, merrily we sing,
This would be a dainty dish to set to set before a king!

PATTY.

There, Theodore, only smell how delicious!

THEODORE.

It is indeed! may I just taste?

PATTY.

No, no, not 'till supper time; besides it must stay upon the fire a long time. Oh! what a love of a pudding!

Mrs. BUNN (*without.*)

Patty, Patty, I say.

PATTY.

Coming, mother, coming. Theodore, the Pudding must stand on the fire; let us keep out of your father's way, and w'ell send mother to look at it presently; how nice it smells! (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Piquet, with a saucepan in his hand, followed by a cook.*)

PIQUET.

(*Tasting.*) Exquisite! perfect! listen to us! be sure you have this *Capilotade de volaille* placed exactly before the Ambassador. Do you mark! Under his very nose, remember; here, we'll place it on this fourneau. There can be no mistake. (*Exit cook.*)

(*Puts it on the fourneau to the right.*)

(*Song.*) *Air:* TOURNEZ. (*La Dame Blanche.*)

I glory in my art,
My kitchen is my boast;
The proudest may with envy look
On him who rules the roast:
The Ladies owe their charms
To culinary care;
The cook provides the fare that feeds
The fairest of the fair!
Stir up—stir up—stir up, etc.

When round a well spread board
A laughing circle dine,
You hear the wit, but don't forget
The inspiration's *mine*:
Oh! if you doubt my words,
Remove each nice tit bit;
And when the table's clear'd, you'll find
There's very little wit.
Stir up, etc.

You hear of great events,
Of battles lost and won;
And you give the soldiers great applause
For all that they have done!
Oh! *they* deserve no thanks,
The cook has done it all;
For if the soldiers did not eat,
Their pluck would be but small!
Stir up, etc.

Could Taglioni twirl
Upon her little toe;
If she'd no cook to dress her meat?
I boldly answer "*No.*"
Could Madame Pasta sing?
Could Fanny Kemble act?
No—tis the Cook inspires them all,
And that's the honest fact.
Stir up, etc.

The hour approaches, nothing now must flurry us.
(*Enter Mrs. Bunn.*)

Mrs. Bunn.

Ah! Mounseer, how dy'e do? Busy in your way, I suppose; am I am *ditto* in *mine.* Well, I must look after Patty's pudding. (*Goes to Piquet's saucepan on the fourneau to the right, takes it and shakes it. Piquet rushing to her, seizes the saucepan in much agitation*)

Piquet.

Woman! hold! dost thou ever hope for pleasant days? for tranquil nights? for happy morning thoughts? for balmy slumbers? Wouldst thou see thy child a blessing to thy declining years? woulds't thou be honored by thy children's children?

Mrs. Bunn.

Why, what's the matter with the man?

Piquet.

If thou hast such hopes—touch not, oh! touch not that saucepan! if thou art bent upon blasting my fame, trampling on the proudest hopes of an old man's bosom, say so.

Mrs. Bunn.

Bless your old bosom! not *I; I* want to see Patty's saucepan.

Piquet.

Patty's saucepan! *that* is not *Patty's—that* is the ambassador's own particular especial dish!

Mrs. Bunn.

Ambassador's dish—oh very well, I'm sure *I* don't want

to meddle with your great Plenipo people! don't be so wild this warm weather.

(*Crosses to the other fourneau.*)

Here's a nice dish, brother-in-law.

PIQUET.

Dish! what dish! whose mess is it?

Mrs. BUNN.

Mess! marry come up! its my daughter's making, and excellent too, it's flagrant as a nosegay.

PIQUET.

Patty's making! faugh! a dirt pie!

Mrs. BUNN.

A dirt pie! listen, old Pic: here I've been established for six and twenty years, and if you pick holes in my cookery reputation, you'll find your fat in the fire. Do you suppose I or my daughter want to be taught our business by any outlandish relation? No, no, old Pic.

PIQUET.

Madam, you agitate yourself and us; you are warm; you had better be set by to cool.

Mrs. BUNN.

Cool! well perhaps I is hot, but you frighten one. However, good man, I can make allowances: we all have our little puffs of temper at times; listen to me, there's an honest creature: I see you are bother'd with that outlandish man's dinner, so I'll do all I can to help you.

PIQUET.

Help *us!* Have you seen our carte?

Mrs. Bunn.

Cart! No! have *you* got a cart?

Piquet.

Our bill of fare, we mean.

Mrs. Bunn.

Oh! call it what you will, you'll only make a hash of it; just listen to me: I'm sure you want a genteel dish or so, to make out your sides and your corners, and I'll help you with all the pleasure in life; I know you'd do *ditto* for me, if I was in trouble; let me see: oh! I know a very genteel dish, Calf's liver! listen: cut a hole in it, stuff it with crumbs of bread, herbs, onions, salt, pepper, butter, eggs, then sew it up again (*I'll* do that, you're no great go with a needle, of course), wrap it up, in a slice of veal, roast it, and serve it with gravy and red currant jelly.

Piquet (*aside.*)

Horrid! Nauseous! She makes me ill!

Mrs. Bunn.

Or, what say you to Pettitoes? Not like pettitoes! Well, only to think! Well, I know what always fills up a gap, a mighty fashionable side dish, Bubble-and-squeak, or Spinach and eggs, or Pigeons in a hole.—La! don't it make your mouth water? Then, you know, after all, and to conclude, we'll have butter'd crabs, medley pie, gooseberry fool, flummery froth, scalded codlings, and elder bob.

Piquet.

Madam, for as long a period as possible we have endured your catalogue of culinary nastiness. But time with us is precious.

Mrs. Bunn.

But won't you have them dishes?

Piquet.

We would not feed carrion crows with them!

Mrs. Bunn.

There is no bearing the man—if he 'stays much longer we shall have to find him in straight waistcoats.

Piquet.

Madam, before we part, a painful duty must be performed—a very painful one—we feel the delicacy of our situation—but we *must* speak out.

Mrs. Bunn.

Speak out! You may shout if you like.

Piquet.

Alas! Mrs. Bunn.—Oh! Mrs. Bunn!—We must be candid, Mrs. Bunn.—Madam, you have a daughter.

Mrs. Bunn.

Thank you kindly. I've known that exactly twenty years.

Piquet.

Well, Mrs. Bunn—and *we* have a son.

Mrs. Bunn.

We! what, *you* and *I!*

Piquet.

We cannot think of such a thing, Mrs. Bunn—the boy to become your's must form an alliance of which we cannot approve.

Mrs. Bunn.

Oh! I know what you means, and now I'll tell you

what, Monsieur, let us be candid, plain and open, as the lemon peel said to the orange peel, my daughter is as good as your son any day, and if the young folks wish to keep company, *you* are the last person that ought to object; If *I* help 'em make the pot boil.

PIQUET.

Pot boil! Madam, enough of this!—*we* must to the kitchen.

Mrs. BUNN.

Well—there's a good creature! so *we* will—I'm not cantankerous, I can make allowances; come along, I will help you after all.

PIQUET.

Help *us!* keep your distance—avaunt! But time flies—We must to the scene of action—our forces are muster'd.

Duett.

PIQUET.

Keep your distance, Mistress B.
You and I shall ne'er agree;
You are only fit
To turn the spit
For a cur of low degree.

Mrs. BUNN.

Keep your distance, Monsieur Pic,
Or I'll send you to old Nic,
With your fricassee of frogs
Not fit for dogs;
You will make the people sick.

PIQUET.

Ambassadors are fed
Where my repast is spread;

Mrs. Bunn.

They cannot starve, for where you are
There's sure to be *calf's head!*

Piquet.

Your anger, Madam, rises,
And my dinner disconcerts;

Mrs. Bunn.

Your dinners I despises,
But I'll give you your *deserts.*

Together.

Keep your distance, etc.

(*Exit Piquet.*)

Mrs. Bunn.

Get along, you old vinegar cruet!—he don't know when he is well off; give *my* dishes to carrion crows! ah!—the difference is *He'd* put the carrion crows into his dishes! a poor beggarly outlandish cook out of place! I hate men cooks, they rob women of their own peculiar privileges.

(*Enter Patty.*)

Patty.

Come, mother, come, 'tis time to look about supper, just as the grand folks are going to dinner! The ambassador's head man is arrived, and my uncle is gone to dish his dinner.

Mrs. Bunn.

He looks as if his dinner was dish'd already! An overbearing Ignoramus! He calls his bill of fare a Cart! A turkey a Dingdong! and a chicken a Pulley! Pulley indeed! I wish the rope was tight about his neck. However, I'll be off to lay my own little cloth.—Come, Patty, come along, make haste. (*Exit.*)

PATTY.

What nice smells come out of Uncle's Kitchen! Theodore will think mine a very poor supper.—(*Peeps out.*) What a quantity of dishes! I wish I had one, they would never miss it.—What do I see! A saucepan left here by my uncle! and something in it quite delicious! I suppose he has taken all he wanted; and this will be thrown away. Oh! I know what I will do! this will be a surprise for Theodore—I'll run off with this to my mother, and I'll come back for my pudding by and bye. (*Exit with Piquet's saucepan.*) (*Enter Piquet in an old fashioned Court suit, with wig, sword, etc.*)

PIQUET.

Now then, ye Gods, prepare the laurel crown! The quarter of an hour before the combat is more agitating them the combat itself. Who would not be a cook? Yet, ah!—all other artists live in their works; the sculptor in his statues, the painter in his pretty pictures, the poet in his verses: what is Poetry compared to Cookery? A trifle, a *soufflé*—Talk of the *Fine* arts! Cookery is a *superfine* art! Yet the perishable works of the cook pass down the throats of ungrateful man, and sink into oblivion! But cheer thee, Piquet! This will never do; moralizing on the field of battle!—No—no—In this court suit once stood thy great grandfather! It fitted *him*, would that it fitted us! This is his sword—he never used it—he perished on his spit! There he was wrong; had *we* been so circumstanced, we would not have made the pleasurable spit an instrument of death! The splendour of our own appearance rouses us to energy — the hour is come. Advance!

(*Goes to the side. All the cooks pass across the stage in procession, each carrying a dish.*

Well done! well done! proceed, soup! fish! flesh! fowl! all right! Oh! happy! happy Piquet! the climax is obtained, the crown is ours! (*Enter in haste the ambassador's Steward!*) Ha! the Steward of the Ambassador!—Why hast thou quitted the banquetting hall?

STEWARD.

Alas! Monsieur Piquet, what are *you* doing here? You cannot know what has happen'd.

PIQUET.

Happen'd! Our blood runs cold, what canst thou mean?

STEWARD.

You have not carefully examined your bill of fare.

PIQUET.

Bill of fare! Oh speak!

STEWERD.

Every thing looks excellent, *but*....

PIQUET.

What?

STEWARD.

But there is one dish wanting.

PIQUET.

A dish wanting! Oh! horror! But oh! You jest? Ha! ha! ha! You jest, a dish wanting, as if *that* were possible! You really frightened us for the moment; but as well might you have said that Canova's Venus wanted grace!

STEWARD.

All I can say is, that the dish that ought to have been placed immediately before the Ambassador is not to be found.

PIQUET.

Ha! the Capilotade! that we made with these hands, sniffed with these nostrils, beheld with these eyes! Oh! Mr. Steward, compassionate a desperate man! We are distracted! Some one has deceived us! Horrible situation! (*Exit.*)

STEWARD.

Poor man! I pity him! Bless me! What do I see on the other fourneau? Doubtless the very dish! At once I will remedy the error, before it has been noticed. Here, Vincent! (*Enter Servant.*) Be sure you place this, when you have dish'd it, immediately before the Ambassador; make haste! (*Exit servant with Patty's saucepan.*) How delighted the poor man will be! (*Enter Piquet.*)

PIQUET.

It is in vain! we search for it in vain, we are a lost character, we cannot find it! (*Rushes into the Steward's arms.*)

STEWARD.

Make yourself easy, Mr. Piquet, I have found the lost dish, and it is already before his excellency!

PIQUET.

We breathe again! where did you find it?

STEWARD.

You look'd on the wrong fourneau, I found it *there.* (*Pointing to the left.*)

PIQUET.

Where?

STEWARD.

There!

PIQUET.

There ?

STEWARD.

Yes! I found it *there*, and sent it to table.

PIQUET. (*aside.*)

Mercy on us! Patty's dirt pie! Oh! what will become of us! It is served! it is carved! it is tasted! it is nauseated! and we are disgraced!

STEWARD.

Keep up your spirits, all will be well. (*exit.*)

PIQUET.

Well!—All go well! our brain is dizzy! we cannot live a life of infamy! we have made our determination! Shall the representative of Royalty be poisoned by a nastiness, and think it was concocted by a Piquet? It must not be! not one ambassador alone is at the table, those of Spain, of Sweden, of Russia.... what would the Russians think, not to mention the Prussians! oh horror! where shall we turn for comfort! Ha! my great ancestor points the way! he calls me! methinks I see him now, beautiful man that he was with a powdered head and pigtail (*makes a low bow.*) Piquet! our great Ancestor—the centre dish of our family! we will be with you in a moment—we are coming—that is to say *going*, our last *remove* is at hand.

(*He prepares to fall on his sword.*)

STEWARD (without).

Piquet, Monsieur Piquet, glory! you have obtained the highest triumph!

PIQUET.

What triumph?

(*Enter Steward*).

STEWARD.

All the company are enchanted, especially with the dish that we brought last, that which was placed before the Ambassador.

PIQUET.

That! banter us not!

STEWARD.

The Ambassador has been helped three times!

PIQUET (*aside*).

Three times! Patty's dirt pie! we hope it's wholesome.

STEWARD.

They say it is the real pudding *à la Chippolata.*

PIQUET.

Pudding *à la Chippolata!* Oh gammon!

STEWARD.

Yes, and on account of your success in that dish alone, the Ambassador gives you the appointment.

PIQUET (*aside.*)

That dish alone! astonishing!

STEWARD.

Do you hear me, Piquet?

PIQUET.

I do—I do! you came just in time, had you been a quarter of an hour later the meat would have been cold.

(*Enter Theodore and Patty.*)

PATTY (*looking on the fourneau*).

Dear me! where is my pudding! I want my pudding; I'm sure I left it here.

THEODORE.

How very strange! she left it here! her pudding *à la Chippolata.*

PIQUET.

Ye Gods! it *was* Patty's dish! (*aside to Theodore*) hush! bid her be quiet.

PATTY.

I want my pudding—it must be found.

PIQUET (*aside*).

Silence her, Theodore, that dish by mere accident was placed before the Ambassador.

THEODORE.

Oh! and his Excellency approved?

PIQUET (*aside*).

True—we.... we owe our appointment to it.

PATTY.

My pudding must be found, some one must have stolen it!

PIQUET (*aside to Theodore*).

Speak to your cousin, silence her on any terms.

STEWARD.

Monsieur Piquet, one thing I have not yet told you: the Ambassador took this sprig of laurel from a ham, and gave it to me saying: "Present this to the maker of that pudding."

PIQUET.

Oh! what an honour!

THEODORE (*aside.*)

That belongs to Patty by rights, Sir.

PIQUET.

Hush!

STEWARD.

You will please to make a pudding exactly the same to morrow.

PIQUET.

Ha! what do we hear?

PATTY (*whispers*).

I'll tell you how, uncle, on one condition. Here comes my mother, *she* must speak to you.

(*Enter Mrs. Bunn*).

Mrs. BUNN.

I've been looking for you, Mounseer, I've something to say: one good turn deserves another, as the spit said to the shoulder of mutton, and I think a bad one does *ditto;* and as you chuses to turn up your nose at my daughter, why I turns up my nose at your son; and when it's quite convenient to you to go..... why.....

PATTY.

I believe my uncle has changed his mind, speak, great Monsieur Piquet, head cook to the French Ambassador!

PIQUET.

What sayest thou, maiden?

PATTY (*aside*).

One word from my lips makes your throne totter.

PIQUET.

Hem!—we..... we give our consent. Children receive a father's blessing!

Mrs. BUNN.

And oh! take a mother's *ditto*.

Mrs. Bunn is going to throw her arms round Piquet's neck.—He recedes, and gives her his hand to kiss.

PIQUET.

Theodore, prove yourself worthy of your family! remember, my child, married life is like a dinner table laid for two. The solidities of business may be relieved and lightened by the side dishes of rational relaxation: *give* and *take* as little sauce as possible, be sparing of your *pepper*, and always try to keep your *sweets* for last: above all remember (what we ourselves are well aware of now): we have done our best to please—but the *Proof* of the Pudding is in the *Eating*.

On the 11th. of march 1833. "The PROOF OF THE PUDDING was performed by amateurs at the residence of Sir William and Lady Clayton, in the rue des Vieillards, Boulogne-sur-mer, with the following cast:

Monsr. Piquet	Mr. Haynes Bayly.
Theodore.	Mr. Rice Clayton.
Groom of the chambers	Monsr. Dupont.
Cooks and Scullions	Mr. Twysden. Monsr. d'Herlen. Mr. Vernon and Mr. Robert Rich.
Mrs. Bunn	Mrs. Haynes Bayly.
Patty Bunn.	Viscountess Bury.

After the performance the following, Epilogue written for the occasion Mr. Haynes Bayly was recited by Mr. Rice Clayton.

EPILOGUE

OF

The Proof of the Pudding,

BEING

A LECTURE ON PUDDINGS.

On all of your minds be this moral imprest:
Say not that your pudding is one of the best,
Until you have *tasted*—for that is the test.

I'll give—if none here will my efforts disparage,
A lecture on Puddings—and first I'll name *Marriage.*
Few know how to make it! few deem it expedient
To wait till they've found out each proper ingredient;
And so when for dinner the table is spread,
They have mixed up a mere *Hasty pudding* instead.
Such puddings, before they are many days old,
Will be rather too *hot*, or else rather too *cold!*
But Marriage *judiciously made*, will be found
Full of sweets, and delectable all the year round!
A Friend is a pudding that many cooks make
So quickly—at last it *turns out*—a mistake!
At first it may seem like the very thing wish'd,
Yet a *coolness* comes over it when it is dish'd.
'Twill keep pretty well while the weather is summery,
But in winter such friendship will turn into Flummery.
But Friendship *home made*—(and it never is *sold*)
Is a pudding that never, oh! never grows cold.

The next is the Gambler's pudding! He takes
Some *meat* to compose it—most probably *stakes.*
He *tosses it up*, and still higher and higher,
'Till it falls from the frying pan into the fire.
And so much of the pudding is lost, that at last
He has very few scraps for tomorrow's repast!
The sharper's a *sponge cake*—and by the same rule,
The Flat that he fleeces, a *Gooseberry Fool!*
The Soldier's rough bowl must be fill'd to the brim,
Batter pudding in trenches (not trenchers), for him!
The Painter will mix up a pudding that's light;
He thinks of his *pallet* from morning till night!
The Poet has seldom got pudding enough!
He dines on a *trifle*, and sups on a *puff!*
The Ladies are *Queen-cakes*, each quite a *sweet heart*,
The *Gentle*men—can't be like any thing *Tart.*
The *Heiress's pudding* will always seem nice,
And many young men will apply for a slice;
Though ugly and *crusty*, there still will be some
Who will swear 'tis divine, for the sake of the *Plum.*

The critic—But hold! that word fills me with fear;
I trust we shall find no one critical here!
No, no—I am certain that nobody looks
Unkindly on *us*—for we're *Amateur Cooks.*
Though glaring our faults, yet from censure refrain,
If you *cut* us too roughly—you can't *come again!*

The dish that we gave you to night, was combined
Of English and French, for that reason be kind;
Encourage *all* cooks whose exertions advance
Kind feelings and friendship 'twixt England and France.

LINES WRITTEN

After visiting Mr. John Banim,

The author of the O'HARA TALES.

—

I saw him on his couch of pain,
And when I heard him speak,
It was of Hope long nurs'd in vain,
And tears stole down his cheek:
He spoke of honours early won,
Which youth could rarely boast;
Of high endeavors well begun,
But prematurely lost.

I saw him on a brighter day,
Among the first spring flow'rs;
Despairing thoughts had pass'd away,
He spoke of future hours:
He spoke of health, of spirits freed
To take a noble aim;
Of efforts that were sure to lead
To fortune and to fame!

They bear him to a genial land
The cradle of the weak;
Oh! may it nerve the feeble hand,
And animate the cheek!
Oh! may he, when we meet again,
Those flattering hopes recall,
And smiling say:—"they were not vain,
"I've realised them all!"

SHOW ME THE RUINED MAN.

Show me the ruined man
  Who never hopes to rise,
Who on the earth where he is hurl'd,
  Without an effort lies;
Oh! bid him come to me
  And tell his secret care;
Whate'er it be, he yet must learn
  Man *never* should despair.

This is not said by one
  Who no reverse has known;
The chances are, *His* lot hath been
  Less gloomy than my own:
But God will give us strength
  For the burthen we must bear;
Adversity hath taught me this:—
  Man *never* should despair.

The gloom of blighted hopes
  None better know than I,
And wrong'd by those I loved, I've pray'd
  To lay me down and die!
But blesssings still remain'd,
  And 'twas an impious prayer;
Hope will not leave a guiltless mind,
  Man *never* should despair.

'TWAS THIS—'TWAS THIS.

It was a recollection
  Of a brighter time than this;
Of a season when affection
  Gave to me her fondest kiss:
'Twas thinking of the changes
  Doom'd to all beneath the sun;
Of the coldness that estranges
  Hearts that seem'd to beat like one
'Twas this, 'twas this, believe me,
  Made me turn away from you,
Lest the chilling thoughts that grieve me,
  Should bring grief to others too.

I know you will reprove me;
  You will say, as oft you've said,
The friends who truly love me,
  Love me *most* when tears are shed!
But no—I *must* conceal them,
  For my sorrows lie too deep;
And the kindness *meant* to heal them,
  Is so sure to *make* me weep!
Tis this, 'tis this, believe me,
  Made me turn away from you,
Lest the chilling thoughts that grieve me
  Should bring grief to others too.

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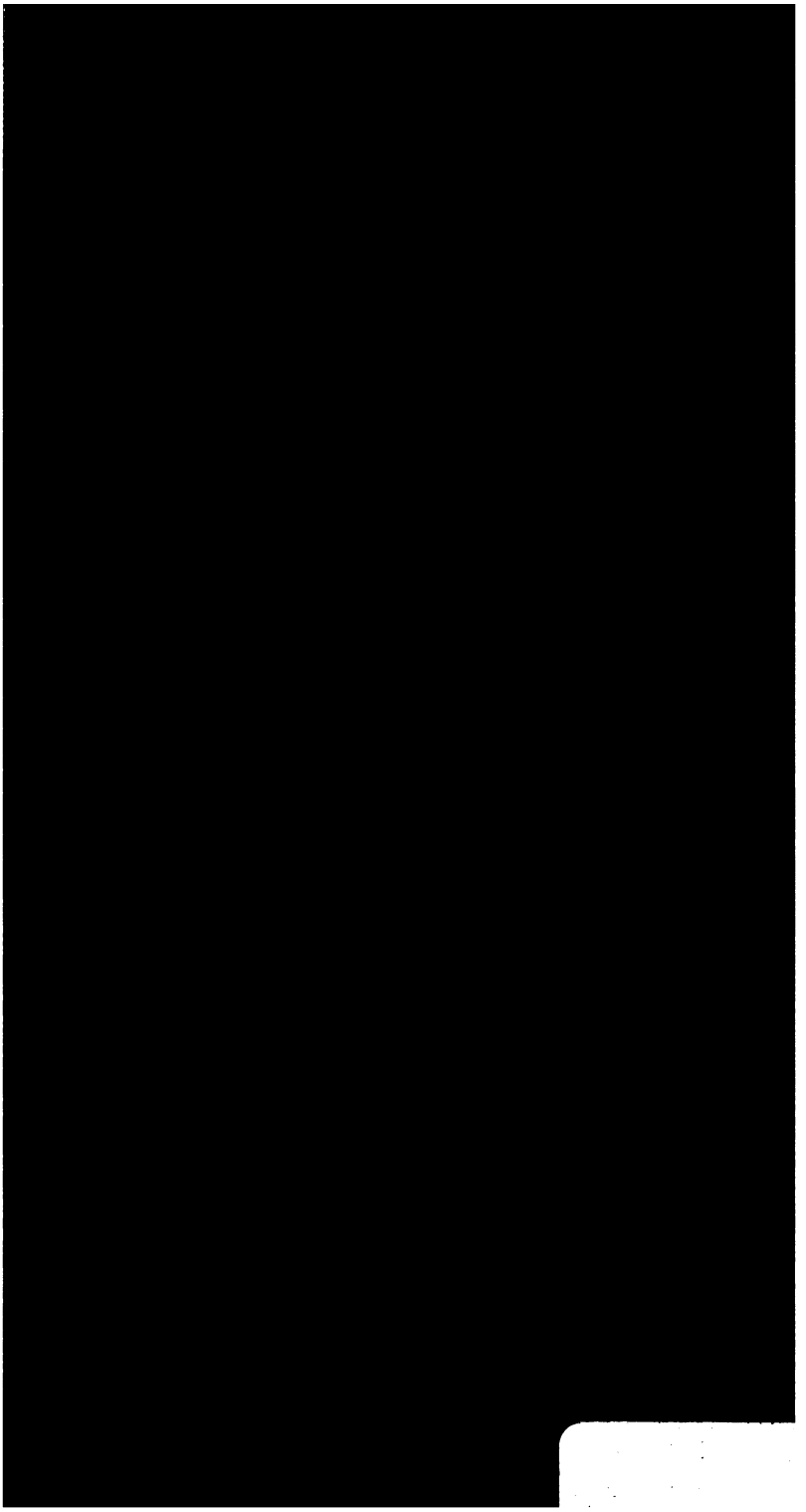
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